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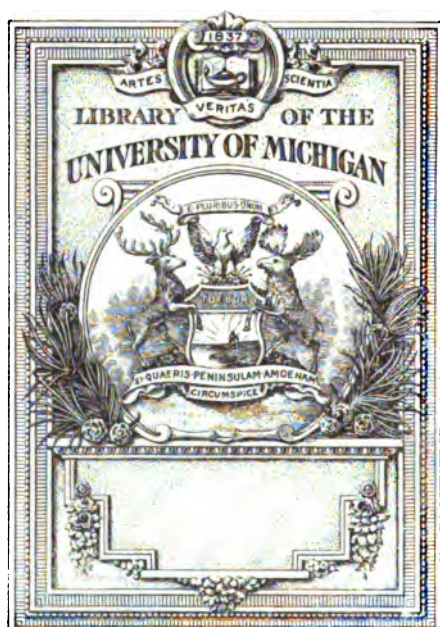
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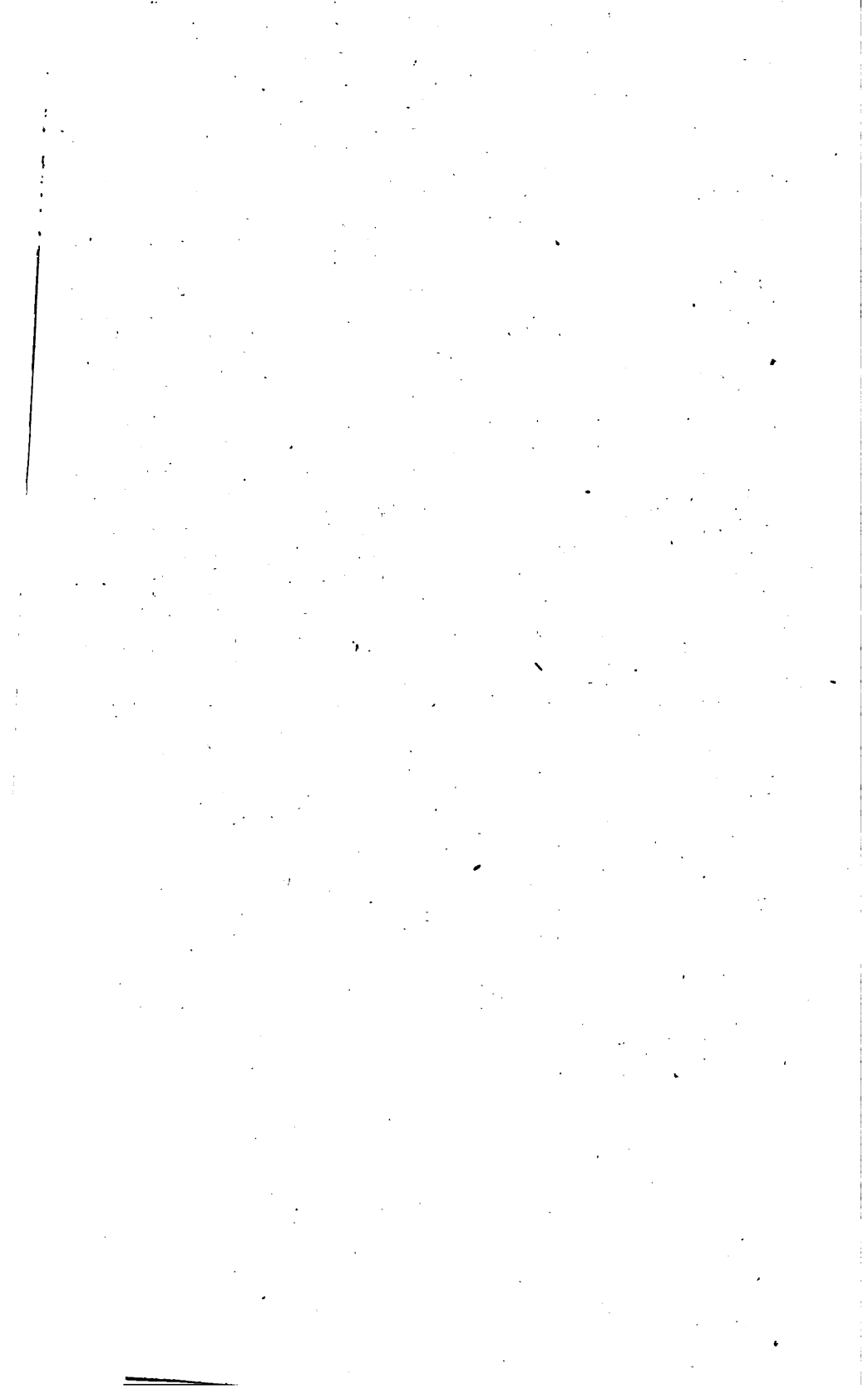
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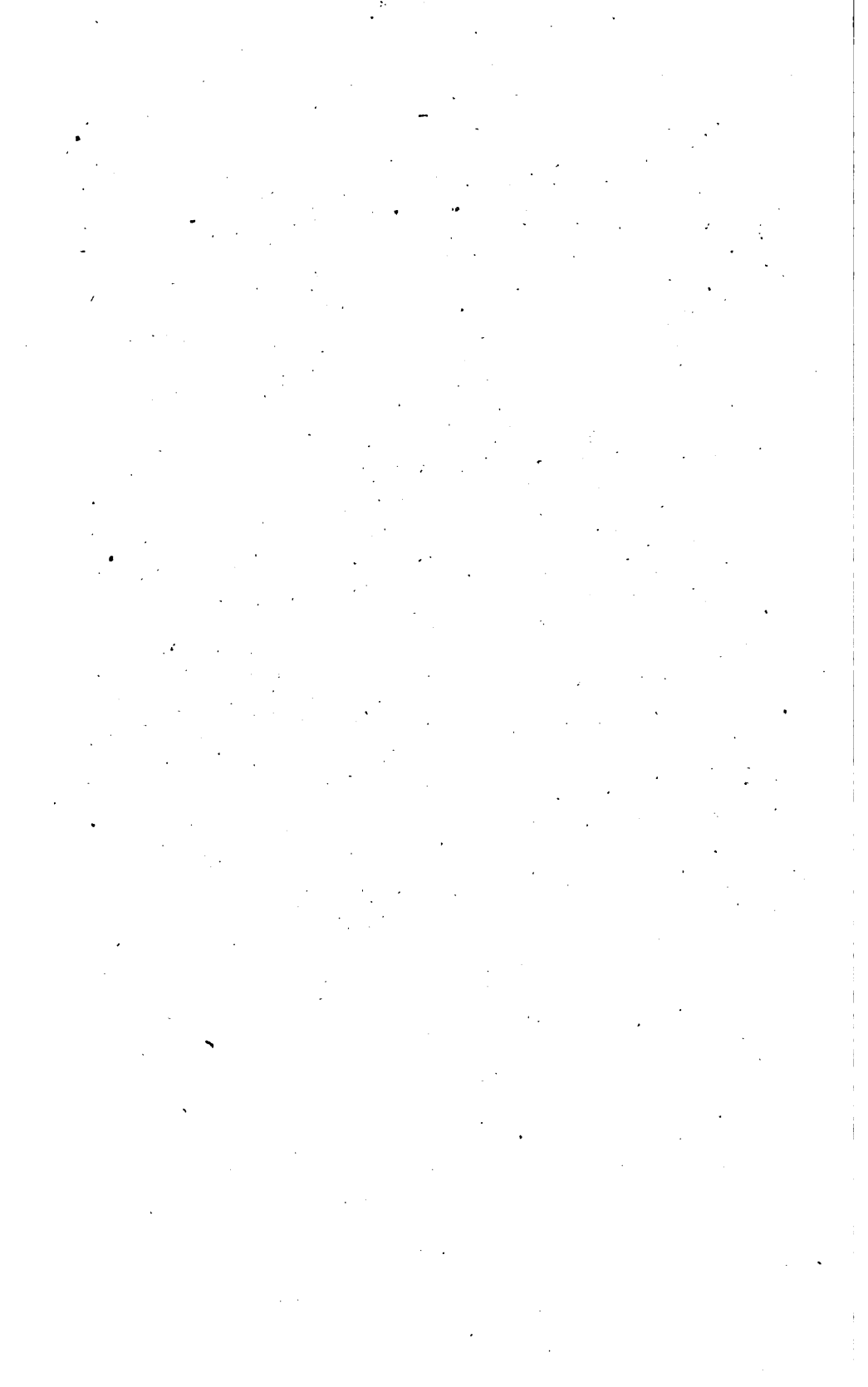
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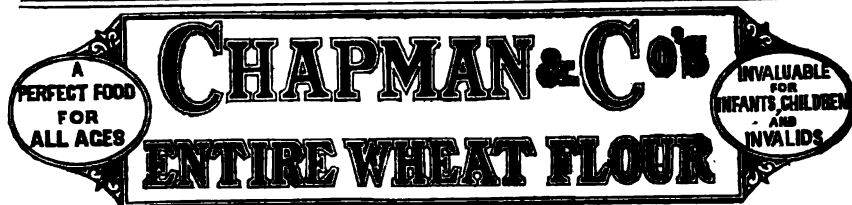
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JULY, 1870.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

XXIII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY DAVID STONE.

THE name of Lawford, mentioned in the letter which I retained in my possession, impressed me to a degree for which I cannot in the least account, except by supposing that the most trivial coincidence which bore upon the subject of my one great trouble would be likely to haunt my waking and sleeping thoughts. I told myself over and over again that the name is not a very uncommon one, and that even if the Mrs. Lawford mentioned in the letter should happen to be Priscilla's mother, the fact would be of no significance whatever to me, though it might possibly be of consequence to Susan Armstrong, as a clue might be found to her present place of abode through the recollections of former employers. I did not feel in the least disposed to communicate with the police on the subject of Michael Stump's death; one person who was concerned in the murder was, as far as I knew, still living, and undergoing a term of penal servitude for another offence, and though I did not know whether my evidence against him would be legally admissible, I greatly preferred not to give it, admiring most sincerely our entire system of criminal legislature, and as sincerely desiring to have nothing whatever to do with any part of it. If in time to come some person should be suspected unjustly, or as I believed unjustly, of this crime, I should feel obliged to speak, and to tell what I knew about it, but not otherwise. Still, a restless desire possessed me to be doing something, and the more that something should differ from the routine of my ordinary life, the better. It was under the influence of this spirit of vague unrest that I decided to seek out Mrs. Huxton myself, and to learn from her any particulars about Susan Armstrong with

which she might be acquainted, before I tried to find out the lawyer to whom Stump's letter would have been addressed had he lived to complete and copy it. I could not have done even this had my time and attention been occupied, as of old, with my work at Banfield, but, as I said before, I had given it up for a time, and a great gulf seemed to separate me from the days, so lately passed, when every interest of life centred in my people.

As the train took me from Exeter to London, I could not help wondering at the difference between my present and my former self; and at last I began to see, though very dimly, that the waters of my life had been troubled, like those of Bethesda, and that the healing which was to follow had not yet been vouchsafed. And then, as the train whirled on, my thoughts wandered away to Susan Armstrong, and I began to weave a story about her almost unconsciously, to imagine her in want and poverty, and to picture to myself the strange surprise with which she would hear that money had been left to her by this man, whose relationship or connexion with her I could not even guess. Then I would fancy that, perhaps, some struggling and overworked member of my congregation at Banfield might turn out to be Susan Armstrong, known to me by another name on account of her marriage, and all the time I had some kind of feeling or presentiment that the Lawfords of Pebble Combe would be in some manner connected with this inquiry.

I found Mr. Huxton's shop without the least difficulty, and his wife was fortunately at home. She is a shrewd, kind-hearted, common-place sort of woman, very fond of talking, and she was anxious to give me all the information in her power. What I learnt from her, directly or indirectly, almost exceeded my powers of belief, and yet I was obliged to believe it. Susan Armstrong was dead, having previously been married, and her husband being also deceased. An infant daughter was left, who, if living, is the heir to Michael Stump's property, which may happen to be considerable, or may be very small. But now comes the incredible part of the story; it seems that Priscilla Lawford is Susan's child, and is the grand-daughter, not the daughter, of the people who have brought her up as their own!

Mrs. Huxton had never even seen Priscilla, and did not know if she were living, and I can hardly tell how it was that, as I listened to her narrative and afterwards questioned her about the facts, I gradually identified Priscilla with Susan's child. But I did so identify her, and, moreover, I felt sure that her grandmother (yes, I saw now that Mrs. Lawford was much more like her grandmother than her mother) was by no means a fitting person to have the care of her, or one on whose word I could

rely, when she gave a reason that must separate me from Priscilla, if I believed it. I had believed it when I looked upon her as Priscilla's mother, and even then I shrank from her with involuntary dislike; but now all things had become new to me. I could imagine it, not indeed as probable, but still as possible, that Priscilla, having been adopted from caprice, had been first a pet on which affection could be ostentatiously lavished, afterwards a neglected child, and gradually an object of jealousy and positive dislike. Not of course to Mr. Lawford; I do not believe there is a *man* in all creation so unredeemably wicked and cruel as this; women, as a rule, have tenderer natures and finer sympathies, but when these are perverted or left blank—— Is it not heaven that makes hell the terrible place we believe it to be, and does not our idea of a devil pre-suppose the angel fallen?

I left Mrs. Huxton with my thoughts in a strange tangle between probabilities and possibilities, and after I had tried to range them into some kind of order, and to separate fact from mere conjecture, a belief in the identity of Priscilla with Susan Armstrong's child shone suddenly into my mind, and with it the consequent belief that her lot had been an exceptionally hard one. I cannot tell from whence the conviction came, but it did come. And then my knowledge of Priscilla's mind and character helped me to fill up the dismal picture; and though I shrank aghast from its miserable details, I could not help repeating them and dwelling on them, and the picture was something like this:

A girl-baby, adopted by the caprice of a woman whose evil custom it was to lavish a short-lived affection upon the favourite of an hour. She is petted and spoilt as a little child, neglected as a girl, looked upon with jealousy as she approaches womanhood. Still she believes the lie that places her persecutor in the position of a parent, and with the sweet endurance of that most hopeful age she bears on, making a religion of the filial sentiment, being always ready to take blame to herself for the causes of her unhappiness, trying meekly to propitiate the demon of jealousy, clad in the stolen garments of parental love!

I shuddered at the idea after I had imaged it to myself, for it is difficult to imagine a more dreadful position for any one so sensitive and affectionate as Priscilla; but what Mrs. Huxton had told me really did suggest it, and my own observation confirmed it in some measure.

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave," I repeated to myself, with Mrs. Lawford's face distinctly before me, "but Love is strong as Death!"

Nay, was not the grand epic of the New Testament written to show us that Love can be stronger than Death?

In the mean time I had everything to prove and to realise; my most far-reaching conjecture might be right, and then, by making the entire truth known to Priscilla, with such means of proof as I might have been able to discover, I should accomplish a threefold purpose.

She would be released from the most miserable of all thraldoms, that which springs from a false idea of duty.

She would become possessed of some amount of money, whether large or small, in her own right, and would thus be either independent of her persecutor, or at least more independent than before.

I should be able to learn the truth of Mrs. Lawford's story, and to ascertain for myself whether circumstances did indeed forbid me to hope, or whether the plea had been a false one, prompted by absolute malignity.

And then I asked myself again whether such a depth of wickedness could be possible, whether any woman could plan deliberately to take away the life-happiness of another, with nothing to gain herself. And the end of it was, that I was completely stupefied, and ceased to think or to reason at all.

But I saw one thing very plainly, that I must return to Banfield, and wait there for the next opportunity of speaking to Priscilla, of hearing from her some word that should tend to confirm my own belief, perhaps of telling her that belief, certainly of hearing from her own lips the truth or falsehood of the story that I had heard from Mrs. Lawford's. I went back, accordingly, to Banfield, and the affection with which my people welcomed me, and rejoiced at my return, seemed to reproach me for having allowed them to slip out of my thoughts, and out of the more vivid interests of my life. But if they could have known all, I do not think that they would have judged me hardly, for there are times of heart-sickness when everything must fade from our minds except the memory of our grief, just as there are times when some severe bodily ailment absorbs every other sensation. Only it is so very difficult to know all. I have always believed that to know is to love, and that God is Love by reason of His omniscience.

I had been away from Banfield not quite two months, and already there was a breath of coming winter in the air; the hills wore their winter covering of brown velvet, and the dark-green pines contrasted sombrely with the gold and scarlet of the autumn woods. I thought of the germs of new and beautiful life that should wake beneath those mouldered leaves, and then I found myself thinking of my past hopes, and how they had fallen from me when they were beginning to be so bright, and I wondered whether I dared venture to pursue the analogy further still.

Matters had changed for the worse during those two months in my little district, for my substitute had only been able to attend on Sundays, and many a chance word of regret at my absence and at the lapses that had followed, went to my heart as a reproach, just because no reproach was intended. My return took place on a Tuesday, and my time was fully occupied for the rest of the week. I did not even go once to the Walk, where it was possible that I might meet with Priscilla. I gave those days wholly to my people, looking forward from hour to hour to the time when her face should shine upon me from the accustomed corner of the dark little chapel, thinking that I should be able to read in it something that would bid this latest, strangest hope live or die. Do you think it sinful and unmeet to suffer this thread of human passion to mingle with highest thought and holiest duty. Then you may be very wise, very good, very pious in your incompleteness, but you have never loved.

XXIV.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY DAVID STONE.

SUNDAY came, as all days will come if we only wait for them, and what a pity it is that we do not think oftener of this, remembering that the eternal day must break upon us soon, and may be very near, even as we count time, and number our days. Sunday came, but Priscilla did not come to her accustomed place, and I watched for her in vain until it grew, first late, and then too late to expect her at all. I had hoped to find some opportunity of speaking to her after the service, of saying some word of what was in my thoughts, but in this I was to be disappointed, and a number of possible reasons for her absence crossed my mind. In her place, and conspicuous to me from that very reason, there was a man quite unknown to me, of military aspect, or so at least I fancied, although he wore nothing that in any degree distinguished him from an ordinary country gentleman. Still, the congregation was so small and so poor that he necessarily attracted my attention, and when the service was over I asked my clerk some questions respecting him, and learned that during my absence from Banfield he had taken a house at Pebble Coombe, called Coombe Lodge, and that his name was Captain Landgrave. This was all that the clerk could tell me, and I rather wondered how it was that Captain Landgrave should have found his way from Pebble Coombe to the tiny and newly-built chapel at Banfield.

In the course of the next week I "made time," as people say, to visit Queen Elizabeth's Walk; the little stream flowed brightly

on beneath the waning autumn sunlight, filmy threads of gossamer stretched from one gaily painted tree to another, and the path underfoot was hidden by brown acorns and crisp, curling oak-leaves. It was a fair autumn scene, but it wanted one thing to make it fairer in my eyes, it wanted Priscilla. In this life, small coincidences often repeat themselves, giving rise, no doubt, to many foolish superstitions, but tending to show, as I believe, that a divine thread does really run through the maze of human affairs, points of which become visible here and there, at such intervals and in such connexions that we find it difficult to group and spell the signs. Such a coincidence happened to me now, for on Sunday I had looked for Priscilla and had found the gentleman who had been named to me as Captain Landgrave, and on this day I was seeking Priscilla, and again I found him in her place, on the very spot where I had already met her twice.

He recognised me at once, almost before I had fully recognised him, and stepping forward he introduced himself, and also said something kind about the service at Banfield, and the pleasure he had felt in joining in it. The words were commonplace, but he had the advantage of what people generally call "a nice manner." I gathered from further conversation with him that he had bought Coombe Lodge, and intended to live there for the greater part of the year; that he was married, and had a rather numerous family, and that a military appointment of some kind took him to Leicester once a year, and obliged him to stay in that town for several weeks.

He was rather a small man, but made the most of by drill and soldierly bearing, and, while I was talking to him, the fancy struck me that his stock of information and of ideas had been drilled also, so as to present the best facing, and to make the most of themselves. I thought, too, that I detected a certain assumed reverence for sacred things, put on in deference to my profession, that I particularly disliked. To my mind there is something more hopeful in positive doubt than in conventional assent, and the worst form of conventional assent is that which is assumed for the moment as a matter of good taste. I sympathise with the soul that is seeking after God, and is unable to see Him even where His image shines through and glorifies the veil of matter, but with the man who can easily and gracefully leaven an occasional conversation with an assumed belief, I feel no sympathy whatever; doubtless I ought to feel it, which is another matter.

Coombe Lodge is not more than a quarter of a mile from Queen Elizabeth's Walk, and Captain Landgrave asked me to look over the grounds of his new house, saying that he wished to consult me about an idea of his, and for that reason had attended my chapel

on Sunday afternoon, hoping that he might find an opportunity of seeing me and of introducing himself, after the service, but as I had remained for some considerable time in the vestry, he had left the chapel without seeing me again.

I went with him accordingly to Coombe Lodge, or rather to the gardens of the lodge, for he did not ask me into the house, saying that matters were still in much confusion; and he took me through a pretty meadow, and across a neglected front garden, and then over a lawn, bare of grass, but abundant in dandelions, to the kitchen-garden. It had a most forlorn aspect, for brambles were growing among stumps of cabbages, and tall thistles triumphed over the lank remains of neglected vegetables. At one end there was a large outhouse, a barn I thought at first, wondering how cattle could have been placed there without injury to the kitchen-garden; but, on closer inspection, I saw that it was a skittle-court, for there were marks upon the ground showing how the skittles should be placed, and a battered ball was lying in one corner.

"A demoralising game—skittles," Captain Landgrave observed.

"I do not see why it should be so," I replied, "any more than any other game of strength and skill."

"Ah, it's not the game, but what it leads to," he remarked next; "it always leads to betting, and drinking, and so on."

"That must be the fault of the players," I answered.

"To be sure it is, and I, for one, should be glad to see the game abolished. I am thinking of converting this building to a higher use than a roofed-in skittle-ground. I want to make it a cathedral."

!!!! These marks express the purport of my thoughts better than words could do. And then I suspected that he might not be in his right mind, and might next require me to stand up as a skittle, and to be bowled at. And, finally, I thought I must have misunderstood him.

"A—what did you say?"

"A cathedral. I know that the word generally means the see or seat of a bishop, but it also means a principal church, such as this will be if I do not meet with bigoted opposition, for I will give it all my time and all my means of pecuniary support. See, the apse would be here, and the altar-steps there, after the model of Wells Cathedral, and here would be the two transepts, and here the central tower; the western towers would have to be rather contracted, but the western doorway would be the principal one, and there would be room for a cloister-yard, or garth, and for two chapels, very small ones of course."

I thought so, indeed, for the whole building did not look as large as my tiny chapel at Banfield, and I told him so.

"It will be enlarged at the ends," he explained eagerly, "without disturbing the brickwork at the sides, which is very solid—what there is of it; and above the brickwork windows of stained glass could be let in; and the church would be such a boon to the neighbourhood!"

"Pebble Coombe Church is large," I suggested, "and not so well filled as it might be, for the rector is very hardworking."

"Yes, but that does not prevent dissent from making head," he rejoined. "There is a feeling, especially among the labouring classes, that they want more life and colour in the services, and that is why they prefer those noisy, fervent Methodist meetings, with wild snatches of melody coming in at all sorts of times. It is like an uneducated taste for art, that breaks out in grotesque form and vivid colouring, and we must not blame them for their ideas, but try to improve upon them. Give them Church of England services, containing the elements that they unconsciously require, and dissent will be nowhere; it never does make much progress in cathedral towns."

His idea, so far, was of course not new to me, for a National Church must of necessity make room for every shade of feeling and temperament, and of all the mistakes which good people have ever made, I think that one of the greatest consists in confounding uniformity with unity.

He wished me to give my name and influence to this plan of providing for the inhabitants of a very large parish a place of worship which should belong to our National Church, and in which the services should be so organised as to meet the wishes of the numerous class that depends on outward illustration as an aid to inward conviction.

I left him, promising to think the matter over, and the result was, that, with many misgivings, I was more afraid to oppose him than to side with him, considering that this movement, eccentric as it appeared to me, would give another chance to some who, perhaps, never went near a place of worship at all, might aid in ever so small a degree to reflect one ray from the light that is to shine on "every man that cometh into the world."

I would rather never have been asked about it, but this, as I told myself over and over again, was downright cowardice, and I finally decided that, as long as the singularity of Captain Landgrave's plan appeared to me to be its principal fault, I would give it such aid and countenance as from time to time might be within my power. But I strongly advised him to give up his strange idea of calling the proposed church a cathedral, which seemed to be simply an absurdity; and in reply he showed me an inscription, already prepared, that was to be placed over the western

entrance, and which consisted of the words "Landgrave Cathedral" in Gothic letters, surmounted by the device of a triple crown. This was about a fortnight later than the day on which he had first told me of his eccentric idea.

"Landgrave Cathedral! worse and worse!" I could not help exclaiming; "real cathedrals are usually named after places, not persons."

"This is going to be a real one—a solid fact, I assure you," he replied; "size is merely relative, you know, and nothing is absolutely either large or small. And, excuse me for correcting you, but cathedrals *are* sometimes named after persons; one is named after St. Patrick, for instance."

"Ah, yes, but St. Patrick is not what I should call a person, but an idea, a saintly myth, perhaps."

"A patron of the cathedral," he said, pompously.

And now the riddle was read. I had been wondering at the strange inconsistency which could inspire a man like Captain Landgrave with this mania; but I saw now that the church was to be a visible glorification for himself, and the more singular its arrangements and the circumstances of its origin should be, the greater notoriety its patron and projector would attain. I wondered that I had been so stupid as not to see through this before, and I wished that my promise of aid had not been given; but having given it, I could not withdraw it without some very sufficient cause. I wasted a little common sense upon him on the subject of cathedrals in connexion with our National Church, on those named after patron saints, and on the Greek derivation of the word itself, and having wasted it, I left him, with one last protest against the absurdity of the name. The triple crown I found was to be placed on everything belonging to the church: on the windows, the books, the altar-cloth, even the locks of the doors, and, of course, I foresaw that the ecclesiastical significance of this device (however harmless it might be in itself) would provoke endless discussion and argument, and tend to create a feeling of party and of divided interests. I felt more angry with myself than with Captain Landgrave for the simplicity with which I had walked into the snare.

All this time I had not seen or heard anything of Priscilla, and as day after day went by and faded into the past, I began to feel a deep heart-sinking, and, in spite of my recent discovery and my almost conviction, I kept tormenting myself by supposing Mrs. Lawford's account to be true, and Priscilla to be purposely keeping away from me, after hearing, perhaps, of my letter to Mr. Lawford. It seemed harder to be at Banfield and never to see her than to be miles away; the circumstances did not allow me to call at Mr.

Lawford's house, and once, when I almost met him on Banfield Heath, I fancied that he purposely avoided me. This happened once more, and I would not be avoided then, for my very life seemed to be wearing away with longing for a word of news of her. If she were at Pebble Coombe? If she were well? If she were in good spirits? These were simple questions, easily put and answered, and I was determined to ask them.

When Mr. Lawford saw that I had resolved to speak to him, he seemed to recognise me with a little start of surprise, and came forward with great cordiality, asking me many questions about my health, and about the progress I was making at Banfield. He had so much to say that, although I walked with him towards Pebble Coombe, we were almost at his house before I was able to ask after Miss Lawford.

"Priscilla is quite well, thank you; she is on a visit to some friends, and is enjoying herself greatly."

"Where is she staying?"

"She is not *staying* anywhere, for they are on a little tour, seeing some of the midland towns and the different manufactures. I think it is such a mistake to rush out of England for curious and instructive sights when so many are to be found at home."

"It is a strange time of year to select for a tour of that kind," I reflected, aloud.

"Yes, rather; the friends she is with are somewhat eccentric people, but are thoroughly good, and very fond of her. She has a taste for sight-seeing, and this may be her last opportunity for years, as she will have to live very quietly when she is settled."

"Is she likely to be soon—settled?"

"I cannot tell you positively, but I rather think that the happy event may take place in the course of the next few months."

And then he said something about being sorry that matters could not be arranged as I had wished, and about the gratification he could not help feeling (though it was so largely alloyed) at the preference with which I had honoured his daughter. It all sounded like buz, buz, buz.

I asked where she would be likely to live after her marriage, and learnt that she might probably have to live abroad for the sake of economy. Some feeling of repulsion kept me from asking anything about her intended husband, whose name even I had not heard. I should hear it, I thought, quite soon enough. I wished to know the exact place at which a letter would find her on the following day, but I thought it unwise to ask this question. I began to feel something like a vague distrust of Mr. Lawford, and I resolved to wait until Priscilla returned home, and then to find or make some opportunity of speaking with her.

We were now close to the gates of Mr. Lawford's house, those gates that I had last entered full of hope, only to pass through them again with a life-long weight upon my heart. He asked me to dine with him that evening, saying that I should meet Captain Landgrave at his house, but I excused myself, telling him that I had dined already, and so we parted.

About three weeks afterwards, Captain Landgrave called at my lodgings to consult me about some designs for the border of an altar-cloth, in which matter, however, our tastes did not agree, for I chose a bordering of lilies and lily-leaves, while he had already fixed on an elaborate Gothic design. I took the opportunity of asking him whether he had been long acquainted with Mr. Lawford, and learned that he had had "business connexions" with him for many years. Now, business connexions with Captain Landgrave implied that Mr. Lawford had required to raise money, and had had recourse to Captain Landgrave's help, or at least this was the meaning that the phrase bore to my ears, in consequence of the reports that I had heard as to the nature of Captain Landgrave's business.

"He is not very well off, then?" I ventured to say.

"Well off? Oh yes, he does very well as businesses go. And lately he has come into some property, and has paid off some outstanding liabilities. What makes you prefer the flower scroll to a handsome mediæval design?"

I did not answer him, for I cared nothing about the designs, and those last words of his were vaguely connected with the trouble and unrest that possessed my thoughts. And all at once I said, "He has a daughter," and then I wondered what on earth had made me say it.

"Priscilla; yes, I have seen her several times, a plain, sickly sort of girl. She is sent off somewhere now, and no one knows exactly where."

My heart gave a great bound; I seemed as if I could not at once realise all that he might possibly imply.

"Where do you think she is?" I asked, presently, and my voice did not seem to belong to me, or to be under my own control.

"I can't tell at all, and it is no business of mine. Is it of yours?" he asked, suddenly.

I did not reply.

"Because if it is, I would help you if I had a chance, in return for what you are doing for me. But you cannot, surely, have taken a serious fancy to such a piece of still-life as Priscilla Lawford?"

XXV.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY DAVID STONE.

TIME wore on, and Priscilla did not return; it was not merely that she did not appear at Banfield chapel, for many reasons might prevent her from attending it, even if she had returned to Pebble Coombe, but I knew that she was not living there, and my informant was Captain Landgrave, who appeared to be a very constant visitor at Mr. Lawford's house, and from whom I learnt that Priscilla was still away from home.

"Where is she? Oh, somewhere with friends. I did not think of making any particular inquiries, and of course, you know, it is no business of mine, whatever it may be of yours. But I'll try to find out all about it the next time I dine there, which will be in the middle of next week, and on Saturday week I shall want to see you about the rood-screen; four patterns are coming down for me to choose from."

I promised to help him as well as I could, in choosing the one that should be most appropriate, and on the appointed day I went to look at them, thinking more of Priscilla than of the rood-screens. They were all artistically designed, and the one that Captain Landgrave had selected represented the "Annunciation," and was rather less conventionally treated than usual. Two of the screens depicted scenes from the life of Christ, and were taken from Michael Angelo, whose idea of our Lord is always repulsive to me, whether embodied in painting or in sculpture; the remaining design represented "Abraham's Sacrifice of his Son," and was painfully vivid and realistic, the subject appearing to me to be outside the domain of religious art, that should only include scenes to which the sympathies of humanity can respond. I concurred, therefore, in Captain Landgrave's choice, though I felt all the time that he had chosen this design on account of various symbols and allusions that tended to support the reasonings of a certain ecclesiastical school.

"I gave you credit for sense enough to choose this one, and you have not disappointed me," he kindly assured me; "some superficial judges would have been caught by the expression on that old humbug's face."

I am sorry to say that the father of the faithful was thus profanely alluded to.

"I may tell people that your choice corresponded with mine," he went on, "and in return I have brought you a little piece of news about the object of your tender interest. Have I found you out?"

Something in his manner displeased and annoyed me, a fact that I soon succeeded in making him understand.

"No offence was meant," he explained, "and I should be sorry for any to be taken. Priscilla Lawford is away from home, you knew that, and her parents wish to keep her hiding-place a secret; that's news for you, isn't it?"

It was, and it was not. I had had a vague idea of some unexplained reason connected with this long absence of Priscilla's from her home, and the conjecture that the place to which she had been sent had been kept a secret, had occurred to me many times; as often, in fact, as I dismissed it.

"What makes you say this?" I asked, at length.

"I'll tell you all about it. I had been dining with old Lawford, and I managed to get him to talk about Priscilla—not that she ever interested me particularly, you know—and he tried to put me off with some story about her being on a visit to friends who were travelling about. Likely, in this weather, isn't it? Well, the last time I ever saw Priscilla, she showed me a little scrolly design that she had traced with marking-ink on a pocket-handkerchief, pretty enough, but I suppose it was from some pattern in the *Art Journal*, or something of that kind, invention not being much in Priscilla's way; and so I pumped up a most tremendous lie (that I mean *you* to account for, Stone), saying that I wanted to write to her about a design for the blinds of my cathedral windows. It was the first thing that occurred to me, but it was a fearful choker, for there will be no blinds at all; the stained glass will answer every purpose of softening the light."

"And where did he say that she is?" I asked, eagerly, quite passing over the morality of the question.

"Why, first the old fox told me she had really no talent in that line, as if I ever seriously thought she had, and then he said something about her friends being very excellent people, but not conformed to this world—not conformed enough to it, I suppose, to have a local habitation and a name. There certainly is some mystery about it; you don't think she can be in a lunatic asylum, do you?"

No such wild conjecture had occurred to me, and I asked if he had any reason for suggesting it.

"None in the least, except that old Lawford was so precious close about her. He went on talking of something else in a great hurry, so that I could not get back to the subject of Priscilla; and really there always seemed to me to be something queer and moped about the girl. Lawford has laid down a pipe of port in his cellar, and has got in a very decent tap of sauterne, which is nothing surprising for him, but what is really astonishing is that it

is all paid for. Fact, I assure you; we were talking about prices, and he showed me the wine-merchant's bill, receipted, positively."

"Is that so very wonderful?"

"I should rather think it is, for him; but then he has dropped into some money lately, and I have got a promise of a subscription from him for my preaching-shop. No credit, you know; money down. That old wife of his must be an antidote to any enjoyment he could get out of his good luck, and on my soul I believe she hates Priscilla. Do you think it is possible that some money has been left to the girl, and that they have popped her into a lunatic asylum, and kept the spoils themselves? I shouldn't a bit wonder; in fact, I've left off wondering at anything, it saves time and trouble."

Something in this random talk chimed in with my own unexpressed fear; I said nothing in words, but I suppose my face must have said something, for he quickly rejoined:

"That's all rot, you know; people don't do such things now-a-days, but really I think that, for some reason or other, Priscilla is hidden away. And as you are hit so hard, I'll do all I possibly can to find her out for you; some chance word will betray the secret, or some plan might be thought of for getting at it. Letters go to her, I suppose, and the address might be copied for you, eh? A sovereign would do it."

"Please do not think of such a plan as that," I requested him; "it would not be fair and honourable."

"Well, I've heard of over-scrupulous people before now, but you are the first specimen I ever caught alive. Why, man, the outside of a letter is for anybody and everybody to read. However, we won't argue the point, and I promise to help you if I can. You are sure Priscilla was not recommended to you as a penance?"

His flippant tone displeased me, and I told him so plainly.

"All right, old fellow, don't be thin-skinned; I'm very sorry, and if you please I won't do it again. And now about the consecration of my cathedral. The extensive premises are to be opened on Thursday fortnight, just before I leave this for Leicester, where I shall stay two months. Will you attend the first service and preach the sermon?"

I wished that he had asked some one else to do this, but I would not withdraw from my promise of helping out his design until some tangible reason should present itself; only I warned him that in my sermon I should call the church a church, and not a cathedral. He made a wry face at this, but still pressed his request.

On the appointed day I found quite a gay assemblage at his

house, and a brass band playing on the lawn, on which a tent was also erected, with flags and streamers flying in the wind. It was not yet noon, but champagne was already circulating freely, and when the signal was given to enter the church, some of the party expressed a decided preference for the tent, and persisted in remaining there. The little church was not quite completed, but was handsome and showy in appearance; it had been made cruciform in shape, with a tessellated pavement, and very effective decorations. On the altar there were a number of lighted candles, behind which, under a glass shade, there was an image of the virgin and child, and behind this again there was a cross composed of spring flowers. In front of the organ there was a little stage or platform, on which the professional singers were placed, the service being choral. Of course great exception was taken to the statuette; not by me, for I think that such visible types of Christ's humanity are not inappropriate to temples dedicated to the worship of the Man-God, and I can scarcely believe that in this age the most ignorant of church-goers would be disposed to worship the marble or the alabaster. However, after this one service the statuette was restored to its original place in Mrs. Landgrave's drawing-room. Mrs. Landgrave has the manner and appearance of an overburdened, nursery-ridden woman, and she calls her husband John, although he always signs himself Ferdinand Landgrave; the children looked utterly uncared for, however, so that my first idea respecting their mother was evidently a mistaken one, and her own forlorn and neglected appearance was not due to the wearing influence of maternal vigilance and anxiety. Altogether the scene made a painful impression upon me, and after the service I was glad to remain in the church, and to examine it quietly by myself, instead of joining the noisy party on the lawn.

Time passed on, and I had seen all that was to be seen, when Captain Landgrave came to seek me, and to ask if I would take some refreshment; we walked together towards the tent, from which sounds of uproarious revelry were proceeding; wine glasses, he said, had fallen short, and had been discarded, and wine was being drunk out of tumblers and breakfast cups. In spite of much borrowing, *everything* had fallen short; the most ordinary appliances for washing seemed to be wanting, and as we passed the stable pump I saw a waiter pumping on knives and forks, and drying them on his coat tails! Within the tent confusion was already reigning, and two speeches were going on at once, one having reference to the health of the ladies, which some one had proposed, and the other to the fervent religious feeling which had induced Captain Landgrave to build and beautify the cathedral. I made an excuse for returning home without any further delay,

the whole proceeding appearing to me to be in bad taste, and unedifying in the extreme.

After this, I undertook one week-day service at the new church, which was all that I could engage to do, my time on Sundays being fully occupied, and for doing this I was greatly blamed by several of the neighbouring clergy, who looked with disfavour on the ornate style in which these services were conducted. It was painful to me to see that they disapproved of what I was doing, and doubly painful to feel that I scarcely approved of it myself; but I had given my word, and I would not fail to keep it until I had something more to complain of than a symbolism that grazed the edge of disputed subjects, and so would have been more wisely left out. And the stark and desolate woodlands rose to life and beauty beneath the breath of spring, and pink tassels hung upon the pine branches, and fringes of tender green shone against the yellowing pines that had borne the winter so bravely; blue violets twinkled under every hedgerow, and the air was sweet with an undefined promise of warm and sunny hours to come, but no tidings reached me of Priscilla, and the places that had known her best knew her now no more. My heart grew heavier with its burden of uncoined fears, but I was no longer tempted to give up my work and to cast away my life on the barren shores of regret and idleness; I had grown to see that life has its pauses, its long, weary ebbs, and that we must work and pray while we wait for the flow which will so surely come—there, if not here.

Pentecost came, the feast of gladness, but my heart refused to respond to it, and I could not write, or preach, a festival sermon; I tried, instead, to teach the lesson that I was learning myself, the great truth that in this life we have constant need to wait with patience for the blessing that is for a time withheld. For it was on a Thursday, as we count days, that the light of our Redeemer's visible presence was taken from the world, and the Comforter who was promised in his place did not descend for ten long, weary days afterwards. For ten days the promise was unfulfilled, the Church uncomforted, the Christian scheme disjointed. Why? I cannot tell, except that there seems to be a law obliging us to wait for our best blessings, and so teaching us the hard lessons of faith and patience. Something of this kind I said to my people, teaching them as life was teaching me. I walked home that Sunday evening through lanes that were white with may, the air was heavy with fragrance, and filled with a soft twitter of drowsy birds; and a sense of expectation, of looking forward to some happier time, brooded on my heart. A kind of promise stole into my mind that, in God's time and in God's way, my own best hope should be fulfilled, and with it there came a sense of

peace and rest. On reaching the house that was my temporary home, I found that the Sunday morning post had brought me a letter, which I had not received until now because the length of the services on Whitsunday had prevented me from returning to Drake's Farm till evening. The letter was from Captain Landgrave; it was very hastily scribbled, and contained the following paragraph:

"I have positively made a discovery on the subject that appears to interest you so strongly; I have seen Priscilla Lawford, but she did not bow to me, as I was with some other fellows, all in uniform, and she very properly turned away her eyes from beholding vanity. I should say that she is at school instead of being in an asylum, for she was walking with a number of other young ladies, two and two, in the regulation trot, heads up, and eyes right. We were about three miles and a half from Leicester, on the Syston Road, and they were walking away from the town, and probably do not live in it, as such a walk would be rather a long one. Now I will tell you what I will do for you; I mean to be in the same place at the same time for several evenings, alone, mind you, and if I see the same party again I will follow them at a safe distance, and find out the favoured spot that shelters your Priscilla. If that is not friendship, I should like to know what is."

The letter concluded with an earnest request that I would contrive, if possible, to conduct a Sunday morning service at Captain Landgrave's church before long, and stir up the people to liberal contributions towards the fund for paying off the debt incurred by the building of the church. I read and re-read it like one in a dream; it was not strange that Priscilla should be sent to school for a year or two, but it was very strange that the fact should be concealed, and that gratuitous lies should be told about her place of abode. The more I thought about it the less I liked it, and at last I began to see vaguely that it fitted in, or might fit in, with all that I had most feared for Priscilla. I watched and waited for another letter from Captain Landgrave, but he is not a man upon whose friendly promises one can rely with any kind of certainty, and the second letter was so long delayed that I began to distrust altogether the statement contained in his former one. We were in July before he wrote again, and then he only said that he should soon return home, and that he had news for me. Some further delay prevented him from returning quite as soon as he appeared to expect, and then I did not very quickly find an opportunity of speaking to him, as his business in London had been neglected during his absence, and the long hours which he now devoted to it made it more convenient for him to sleep in town.

This arrangement did not long prevent me from seeing him, however, for my patience began to fail altogether, and I ascertained his town address from Mrs. Landgrave, who received me in tears and a dressing-gown at three in the afternoon, and lamented bitterly that John—she meant Ferdinand—should so constantly absent himself from his home, without leaving needful supplies behind him for carrying on household expenses. All her weak wailing seemed to drift through my mind as fast as I heard it, nothing remaining except a general conviction that Captain Landgrave must be a very negligent husband and father, and the town address at which, within certain hours, he might generally be found.

I only waited until the following day, and then I sought out Captain Landgrave, and found him, in a queer little office in the city, in which, as far as I could see, no business of any kind was carried on. He received me with noisy cordiality.

"Just the very identical one that I was wanting to see! I meant to call on you last week to thank you for all your kindness, but some confounded fellow came about business, and hindered me. Stunning sermon that Sunday morning one must have been, seven pounds odd was collected after it."

I let him go on talking for some time before I asked him if he had seen Miss Lawford more than once.

"Seen her?—of course I have; tracked her home for you; followed the trail like a Red Indian in What's-his-name's novels. I was going to call on you in a day or two, to tell you all about it."

"You can tell me about it now," I suggested.

"To be sure I can. Well, I looked out for her about a hundred times, more or less, and never saw her; and when I did see her at last, it was quite by accident, for I had pretty well given her up. She was walking with the very identical party of young ladies, and there was a fat old woman at the end of the muster, who I thought couldn't have waddled very far. So I fell back, and kept my eye steadily fixed on that part of the old woman's anatomy that immediately succeeded the tops of her boots, for her gown was well held up out of the dust of the Syston-road. You wouldn't believe the dance the old party led me, or how she stumped along through lanes that really seemed to have no turning, in spite of the proverb, and at last I was fairly done up, and as thirsty as the desert of Sahara, and my boots got full of small stones; and there she was, with her flock before her, going tramp, tramp, as pluckily as when I first saw her. At last, just as I was getting dead beat, and hadn't an idea where I was, we came to the foot of a hill, and I really thought I never should have got up it, but the old woman cantered up in first-rate style, and I felt

bound in honour to follow her as long as I had a leg left. At the top of the hill we came to a row of buildings, with a chapel in the middle, quite imposing to look at, and the whole party filed into one of the houses, a big one, all over ivy. But first Priscilla turned round, and I am pretty sure she saw me. There was a village close by, with a little inn, and I went there, and had a good long rest and some swippy beer. I found out that the name of the village is Oak Brook, and that the house I had seen Priscilla go into is a convent."

"A convent!" I repeated, greatly surprised, and scarcely able to realise the truth of what he told me.

"Yes, but not a Roman Catholic establishment."

"Oh, one of our Anglican sisterhoods."

"No, not that either; it belongs to a set of people who were about the first dissenters from Rome, before Luther was born or thought of, and they retain a good many of the old customs, and have stuck on some of their own. Of course the village boors did not tell me all this, but I made it out from what they did tell me, and from afterwards inspecting the chapel."

"And what is the name of the sect?"

"Herrnhutters. A queer name, but I learnt it off correctly on purpose to repeat it to you."

"And why are girls sent to their convents? For educational purposes?"

"That is just what I could not learn; there seems to be some mystery about these people, but I suppose that it is as you say, and that they take in the pretty dears and teach them how to spell, with twopence extra for manners and deportment. Priscilla really wanted some lessons, she was very backward and deficient, and now she has a chance of learning something, or we will hope so. Now that you are here, I want to engage you for the festival of St. Lawrence the Martyr, on the tenth of August; will you take part in the celebration?"

"It is not one of the church festivals," I objected.

"Excuse me, it is one, but it has fallen into disuse; I have an authenticated canonical account of his career and martyrdom, with all his credentials in full, which I will send you; it will not take long to look it over, and then you can let me have your answer. Come, I have set your mind at rest about Priscilla Lawford, have I not?"

I asked myself the same question, that day and many succeeding days, and at last I am sure of the answer; my mind is not at rest about Priscilla. She appears to be placed with good and religious people, and she may be receiving the additional education that she wished for, and that she certainly required; but why should there

be this mystery about her movements, if she has only been placed at Oak Brook for purposes of education? Why should false statements be made and persisted in by her relations, and how does this life in a religious sisterhood agree with that other statement about an approaching marriage?

I have pondered over these things for many days, feeling for the time more at rest, and more willing to abstain from immediate action, now that I know exactly how she is placed, and where; but at last I have decided that it will be right for me to seek her out, to tell her what I know, and what I only suspect, and to hear from her own lips the assurance that I may hope, or the confirmation of my fears. I have only communed with my own heart, saying nothing to any one of my resolve, but it is fully taken.

CHARLES DICKENS.

In Memoriam.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THE brain, the active, subtle brain,
 That from its secret, wondrous cells,
 Sent forth a mixed and endless train
 Of thoughts which, by strong spells,
 Grew into beings full of burning life,
 With all our frailties, tempers, passions, rife;
 The brain that was a treasure-house of dreams,
 A fountain-head of many sunny streams;
 That brain is still, with fancies never more
 To enthral, delight; Wit's summer reign is o'er;
 Relentless Fate the golden thread must sever,
 That brain is still for ever.

Dark, indiscriminating, cruel Death!
 Couldst thou not quench some star less bright?
 Couldst thou not take some meaner breath,
 And longer spare that sun to glad our sight?

Oh, at its setting, sorrow o'er our land
Fell in deep shade; the smile of Humour fled,
Pathos dissolved in tears, gay Fancy's band
Stayed in the dance, for Fiction's lord was dead!
Tell it unto the winds—"He lives no more!"
The sad winds bear the wail round Britain's shore;
With cypress as with laurel wreath his tomb!
Kindness, philanthropy, lament his doom!
The sad winds bear the dirge to other climes;
To Europe's cities Grief shall send the chimes;
Australian settlers hear it; far it thrills
Along Canadian lakes, and rocky hills;
Down through the "States" the wail of sorrow sweeps,
For him, as her own son, Columbia weeps.
Where'er the Saxon foot hath found a home,
And its great language speaks in fire,
Across the land, beneath wild ocean's foam,
That wail, along the electric wire,
Flies like a spirit, with a burst of pain;
Eyes he once filled with light now weep in vain;
Our image low in fragments death has hurled,
The heart is touched through all the Saxon world.

I see the peasant, bronzed by sun and gale,
Who reads and understands his vivid tale;
I see the high-bred lord, the thoughtful sage,
Charmed with the wisdom of his life-true page;
I see the maiden's lips with smiles apart;
Anon some touching scene dissolves her heart—
Scene where deep feelings mix with fancies bright,
Like weeping dews pierced through by Morn's gay light.
These hear the great magician's race is o'er;
The hand that penned, no pen again shall hold,
The charmer of light hours can charm no more,
He who warmed hearts must now himself be cold;
These, though the living they had seen not, bend
In tearful grief, and mourn him as a friend.

DICKENS, thou lord of pathos and of mirth!
Thou wert in sunny moments giv'n to earth;

Thy wonder-working wand, for many years,
Hath ministered delight; in hour of sadness
Thy page hath scattered gloom, and called up gladness,
And oft unsealed the fount of sweetest tears.
Who hath not laughed o'er Pickwick, felt the spell
Of Christmas Tales, and sighed o'er gentle Nell?
Followed, enchained, a countless, varied train,
Breathing of life, though children of the brain?
Ah! what a boast is thine!

The alchemy which golden makes thy fame,
That thou hast writ no line

On which doth fall the poison-drop of shame;
The young, the old, the pure-souled maid may read,
No blush will rise at word, or scene, or deed.
'Twas thine a pleasantness, a joy to find
Through all the walks of being; humblest mind
Was still thy study; like the bee, thy powers
Not only gathered honey from rich flowers,
But could draw sweets with wholesome virtue rife,
From pools of squalidness, and lowest life.
Thy genius waketh echoes, but the sound
Dies into feebleness, while murmuring round;
None can usurp thine own peculiar throne,
None else can bend thy bow—thou reign'st alone.

O the far, coming ages! will they sweep,
With humbler labourers, to Oblivion's deep,

At last this honoured name?

And must grow faint, more faint, until it sleep,

The trumpet of his fame?

No, while our tongue shall live, or charms impart,
And Humour please, and Pathos melt the heart,
A DICKENS' name shall million bosoms thrill,
And all his bright creations ravish still.

THE LAST SMILE.

BY ALEC SLOAN.

WE have all seen in print, and most of us perhaps on real living lips and faces, what is called a sardonic smile. Not all of us may be aware of the alleged origin of that expression. The sardonic laugh of the ancients was an involuntary distension of the muscles of the mouth, occasioned by a poisonous plant grown in Sardinia; and persons who died of this poison had a smile on their countenance,—whence came about the meaning of a forced, or affected, and grimacing smile.

To a mere muscular mechanical movement is referred, by physiologists, the smile, so sweetly the reverse of sardonic, which is to be observed so often on the faces of the dying, and of the dead. But under the spell of that suggestive aspect, one is inclined to scout a physiological reduction of it to its lowest terms, in the style of Horatio's objection to a certain post-mortem examination on the part of the Prince of Denmark, that "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Rather one suffers one's feelings to find scope, and devout expression, in Keble's teaching, that

No smile is like the smile of death,
When all good musings past
Rise wafted with the parting breath,
The sweetest thought the last.

Edgar Poe adverts somewhere to what he calls "that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death." Between a Poe and a Keble there is, in all things, a distinction with a difference. How differently from Gibbon would Keble have described the dying smile of that un-named hero and martyr—the *quidam* of Lactantius—who was burnt, or rather roasted, before a slow fire, for tearing down the edict of Diocletian, and upon whom the executioners, zealous to revenge the personal insult which had been offered to the emperors, exhausted every refinement of cruelty, without being able to subdue his patience, or to "alter the steady and insulting smile," so the historian of the Roman Empire calls it, "which, in his dying agonies, he still preserved in his countenance." For, such of the bystanders as sympathised with the sufferer had not to wait till that tyranny of pain was overpast, before the smile that sealed his bliss should be seen, and felt; it was there from the first, and it was there to the

last. No waiting for it as for that of the promised smile in Mrs. Browning's poem:

Weep not. I weep not. Death is strong.
The eyes of Death are dry.
But lay this scroll upon my breast
When hushed its heavings lie,
And wait awhile for the corpse's smile
Which shineth presently.

Nor is the last smile so uniform in expression and expressiveness as some would contend. Not too literally is Mr. Procter's stanza to be rendered, which says that

All faces melt in smiles and tears,
Stirr'd up by many a passion strange,
(Likings, loathings, wishes, fears,) Till death :—then ends all change.
Then king and peasant, bride and nun,
Wear but one!

Without, however, essaying in the least to differentiate among the specific varieties of the one generic smile, let us glance at a few recorded examples here and there, whether in the records of actual life, or as transferred thence to the uses of poetry and prose fiction, to point a moral or adorn a tale.

Chateaubriand claims, at the time of the exhumations of 1815, to have at once recognised the head of the Queen, "by the smile which this head had directed towards me at Versailles," and which imagination, or some correlative force, so complacently but so unmistakably saw there still. Beattie's letter, announcing the death of Lord Lyttleton, records, a "fixed smile on his lifeless countenance." When the amiable doctor, some twenty years later, had to record the death of his own promising son, he was careful not to omit in his instance the like record of a settled smile. To apply the words since written by son of sire—the Angel of death came tranquilly,

—and, with a smile
That cast its sweet reflection on thy face,
He touched thy marble brow.

Of Geoffrey St. Hilaire it was that Edgar Quinet wrote, "*Il s'approche, en souriant, de la vérité sans voile*"—and this was literally true *in articulo mortis*. "Surely the angels had *straitit* him," said one of the children of that venerable Jameson of Methven who, renowned for a lifelong smile, was found dead one morning on the hearthrug,—"*the smile shining all radiant on his face,*" as having defied and survived death. Wordsworth devoutly commemorates in a sonnet the "heaven-revealing smile" on the face of the "dear Sister, become Death's Bride," he lost in 1836. To him that vision sanctified the sway of Death. Perthes writes of

the endeared Caroline that had left him the evening before: "The body is inexpressibly beautiful, from the height of the forehead and the sweet loving smile that plays about the mouth." Illusion, if you will; but who could grudge the bereaved a cherished illusion such as that indulged in by the widowed empress of Alexander I., thus writing of the departed czar: "Notre cher défunt a repris son air de bienveillance, son sourire me prouve qu'il est heureux, et qu'il voit des choses plus belles qu'ici bas."—It did not look like death, they tell us of Professor Aytoun, when he lay with "a heavenly smile upon his lips, and the colour on his cheek."

Purposely these examples are varied by glimpses of faces diverse as well as divers. John Wesley lay in a kind of state, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and bands; the old clerical cap on his head; a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. "The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile." Douglas Jerrold, in a moment, his son tells us, without a struggle, peacefully as a child falls asleep in its nurse's arms, "fell into his long rest, with a smile upon his face." Sharp had been his physical anguish a few hours before, and iterated his appeals to the doctor, "Why torture a dying creature, doctor?" when endeavours were being made for his relief.

Margaret Fuller's imagination was haunted by the sublime smile in death of that Morris Birkbeck, one of the "true patriarchs" of the West, who refused to be saved from drowning when he found that his son could not save them both. When the body was found, there was on the face the sweetest smile; and his son said, "Just so he smiled upon me when he let me go and pushed me away from him." This little narrative touched Margaret's imagination in very early youth, and often, she says, "has come up, in lonely vision, that face, serenely smiling above the current which bore him away to another realm of being." Once and again, in *Ion*, does Talfourd picture a father's dying smile—in one case, of a warrior writhing in the last grapple of his sinewy frame, who

— strove to cast a smile
(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
Waning beside him,

in that plague-stricken city and home. In the other case it is Otesiphon's father, and Otesiphon tells how their hands were joined in nervous grasp for the last time, and eye met eye in earnest gaze, and

— a smile
Of the old sweetness played upon his lips,
And life forsook him.

The Maimuna of Southey's *Thalaba*, when her hour was come, bade them turn her face to Mecca; and in her languid eyes the joy of certain hope lit a last lustre, "and in death a smile was on her cheek." One of Moore's Irish Melodies, in a minor key, declares of the subject of its commemoration, that

—life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

Donna Maria in Talfourd's Castilian tragedy responds nobly to her husband's appeal to smile through her anguish:

—Yes; if you will it you shall find
A smile on this poor face, till death shall fix
Its last in wax.

Tasso's Clorinda falls, pierced to the heart by Tancred's brand, but dies smiling. The lines in *Violenzia* might partially apply to her:

Smil'st thou, poor innocent? Was death so kind to thee
That came in guise so barbarous?

The smile that settles on the face of one killed, like her, by cold steel, is apt to be, however, of another sort than when a gunshot wound has caused death. Hood illustrates the latter case in *Tylney Hall*, where Raby rivets his eye on the pallid features of his brother Ringwood, "now settling into a placid smile, as frequently happens to the physiognomy where death has resulted from a gunshot wound." Bayonet gashes are said to induce such facial contortions as can be referred only to the category of Death's Own—when that grim entity grinned horrible a ghastly smile. The mortal sting of "aspicks" involves no such distortion, if the look of Dryden's Cleopatra, so done to death, may be accepted in evidence:

Th' impression of a smile left on her face
Shows she died pleased with him for whom she lived.

Hernando tells Count Julian, in Landor's dramatic poem of that name,

My father, old men say who saw him dead,
Smiled faintly through the quiet gloom that eve,
And the shroud throbb'd upon his grateful breast.

And in the same poet's *Giovanna of Naples* we have a picture of Filippa racked, and smiling, while screams from all around filled the whole vault—men trembling, women wailing around. "Tomorrow," says the judge,

—"Filippa, thou must answer justice.
Release her." Still the smile was on her face.
She was released. Death had come down and saved her.

How closes that chapter in *Half a Million of Money* which con-

cerna, and is entitled, "The noblest Roman of them all"? With the death of Colonna; and he dies smiling. "At that moment the dying man opened his eyes, and a rapt, radiant, wonderful smile came upon all his face, like a glory. 'Italia!' he whispered; 'Italia!'—The smile remained; but only a smile. Not the breath—not the spirit—not Guilio Colonna."

Father Eustace, in Scott's *Monastery*, is described gazing on the pallid corpse of the Lady of Avenel, "from which the spirit had parted so placidly as to leave a smile upon the thin blue lips"—lips so long wasted by decay as to have parted with the last breath of animation without the slightest convulsive tremor.

Nicholas Nickleby, watching poor Smike in the slumber that preceded a deeper slumber that knows no waking, saw the closed eyes open, and a placid smile come on the pale face; for the dying boy's dreams had been tranquillising, even joyous. Soon the slumberer slumbered again, and again smiled; died smiling.

The bereaved mother in Mrs. Gaskell's *Tale of Manchester Life*, who cannot realise her bereavement, would fain persuade herself that her murdered Harry is pretending to be asleep—"Harry is so full of fun"—and playfully defying them all to waken him. "Look! he is smiling now; he hears I have found him out! Look!" And, in truth, the lips, in the rest of death, did look (we read) as though they wore a smile; and the waving light of the unsnuffed candle almost made them seem to move.—In the same writer's pathetic story of *Ruth*, the last chapter gives us a last look of the dead woman's "beautiful, calm, still face, on which the last rapturous smile still lingered, giving an ineffable look of bright serenity."

There is, remarks "George Eliot," an unspeakable blending of sadness and sweetness in the smile of a face sharpened and paled by slow consumption. Such a smile as, on Mr. Tryan's face, when the end was near, pierced poor Janet's heart; why, and how, may be read in the tale of *Janet's Repentance*.

Lord Lytton's closing page of the *New Phædo* details the last moments of the dying philosopher. And here is the last of all: "I heard a slight sigh, and fancying he was awake, I bent over to look into his face. The light from the window came full upon it, and I was struck—appalled, by the exceeding beauty of the smile that rested on the lips. But those lips had fallen from each other." For the life was departed; but the smile remained. So in *Harold* we have the hero gazing intently, lamp in hand, on the countenance of the father he has just lost: "That strange smile of the dead, common alike to innocent and guilty, had already settled on the serene lips;" and the old man seemed sleeping in his prime. In a later fiction, from the same pen, we have an old man whose life

has been smileless, dying with a smile. In yet another we have Burley dying in sleep—calmly, and without a groan; and Leonard closes tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covers the face, the lips smile a serene farewell. And of the Susan Mainwaring of the same author we read that she “lingered dyingly for three years; and then, for the first time since William’s death, she smiled—that smile remained on the face of the corpse.” So with poor careworn Mrs. Sherwin, in Mr. Wilkie Collins’s *Basil*, when the servant drew the curtain aside to look if her mistress still slept, and saw that her eyes were closed, and that “a lovely, happy smile, such as had never once been seen on that sad face for years and years, was visible on it now.”

The dead Catharine Linton of *Wuthering Heights* is pictured with smooth brow, her lids closed, her lips wearing the expression of a smile—betokening the recurrence of her latest thoughts to pleasant early days.—Isabel, the Doctor’s Wife, has no need of any plainer words to tell her that her husband is dead, than Charles Raymond’s significant assurance, “I never saw such a smile upon a human face as I saw just now on his.”—The last glimpse M. Edmond About allows us of Tolla, is when the whole town assembles to admire, for the last time, that flower of virtue and beauty. “Her face was calm and smiling; death had effaced all the ravages of disease: Tolla was again, for one day, the prettiest girl of Rome.” Like Elaine, in the *Idylls of the King*,

—and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as tho’ she smiled.

Or like Fidele, found by Arviragus within the cave,

—stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death’s dust, being laugh’d at.

Admired as one of the very happiest epigrams in the English language is Sir William Jones’s translation of a *pensée* of Hafez:

On parents’ knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat’st, while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may’st smile, while all around thee weep.

BRADY'S FOUR ACRES OF BOG.

BY FELIX M'CABE.

I.

THE PHILLIPSES.

HAVE you ever made a tour through the south of Ireland, or, on leaving the Lakes of Killarney, returned to Dublin *via* Limerick, Killaloe, per steamer to Athlone? The journey by rail takes five or six hours less time, but the scenery along the banks of Loch Derg will fully repay you for taking the more circuitous route. It is from this lake that Ireland's most majestic river (Shannon) takes its rise, and close to it is the once famous palace of Brien Boru, King of Munster; very little now remains of the palace of Kincora. Time has laid its wasting hands on what man has constructed, but not so with the noble river which glides softly past this historic spot.

Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow.

The wild ash still decorates its sloping bank; the aged willow casts its shadow over its still waters; the same fountains pay their tribute as in days of yore, as they rush with great force from their rocky beds, and playfully wind round the huge sides of the Clare mountains, to be received into the wide span of waters below.

Yes, reader, the scenery is something grand, and can be seen in all its native beauty from the deck of the company's steamer. In passing the Clare mountains, the sun lights up their wild rocky sides, and reflects to the eye a golden tinge from the heather and broom, which grow there with unabated sway. As we proceed higher up we get into another province; here the scenery is wilder still, but not so picturesque. See that curious old brick building, with its spacious lawn running in gentle slopes down to the water side! That is Fairy Lawn, the seat of the Phillipses from time immemorial. The present proprietor is Digby Phillips, Esq., late M.P. for the county, now an invalid, and requiring the use of a Bath-chair, by which he is propelled from one end of his spacious lawn to the other, as he looks vacantly out on the lake which moves gently before him.

Digby Phillips is a tall, fine-looking man, his hair is now quite grey, and he tells his man Fogerty "to go easy," placing his trembling hand on the cushion of his chair, and saying, with a soft, irresolute voice:

"You forget, Fogerty, what Doctor Sharp said, that I was not to take violent exercise."

"All right, yer honor; I'll take care, yer honor. Bedad, it is not myself that would do anything contrary to Doctor Sharp."

"Yes, Fogerty, I am not the man I used to be in your father's lifetime."

"True, for yer honor," replied Fogerty; "but now, yer honor," said Fogerty, pulling out a very large and primitive-shaped watch, "the time is just up to the minit."

"Very well, Fogerty, very well," said the old gentleman, as he laid listlessly back in his chair.

Digby Phillips succeeded to a very considerable property on the death of his father, William Windham Phillips, and for several years added much to its value. He also succeeded his father as member for the county without opposition, for who would think of opposing a Phillips of Fairy Lawn? His father was returned after the Emancipation Bill, and Digby was not opposed for several years—at least, not until that great crisis which had the effect of shaking the old landed proprietors of Ireland, and which made it difficult, with a poor tenantry and little capital, to stave off the storm, which was a mere forerunner of the "great tidal wave" predicted to sweep all from the soil. About this time, a London stockbroker bought some land in the neighbourhood, and, after a short residence, disputed Digby's right to represent the county in parliament. After a very hard fight of it, the old member was returned by a very close majority; but Digby Phillips no sooner reached London than he found his opponent had lodged a petition against him. The election was declared null and void after three weeks' investigation; and both candidates repaired to the scene of action to fight the battle over again. The London gentleman, with no little confidence in what the Americans call "the almighty dollar," vaunted before the impoverished peasantry, with whom, Heaven knows, it was at the time in very limited circulation, her Majesty's image on a gold medallion, and forgot that it was not the only road to an Irishman's heart; but Digby Phillips appealed to their sympathies, to their nationality, and to their creed, and was again elected by a much larger majority, which left no doubt on his opponent's mind that he was the man. These two elections and petition were ruinous to Digby Phillips; his property was now mortgaged to the very last shilling.

He continued to represent the county for some few years until the general election, when it first dawned upon him that he was to be opposed by his old friends. This was a great blow to Mr. Phillips; he called on his colleague, Lord Lovestock, and was informed that they could not go in harness as heretofore. The Rev. Mr. Maloney heard Mr. Phillips's loud complaint, but made no promise of support. In great mental anguish he repaired to

his residence; and next morning, as he walked about his grounds, he found a notice on his front gate, signed by most of his old supporters, warning the people not to promise their votes to any one, as their old member (Mr. Phillips) had deceived them; that he was a toady to government; that he sought office from the hated Whigs, and would sell his birthright for a mess of porridge; a weathercock in politics; in fact, a man without principle. An hour after he had read this notice he was found a few yards from his gate in a fit of apoplexy.

It is now six months from that occurrence. We see him enter his front door, and as he entered through one door we see a lady and gentleman pass out through another. The lady is young, and trips along the closely-cut grass with a firm, light step. She turns back as the gentleman, who is walking quite close to her, stumbles.

"What is the matter, Arthur?"

"Nothing, only those confounded croquet irons," replied the gentleman.

The gentleman again kicks up a hoop.

"Well, Arthur," said the young lady, laughing, "I declare I ought to go in for mamma's spectacles."

Her companion made no reply to this observation, but, in gloomy mood, walked along until they came to the stile leading out of the paddock.

"Now, Arthur," said the young lady, with a sweet smile, "I shall say good-bye, as I have seen you off the premises."

"Thank you, Katty," said the gentleman, "it is very kind of you to come so far with me; but there is one comfort, you shall not be troubled with me again."

The young lady seemed piqued at this ceremony. She was about wishing good-bye to a young gentleman that she had known for years, and one whom she looked upon as a brother. She would say good-bye in her own sprightly manner, but never asked herself could she forget him.

"You seem in a very singular humour, Arthur," said she. "You know I have always considered you like Frank" (a brother).

The young lady made an effort to get her hand away, but Arthur drawing her a little closer to him:

"Yes, Katty," said he; "but——" Arthur was about to say something, and struggled hard with his conscience as to what course he should pursue, and finished the sentence not as he intended. "But you know, Katty, you are very young, and by the time I return——"

"Nonsense, Arthur," said the young lady, interrupting him,

her bright blue eyes flashing with indignation. "I am as old for a woman as you are for a man, and if I——"

The next instant she was off in the direction of her father's house, leaving Arthur to watch her graceful form as she disappeared in the shrubbery. He remained for some time rivetted to the spot. He asked himself, should he go into the house and see her once more. No; he might say something that would be madness for a man in his position, going to face the world with only a few pounds in his pocket.

Arthur had a hard struggle to come to that conclusion. He knew he was no longer the owner of Boydsville. The property was sold immediately after his father's death, through circumstances with which he was in no way connected, and over which he had no control. He sold his little goods and chattels in order to pay any outstanding bills there might be, and, though he was well aware that at Fairy Lawn his altered circumstances made no difference, that he was free to go and come as he liked, still his delicate sense of honour would not allow him to say anything to the young lady, who just disappeared through the shrubbery, which might not be said in the presence of her father or mother. We don't wish our readers to consider Arthur a "milk-sop;" he merely declined to take advantage of the hospitality of Fairy Lawn in betraying the confidence so generously placed in him. A delicate sense of honour, such as his, may, perhaps, be rare at the present day; people will say, "it is all very well in theory, but not suited to practice." The unscrupulous man will often distance his more scrupulous neighbour, just as the diffident is set aside to allow the bombast, or charlatan, to stand out in bold relief. If it is a rare commodity, it is peculiar to no class. If we probe deep enough, it will shine out more frequently under the garb of poverty than under the ermine of wealth and nobility.

Arthur Fosbery, now sick at heart, turned away from the stile, having bid farewell to Fairy Lawn and its inmates for ever, and walked in the direction of Carra, which town he was to leave the following morning for Dublin, on his way to London. He was well acquainted with the short cut through the bog; every inch of the country had been traversed by him over and over again. Here was the rustic bridge where Fogerty, the man-servant at the lawn, waited now and then with his basket of refreshment, when he and Frank Phillips were on their fishing excursions. Yes; there were many things here to remind him of bygone days. He entered Ballydy Bog and passed along the shadow of the large mound of turf, when he was aroused from his reverie by a large black retriever bounding up to him, and placing his two fore paws on his waistcoat; the dog barked with delight, and jumped all

round him. "Down, Pluto—down," said Arthur. The animal now crept up to him and placed his noble head on his knee, while his placid grey eyes looked into the face of his late master in hope of some further recognition. Arthur stroked the head so extended to him, and, sitting on the nearest hillock, drew the animal close to his side: after a little pause, he gave a long, languid look at the noble animal before him, and exclaimed: "You old sinner, I ought to have shot you, but it can't be done now. Go home, Pluto," said Arthur, as he stood up to proceed on his journey—"go home, I say, at once." Wherein the dog moved slowly along in the direction of Fairy Lawn, where, we may say, he was a great favourite with his young mistress, Miss Katty Phillips, to whom he was presented by the young gentleman, Mr. Arthur Fosbery. Could we see him now, as he parted company with his favourite dog! Don't fancy, reader, that it was any great trial for him to do so; but Arthur's feelings had been pent up for some time. The man was gaining the upper hand of the boy; his proud spirit would not allow him even to think that he should give way to his feelings, and be what he considered a fool. This spirit was backed up by a firm determination; but the last straw will often break the camel's back. Such was the case with Arthur Fosbery. Who can tell what passed through the mind of that young man, now in his twentieth year, the last of his race, leaving his native country; without a profession, with very scanty means, leaving the home of his forefathers, their property now in the hands of strangers, which he was led to call his own—he a Fosbery of Boydsville, an outcast in the haunts of his childhood. Don't wonder if you see the tears struggling to get exit, while with firmly pressed lips and clenched hands he tries to battle with his own feelings.

Our great men are sometimes distinguished for their little deeds. It is by looking closely into their minor actions that we can get a fair insight to their character. Arthur Fosbery was a great favourite at Dunhurst College, which he left some six months ago. All the small boys, both English and Irish, looked up to him as their champion. He held his own, without showing (what we very often see at public schools, one boy despotic, all the rest obedient) any symptoms of his superiority. He was only a few days at college when he got a severe reprimand for his Greek Testament. Being a new comer, there was a regular comment on how he "dropped in for it." Arthur made no acquaintances as yet. Some said he was a prig, others that he was a cad, &c. &c. Such was the conversation in the recreation-ground as Arthur passed a group of boys. One, a fair-haired lad, about Arthur's age and size, stood out before the rest, and called out as he passed:

"What does an Irish Paddy know about Greek?"

He turned round, and, looking at the foremost of the group, said:

"Perhaps not. But he knows how to punch your head."

"I should like to see him do it," said George Cantell.

"Say it again," said Arthur, "and I will."

"That is the way to say it, old man," said little Regan, a delicate lad, who previously was not aware of Fosbery's nationality. "If I was your match, Cantell, I should not allow you to call me a Paddy."

Regan now stood close to his champion, and several others followed his example, all delighted that there was going to be a row, and that Fosbery was not the fellow they thought after all.

"Why don't you say it again, Cantell?" said a little Hibernian, who feared they were losing valuable time.

"If he has any pluck in him," said another, "he will say it again."

"I will not say it now," said Cantell, "for I see the Prefect coming, but I shall this evening in the grove."

"Very well," said Fosbery; "I shall be there."

"Sound again," said little Regan; "that is the talk with the skin on it."

"A cheer for Fosbery, boys," said one, which was immediately responded to, and, with a similar compliment to Cantell, the meeting was adjourned until evening.

When the two boys met in the evening at the appointed place, George Cantell threw off his jacket immediately, handing it to one of his friends. Fosbery, without taking much notice, looked at Cantell, and for a moment everything was still.

"I came," said he, "to hear you repeat what you said in the recreation-ground, and what you promised to say here."

On hearing this, there was a regular groan for Fosbery."

"He is going to show the white feather," said two or three voices together.

Little Regan looked rather gloomy at his champion, while a few friendly Hibernian hands were getting ready to give him more than fair play, if he would only open the ball.

Arthur, without taking much notice of the excitement all round him, said:

"I want Cantell to say what he said before, and what he promised to say again, and then I shall punch his head."

He spoke in rather a determined manner, which had a very reassuring effect on his audience. The tide was now turning against Cantell, who seemed half inclined to shake Fosbery's hand and make it up; but the next instant he called out:

"What does an Irish Paddy know about Greek?"

Fosbery rushed at him before the words were well finished, and the battle commenced, to the great delight of the assembly. The scale of victory seemed very evenly balanced, neither party showing much advantage; and amid the loud cries of "That's it, Cantell!" "Well done, Fosbery!" the thrilling words, "Here comes the Prefect!" was heard all round. These few words had a magic effect on all parties, combatants included, who sloped in various directions in order to avoid the dreadful "sheep-shanks"—a sobriquet which the worthy Prefect enjoyed in consequence of his ungainly method of locomotion.

The two pugilists made their escape to the stables, where, with the use of soap and water, they were able afterwards to make an appearance in the dormitory. Several of the boys wished the battle renewed: the Fosbery party were certain their champion would lick all before him; but great was the astonishment of all to see Cantell and Fosbery such friends next morning. Cantell cut the word "Paddy" from his vocabulary, and friendship sprung up between the two collegians. George Cantell had some curious ideas about her Majesty's subjects living at the other side of St. George's Channel, and at the summer vacation he was asked by Arthur Fosbery to accompany him to Boydsville. This invitation was accepted, and when made known to Regan, he was so overjoyed that, bringing out his mamma's new trunk, he danced on it, while he invited all the other boys

To come to old Ireland! and seek information,
It is there you'll see sights that will soon make you stare;
Sure, half what you hear, faith it's all botheration,
Come, judge for yourself, and you'll see I speak fair.

Walter Regan, a few years after, bore her Majesty's colours before the battle and the breeze. No man was fonder of his profession, or had more implicit confidence in the British soldier. He has visited many climes, and seen the world in its different phases, but yet he remembers the good old days at Dunhurst College, and is still a sensitive Irishman.

II.

FAIRY LAWN.

FAIRY LAWN has a very pretty aspect, and from some points of view it is charming. Looking at the old mansion from the lake, you are inclined to think that it has been lately imported from the black country of South Staffordshire. The windows are small, and have not seen the painter's brush for years. The old dark brown bricks gape out, and show their dentated edges as victims

to the crumbling hand of time. Daws build their nests in some of the long, lanky chimneys, which would have come to grief long ago were it not for the tall oak and poplars which shelter them. But this quaint and imposing old mansion has been the temporary residence of more than one great man, who has played conspicuous parts in the destiny of his country. Old Windham Phillips called his place "Liberty Hall." "Kead millia failtha" was his motto; every one was welcome. Here is the window from which he addressed the United Irishmen when they came to secure his allegiance to their cause. Windham told them he loved his country as much as any there present; but he wished to live in it, which he could not do if he joined their ranks. Here are the apartments which were usually allotted to the lord-lieutenant when he came down to Connaught, a journey he could not take too often, in order to see for himself the different circumstances which gave rise to and fostered the chronic discontent existing at the time. There were the alarmists on one side pressing him to send down more military; the native Irish on the other complaining loudly of the large military force they were obliged to keep, and the punishment they received if such support was not forthcoming. The viceroy in those days had no sinecure berth of it; on whatever side he turned, there he met with a Pandoran-box, which became more and more complicated by time. He generally made Fairy Lawn his head-quarters, where he was sure to meet with military men, from the general officer to the ensign; all might come and go as they thought proper. All were kindly received by the noble owner.

It may seem strange how old Windham Phillips, the father of the present proprietor, could hold his own at a time when political and religious feeling ran so high. Very few could tell except old Tim, the servant-man, what was the religious persuasion of Windham Phillips; his political opinions were generally changed with each lord-lieutenant, and his house was always safe from the depredations of the king's troopers on one side, and the rebels on the other; at the same time he had the tact to set at rest the suspicions of the one, while he connived at the acts of the other; he would give audience to a number of extreme nationalists in the morning, while he would hear them denounced in the evening. But there was one thing which kept Windham free from the Scylla and Charybdis daily before him, that was his fame as a duellist; several tried their hands with him, and those who escaped never wished to try again. The tenantry on the Fairy Lawn property declared their master must get some helping hand from the fairies, as he could not live like a prince and feed all the king's army.

But the king's army at Fairy Lawn were a certain source of

revenue. The viceroy never remained at Fairy Lawn without losing fabulous sums of money, which indirectly found its way to Windham's pocket. Cock-fighting was at that time very much in vogue, and he was a noted breeder of those birds; his black cock had no equal since the days he killed the Scotch bird, the property of an English earl. On this occasion Windham received a large increase to his ready money, which, had his tenantry known, would have kept the king's army for a very considerable time.

Now and then old Windham would walk along a path leading to a valley, and then following a streamlet until he came to a small creek, would investigate with his walking-stick, which was sure to strike against something like a barrel under the hollow bank; and at midnight Tim might be seen returning with a boatful of straw, the great bulk in the middle being the barrel of something stronger than water, which his master had made so vigilant a search for that morning. If the master of Fairy Lawn contributed to the state, it was not in the shape of excise duty. If he kept a liberty hall for the king's army, he saw no reason why he should pay duty on what they drank. The wine which his excellency so frequently praised came two or three times a year on the Clare coast, and from there found its way into the cellar of Fairy Lawn.

As many parts of Ireland were in an unsettled condition at this time, a large military force was quartered in all the country districts, and whoever went without the necessaries of life, the king's men should be well cared for. They lived on the people; the people lived as best they could.

A system of coining sprung up about this time, which for years was not detected. A very noted coiner, Shawn Rue, lived, or rather had his mint, not half a mile from Windham's house. Shawn's cave was on a wild and outlying portion of Windham's property; but that gentleman took very good care that none of the spurious coin should enter his possession. He had no objection to receive as many fat sheep as Shawn thought proper to send him, and old Tim, the factotum, contrived to have those sheep grazing on the Mound—this mound being the fort, or principal entrance of the fairies, so that all the peasantry were firmly convinced that they came from the good people, or fairies, and that the old master's creature comforts were in a special manner looked after by those worthy people.

Shawn Rue was not at all particular as to the uses made of his cave. The poor man, who ran through his scanty supply of provisions in order to support the military force, came there discontented with the law, and left it setting the law at defiance. Under his auspices everything was hatched. The open insurrectionist, and the United Irishman, who would scorn the notion of anything

short of legitimate warfare, soon were convinced that a trooper was no more nor less than vermin that they were bound to destroy.

Meetings and councils were very often held, in which his opinion was sure to be much in advance of all the rest, no matter how extreme they might be. If Shawn gave admittance to all parties who set the law at defiance, he was no less willing to receive the worthy Friar John, whenever the reverend gentleman could steal a march on the troopers and run to earth in Shawn's cave; it was wonderful how rapid the news spread. "The Sogarth is in it," nobody asked where, every one came at break of day to hear mass under difficulties. Windham Phillips and his man Tim knew too much to be absent on those occasions. Shawn's bellows was removed, his crucibles and other coining appurtenances set aside, and everything made ready for the solemn service. If the friar had not a very aristocratic congregation, he had at least a few notorious personages among them. Here was Ryan Gunnel kneeling outside the cave in a pool of water, apparently indifferent to all the government proclamations, and not far off, Miles avourneen, for whose precious person the authorities of Dublin Castle would at any time give a reward of five hundred guineas; there were several other lesser celebrities, all taking in a large stock of prayers, not knowing what might come before Friar John paid them another visit.

Such was the state of the country at the time Digby Phillips, the present proprietor, was but a mere lad. He has witnessed a great change in the manners and customs of his country. There is no longer a necessity for a Friar John to run for his life from one harbour of refuge to another. Shawn Rue's cave is still there, but not the notorious coiner; he has long past away and left not a trace behind; her Majesty's uniform is very seldom seen now at Fairy Lawn; the cause is gradually being removed, and the effect is gradually following.

Yes, Digby Phillips has witnessed a great change for the better; he has seen the penal laws in full force, and watched their baneful influence on the social position of his country; he has seen that social rash come out with double force when treated with oppression and tyranny, and just as surely disappear by mild, gentle, and humane treatment. Now that Digby Phillips's political life was at an end, a smile beamed on his countenance as he thought of the millennium which was fast approaching his country, when its chronic disorders would disappear before the great tide of civil and religious equality, which was steadily rising on one side of St. George's Channel to break forth on the shores of the other, casting its refreshing spray over a people sick unto death, and sweeping all impediments before it. Digby Phillips fondly hoped

that he might live to see it realised ; when the Anglo-Saxon and Celt would lie down together with one common purpose, one common thought, a unison of action to strengthen and defend their common country. Digby Phillips, leaning back in his chair, and placing his wan, attenuated hand on his forehead, exclaimed :

"Yes, Fogerty, there has been a great change in this country since you and I were boys."

"Faix, that is true for yer honor."

"There has been a tide in Irish politics," said the old gentleman ; "but I, acting from the best motives, thought to stem it, until the current ran too strong against me—yes, Fogerty, the current ran too strong against me."

This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost.

Yes, my third day has come, Fogerty, my third day has come."

A gentle tap at the door disturbed the conversation, and a young lady, Miss Katty Phillips, whom we met before, entered her father's room.

"Well, papa, dear, don't you think you had better take your medicine? It is time," said Katty, laying her hands fondly round her father's neck.

Mr. Phillips made no reply.

"What is the matter, Fogerty?" said the young lady, looking rather frightened.

"Faix, miss, it eyn't nothing to signify, miss, but the masther has a been talking of owld times, and it brings the lowness of speerits on myself, miss."

"Well, Fogerty, we had better get papa out on the lawn ; the day is so very fine he will derive some benefit from the fresh air."

Katty knew that her father, in consequence of his recent troubles, was now and then very melancholy. She would use all her little diplomacy to disengage his thoughts, and generally had some amusing tale to tell him in her own inimitable manner, which had the effect of making him laugh. Very few things occurred in the neighbourhood calculated to entertain him but were from time to time repeated. As Fogerty left the room, the young lady followed him to the stairs.

"Now, Fogerty, you heard what Doctor Sharp said, that when papa was in low spirits you should try and cheer him up. When I came into the room just now you were as bad as papa."

"Well, you know, miss," said Fogerty, looking very guilty, "the masther was a talking about the frost a biting him, his day a coming, and owld times ; it was enough to make me think, you know, miss, that something was wrong intirely with his honor

talking indeed about the frost this fine June day, miss—him as would remain all night on the lake, in night of frost and snow, duck-shooting, with a breeze on the river that 'id perish the Danes; bedad, it is enough to make me feel, miss, and Masther Frank so far away in the Endees!"

Katty laughed at Fogerty's story, told him "he was an old goose, and that she should not require his services on the lawn."

In very few minutes the invalid appeared at his front door, accompanied by Miss Katty in her pretty pink morning dress, her long golden hair hanging in loose tresses over her tapering shoulders; a broad black ribbon surrounds her waist, and sets off to perfection her graceful figure; the light of purity and truth seems to beam forth from her kind and loving heart. As she bends over her father to place a moss-rose in his button-hole, Katty gazes on him with all the pride of her girlish soul; he whom she always looked upon as perfection. What if the world looks coldly, it only calls forth that gush of womanly tenderness and enthusiasm which no human power can suppress.

"Now, papa—ready?" said Katty.

"Yes, dear!—Pluto!"

The dog bounds in great glee as the little procession advanced. A middle-aged lady raised the drawing-room window to greet them as they pass.

"Good-bye, mamma—good-bye," said Katty.

The salutation was again answered by Mr. Phillips taking off his cap and waving it in the direction of the window: "Au revoir."

We will not follow the father and daughter; the latter has got a new story to tell:

Mrs. M'Larkey had been to Fairy Lawn during the morning to ask the young lady to write to her son "Mick" in the State of Ohio; she brought with her a large pair of stockings for the poor fatherless auphin—the said auphin being over six feet high, and a pretty good specimen of the Irish giant. Mrs. M'Larkey heard it was powerful could in Americka, and if the young lady would only put them into the litter, it is Mick would find them nice and warm for his poor feet; and if he knew of any dacent boy coming home to Connaught, if he would send all his broken ones, it would be the delight of her heart to send them out again as good as new to him. Miss Katty Phillips was always ready to write letters for the poor people; she was the great correspondent of that part of the country. Pat Molloy, the nearest school-masther, had nothing like the number of applicants; people said "he could not hold a kandle to her young lad'ship of the great house. Why, you know, Misther Molloy would be putting his high-flown English that sorra a pit of me would know," said Mrs.

McLarkey, "my own sayings after his larned variations, and Mick avic was never bright at picking up the larning."

Standing at the hall-door, we get a view for miles along the large sheet of water which gently moves before us. Now and then a shapeless turf boat floats along its surface, numerous seagulls glide on the soft breeze which is wafted across its banks, wild-ducks rise up from the bulrushes which fringe it on every side, and lower down the patient angler moves quietly over the sandbank, waiting anxiously, and trying all kinds of devices to get the wily salmon to take. Nature has put on her richest garment, and lies before you in wild simplicity, unadorned by art. Turning to the court-yard, the scene is changed. Old Dick, the turkey-cock, who for some time has been monarch of all he surveys, walks up to you, and disputes every yard with you. Dogs of all kinds—greyhounds, foxhounds, pointers, and setters—run round and welcome you on the premises. The noise from the rookery over your head is something dreadful; the pigeon-coop quite close; the guinea-fowl, as they pass in and out through the stables, add to the din, and proving that he is not to be outdone by any amount of racket; a large Cochin China cock looks down with contempt on his tribe, and gives you the benefit of his shrill note from the horse-trough; various portions of Reynard's skin appears nailed on the stable-door, trophies of the Phillipses of the Lawn. Notwithstanding the animated scene before us, everything wears the look of decay. With nature so bountiful, one may be inclined to blame Digby Phillips for leaving his country seat and spending his fortune on what has been to him a barren honour; but he was brought up with the idea that a Phillips of the Lawn should represent his county in parliament—it would be a great blow, indeed, if a mushroom squire, after six months' residence in Connaught, would take the lead of the old aristocracy. No; Digby would spend the last shilling cheerfully rather than such should happen. He entered parliament as an independent member, pledged to no government; but he, like other men who entered under the same banner, very soon found himself joined to one side or the other. To be always in opposition was not congenial to his taste, but then to be favourable to any government was a grievous crime, at least, so it was considered by a large influential number of the constituents.

James Egan, the village smith and politician, was very sorry for the master, but he was too good-hearted to deal with those Lunnon people.

"Talk about government, faith, dale the care about us," said James. "Since I wur the hight of the anvil there, I have been hearing of laws, but the d—l a law they ever make any good to the poor. If they don't want to make laws for us, be hanged to

them, why don't they give us repeal of union, and let us make laws for ourselves. But then they are," said the village blacksmith, with a bitter smile on his countenance, "for all the world like the dog in the manger."

"Now look ye here, Jamsey. There eyn't much use in talking. We must take up the pikes again," said Dan Dwyer. "Faith, d—l a boy in the country could handle one as purty as yourself."

"Now, Dan," said the blacksmith, "bedad that same is true for you."

"And there eyn't a finer varrant in this townland for making a dacent one than your very self, Jamsey; it runs natural to you, avourneen, like ducks to the wather. Your father, rest his sowl, made more than a few, and maybe if they could not cut clane—naboklish."

Tim Whifler, the village cooper, was another politician, at whose shop Mr. Phillips's affairs were now and then talked over. Tim was downright sorry for the masher.

"When all is said and done, faith, he is one of ourselves, and there eyn't a poor man in the country that can point a finger agin him. But, as Father Maloney said, ye know, a man can't touch pitch without being defamed. They say 'he is out and out for the government'—so Father Maloney says, and he ought to know."

"It is many a long year since we had a dacent government," said one of Tim's audience.

"Faith, that same is true for you, Phil."

"It is that. But I'll tell you what it is," said the cooper, holding his adze out before his hearers in order that his speech may be more emphatic, "if St. Peter was to come down from heaven and tell me that the government mint well to this country, bedad I'd til him I can't believe it, and if they were willing, the duckens a one of them knows how, saving your presence."

But if James Egan discussed the wrongs of Ireland at the forge, and Tim Whifler at the shop, neither of those worthy subjects of her Majesty had the slightest idea of taking up pikes against her lawful authority, nor had they the least faith in such weapons as a panacea for those grievances. James Egan had a small farm stocked, and Tim Whifler was able to lay by a score pounds a year, so that both knew on which side their bread was buttered. But there were others who had no stake in the country, and no means of procuring it—men able to live in any country but their own, who most frequently applauded the blacksmith's words. There was sufficient fabric in their fiery imaginations to lift them above the sphere of common sense; it only required a certain amount of gas from men who could generate that element from a natural taste to inflate their volatile fancy; men perfectly aware that the first prick of a pin would cause the entire collapse.

WHY I WENT TO SOJOURN ON THE CONTINENT.

IN 18— I was a clerk in the post-office in —, a small town in the south of Ireland, not a hundred miles from Dublin. One evening I was sitting in the office alone during an interval of leisure, when a person whom I had observed calling once or twice before, and whose rather peculiar appearance and manner had attracted my notice, came into the office, gave his name, and asked for letters. He was evidently not a gentleman, nor did he seem anxious to appear one, yet his appearance was, on the whole, respectable. I thought, however, that the genteel suit of black, cut in a style becoming a man of fifty—he was much younger—was scarcely in keeping with what I considered the real character of the wearer. His quiet and unobtrusive manner seemed assumed; he appeared, I thought, to wish to adapt himself to the style of his dress; but there was difficulty in restraining the restlessness of the eye, which was keen and scrutinising, and in calming down a certain kind of swagger of which I considered him to be largely possessed.

He was told there were no letters, and I remembered he had got a similar answer when he previously called. He did not leave the office, however, but asked several questions as to the departure and arrival of mails, and regarding local matters. He said he was a stranger; his manner to me was agreeable; and as he left, which he did when another person came in, he thanked me for my kindness and bade me good evening. I could not exactly tell why, but it struck me that in coming to the post-office he had some other object than to procure letters.

The son of the proprietor of the — hotel was one of my intimate friends. We had been very much together for two or three years, and from practising with him in the billiard-room of the hotel I had acquired a taste for billiards. I was able to indulge it inexpensively, as, unlike many other young men, the learning of the game had cost me nothing. I rarely played now, however, and as I was pretty expert, and had made it a point not to bet, I never lost money. But I frequently went and sat for an hour in the room after I had despatched the last mail and finished for the day.

My usual employment caused me to forget my visitor at the post-office soon after he had left—I had, indeed, quite ceased to think of him—but I happened to go on the same evening to the billiard-room, and had not sat long when he came in. He at once

recognised me, made some remark agreeably, and passed on and took the first vacant seat. There was the same quietness in his manner that I had previously observed, but I still thought I could see something which told me the man was not to be judged by his exterior. I wondered would he play, and how? I had observed that he looked carefully round the room, but recognised no one but myself.

A game was being played when he came in, but he did not go to the marker to engage the table, nor, when it was finished, did he rise as though he wished to play. The table indeed remained unoccupied for a short time, as no one seemed inclined to engage it; at last a game was commenced, and at its close the players and one or two others went away, leaving my friend and myself the sole occupants of the room. They were scarcely out until he rose and asked me if I would join him in a game. I was rather surprised, as the movement was sudden, and it seemed as if he were anxious to take advantage of the opportunity that offered of playing with me. I hesitated for a moment, wondering how far I might be able to match him. I remembered he had made no remarks during the game just finished from which I could form an opinion of his capabilities as a player. But I was anxious to discover what his "game" was if he had any, and determining to be cautious, I replied that I would play.

The game was commenced. I got a slight lead, and managed to hold it with varying success to the close. Another succeeded, and it also was won by me. But I had sufficient evidence that my opponent was a very superior player, and I could not get rid of the feeling that I had been *allowed* to win. My time for leaving had now arrived, and I at once bade him good evening, and took my departure.

I had a considerable distance to walk to my lodgings, and had almost reached the door when I heard a quick step behind. In a minute after I was joined by the person I had left at the hotel.

"How quickly you walk," said he; "I'm glad I have overtaken you."

I knew I had not taken his hat or umbrella by mistake, and that it could not be from any such reason he had followed me. I hesitated for a moment, not knowing exactly what to reply, when he added, in a low voice,

"Excuse me for stopping you, but I want to speak to you particularly."

"Well, what can I do for you?" said I.

"We shall see," he answered, still speaking in a low voice; "you can do a good deal and serve yourself at the same time. But I must see you in a quiet place, and I would ask you either

to come to my lodgings or to give me half an hour in yours. It is a strange request, I admit," he added, "particularly when made by a stranger."

"It's a request I don't see that I can accede to, at least to-night, as it is so late," I replied; "but if you'll call to-morrow I'll have no objection to see you at any hour you mention, or you can see me at the post-office."

"There's no use in my going to the post-office," he said, "as I must see you privately, and if you give me an opportunity I think I'll be able to show you that it is not desirable I should call on you in daylight. You are surprised," he added, as he observed my quick glance, "but I can soon clear away this mystery if you'll allow me. Come, now, don't think me a robber. I'll promise not to keep you more than half an hour, and your latch-key will quietly admit both of us as easily as one."

"How do you know I have a latch-key?" I asked, with increased surprise.

"It's no matter how. You'll probably find I know more about you than you suspect," he added, laughing.

I did not think the man a robber, and even if I had suspected the honesty of his intentions, I would doubtless have remembered that the "appointments" in my humble lodging were not so valuable, nor the articles of vertu so numerous, as to excite his cupidity, and that neither a young post-office clerk nor a poor widow, his landlady, could be suspected of having a large hoard. I therefore determined, although not satisfied that the step was a prudent one, to admit him to my room.

During our conversation an idea occurred to me as to the probable occupation of the man and his object, but as I was unable to see that I could have anything to do with what I supposed him to be connected, I at once dismissed it from my mind. It turned out, however, that my idea was correct.

At the time of which I write, the disaffection that has so long existed in Ireland was giving signs of life. Indeed, one of those disturbed periods that unfortunately have been too common in the sister country immediately followed. Agents and envoys of a secret society were stated to be going about with various objects, but all tending to one result. The public generally had but little knowledge of the movement, but it was rumoured that the government was in possession of important information, and that there was some cause for apprehension. I found my visitor to be one of these agents, and a principal one, and that the service he wished me to render to "the cause" was of a peculiar kind.

Before proceeding further, it is necessary I should inform my readers that the Right Honourable —, who was then C —

S—— for Ireland, was very fond of the neighbourhood, and had a summer residence close to the town. He lived when in Ireland almost as much in it as in his official residence at ——. It was now late in the autumn, but he had not yet left. His letters came down from Dublin in the morning, and the replies were posted in the evening. What was required of me was that on a particular evening I should hand out to my visitor, as if it were for him, one of the official letters sent by the O—— S——, the address and a description of which were to be given me.

It was not for a considerable time, and till attempts to make me a member of the society and to bind me to secrecy had failed, that this was fully revealed to me. I wondered, indeed, that it was revealed, as I had absolutely refused to give any pledge of secrecy; but I afterwards saw that my visitor calculated on my acceptance of the "consideration" he had to offer, and on my fear of the danger to which I would expose myself by becoming an informer.

I could scarcely say why I did not at once act on my first impulse—which was to order him from the room—on learning the object of his visit. My curiosity was greatly excited, and I suppose, having heard so much, I was anxious to hear more. I had kept as cool as possible, and said little. But when he had finished, and I fully understood what was wanted, I determined to end the matter, and therefore at once said that I could not listen to the proposal and was surprised it should be made.

"And why?" said he. "Although so far you have refused to join us, don't you know you ought to be one of us?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I mean that you can't care much for those who are opposed to us, and that you must like your country and your country's cause much better."

"How can you possibly know what I like?" said I.

"I speak only of what you should like," he replied. "I fancied at first from your name that you were of the right sort, and I soon found I was right. Are we not of the same race as well as religion?"

"Don't talk of that," said I. "You surely don't mean that religion would sanction what you have just asked me to do?"

"There is no necessity to put it exactly in that light," he answered. "If the letter was one containing bank-notes, and if I asked it for the same reason that I would ask for such a letter, you would be right in refusing me. But the cases are very different. You know 'all's fair in love and war.' Very much worse than what I ask you to do is often done by statesmen, and generals, and diplomatists, who are considered most honourable men. It's for such things that twenty thousand pounds a year of secret service money is required and spent."

I was on the point of rising, and requesting him not to trouble me further with this kind of argument, when a thought occurred to me, and I became for a minute or two so completely engrossed by it as to be almost unconscious of his presence. He observed this, and fancying probably that I was entertaining his proposal, or at least thinking better of it, he stopped speaking for a moment. This recalled my senses, but not until I had almost decided on adopting a certain course.

"You're not likely to find that kind of argument succeed," I observed. "Besides, the thing is impossible."

"It's not impossible, as I can show you. But if you can't approve of that argument, I hope you'll study your own interest and think well of the other. As I have already said, the moment you hand me the letter I'll hand you a twenty-pound note, also letters that will secure for you a hearty reception in America. A splendid career will await you there," he continued. "Some of the largest manufacturers and most extensive merchants are on our side, and when you go out you'll be taken by the hand at once and welcomed as a man who has rendered good service. Lucrative employment will be procured for you, and you'll be rapidly advanced. I really am not drawing too favourable a picture; you have no idea of the enthusiasm that exists there. Besides, the country is a splendid one for a young fellow like you to get on in. Even if you had not a single person to go to or to care for you when you arrived, you would make your fortune in one-fourth of the time that would be necessary at home. You can't be well paid where you are; and what are your prospects? You know you're not likely to get promotion, at least for a long time."

What he said regarding my position and prospects was certainly true. Clerks in small provincial post-offices were (and indeed are still) very poorly paid, and chances of promotion but very rarely occurred. I had long been dissatisfied with my position and anxious to improve it; in fact I was hoping from day to day that some favourable opportunity would turn up, and had determined to embrace it if it did. Here was an opportunity now; should I take advantage of it, give up my present ill-paid employment and enter on a new career—one which, although perhaps not so bright as had been pictured, must be better than I could hope for if I remained where I was? This thought passed through my mind as I said:

"What you say about my position and chances of advancement is very true, I admit; yet I have no desire to leave this country."

"Well, you're wrong there, if you'll excuse my saying so," he answered; "but if you won't take advantage of what awaits you on the other side, I suppose I must increase the consideration here. I'll make it a fifty-pound note, but I can't do more."

"The letter must be a valuable one," I observed, smiling.

"It may or it may not; but I expect it will contain a document as well as information that it is important we should possess. I wish you would say that it will be all right," he added. "You should remember that the amount I offer is not so easily got, and that it will enable you to go to some large town and live there comfortably till you get better employment. Come now, what do you say?"

"I cannot say that I consent, for two reasons," said I. "First, I can't bring myself to think that it would not be a great breach of faith—dishonest, in fact—and second, I would be certain to be punished."

"Punished! Why," said he, "you can't be punished except there is proof against you, and how is proof to be got? Don't you put the letters in the Dublin bag at night, and fasten it up?"

"I do."

"So I thought. You'll perhaps be suspected then, but suspected only, for the clerks in Dublin will be as much concerned as you. You see there can be no *proof* whatever. It's most probable there will be no one in the office when I call, and even if it should be full you need not care, as I ask for a letter in the usual way and you hand one out in the usual way. Of course we are not going to show those who may happen to be present its address."

"Anything of that kind is more easily described than carried out," I observed. "What about the postmaster and Miss——?"

"Oh, you know they don't come in till it's late—I have observed that."

This was correct; the duties of the office were performed by the postmaster, an assistant—his unmarried sister—and myself; but except for a few hours in the forenoon, and when some of the more important mails were being despatched or received, I was always alone in the office. The O—— S——'s letters were usually sent between six and seven o'clock, the mail was not despatched till nine, and it was generally eight before the postmaster and the assistant came down-stairs. They occupied the apartments above the office.

"It strikes me you have been very observant," said I; "you must have been paying us greater attention than we were aware of."

"Well, I did try to see how the thing could be best managed; but I had not to find out all myself. There was more than one to tell me a good deal."

"Do you mean in this town?"

"Yes."

"Then your plan is known to more than yourself?"

"Certainly it is," he replied. "But to none who have not its success as much at heart as I have."

"But if I do what you want, I'll be certain to be exposed in my own town, perhaps to some of my friends or acquaintances."

"'Exposed' is not the word," said he. "There's not one who will know who won't think more of you for doing it."

This new feature of the matter did not please me. Since I had come to the town a few years before I had stood well with all classes. Was I now to forfeit the good opinion I had gained? I spoke of this, also of the certainty of the suspicion with which I would be regarded by the post-office authorities being confirmed by my leaving so soon after the occurrence.

"You need not leave just immediately," said he; "the thing will soon blow over. At least, any suspicion there may be of you will soon cease, as so many others will be concerned. You see," he added, after a pause, "I can meet every objection you raise. I hope I may understand you'll do what I want?"

"I really don't know—I'll think of it," said I.

"But I would much rather you would decide at once; sure you can easily do so?"

"No I cannot; I'll have to think over it till to-morrow. You must admit that the consequences would probably be very important to me."

"Well, if you must, do so. But when am I to see you again? Will you say to-morrow evening?"

"I am afraid I cannot," said I; "as I was thinking of spending to-morrow evening with a friend."

"But what time would you return? You could be back by eleven, could you not?"

"Yes, I suppose I could. But is there any necessity for my deciding so soon?"

"There is. I expect the letter will be sent the evening after to-morrow."

"Well, then, you can come soon after eleven to-morrow night, and I'll be here to admit you."

"I'll not fail to come," said he, rising as he spoke; "and now," he added, looking at me determinedly, "I have confidence in you, or would not have told you unreservedly what I have; but remember, don't provoke my vengeance by revealing a word of what you have heard. You little know what power I have, or how many there are who would be ready to exercise it. But stay," he continued, as he saw by my countenance that I was not to be threatened with impunity, "I have no desire to offend you, you cannot think I have; I will tell you at once that although what I have just stated is no idle threat, I have less confidence

in threats than in the hatred I know you would have to be a 'stag.'"^{*}

I did not reply to this, but followed him to the door, which I closed when he had gone.

It was now late. I went to my bed-room, struck a light, and kept it burning for about ten minutes, when I put it out. I then came down-stairs, opened the door cautiously, and looked out. The streets were almost deserted, and I was certain I could leave the house without being observed. After a little time I passed out, closed the door quietly with my key, and went away.

When I returned, which I did in about an hour, it was long past twelve o'clock. I came in cautiously, crept up-stairs, and went to bed without a light. I found next morning that my old landlady knew nothing of my having had a visitor, or of my late hours. I had taken the latch-key at her request when I came to lodge in her house, as it was her habit to retire soon after ten o'clock.

I went to the office, and attended as usual during the day. My mind was so much occupied with the occurrences of the previous night, that I did not feel inclined to go to my friend's house as I had intended, and therefore when the office was closed I went straight to my lodgings, and awaited the coming of my strange visitor.

He was punctual. Very soon after eleven o'clock I answered a low knock at the door and admitted him. Before doing so, however, I took the precaution of putting my revolver, which I had carefully loaded, into my pocket. We had a long conversation similar to that of the previous night. He congratulated me on my appearing more inclined to "study my own interest," as he expressed it, and we finally arranged that I should give the letter for a consideration of fifty pounds, to be paid at the time. He opened a pocket-book, and showed me five ten-pound notes. I saw they were genuine, and he placed them in an envelope bearing my address, which I sealed with my seal, adding also my initials on the back. The understanding was that when I gave him the letter he was to hand this envelope in its present state to me. He gave me the address and a description of the letter, and soon after left. I did not go out again that night.

He had told me he was now almost certain the letter would be sent on the following evening, and that I must look carefully for it.

On the next day, my mind dwelt so intently on the occurrences I have described and their possible result, that I found it impossible to get through my work or do anything correctly. I felt I

^{*} Informer,

had undertaken to do what was to affect in no small degree my future career, and I confess I had many misgivings. I wished more than once I had never seen my strange friend, or that the letter could be posted at another office. I determined, however, to keep as cool and self-possessed as possible, and now that I had put my hand to the plough not to turn back.

The evening came, and as the hour for the C—— S——'s letters to be posted drew near, my excitement increased. I waited anxiously for the messenger, yet dreaded his appearance. At last I saw him approach the window, and in a moment after heard the large letters dropping into the letter-box one by one. I went immediately and took them out, and surely enough the letter that was so much wanted was amongst them!

It was now nearly seven o'clock. Instead of keeping the letter with those that were to be despatched, I brought it to the "strangers' alphabet," and put it amongst those that were to be called for. I looked at every figure that entered, expecting every moment to see my friend, but it was nearly half-past seven when he appeared. I fancy he must have been watching for a favourable opportunity, as he came in just as two persons went out, and only one—a young lad—remained. He came forward to the place where letters were delivered, and asked if there were any for his name, which he stated. I saw he had my envelope in his hand, also a penny, and before I had time to answer his question, he put the envelope with the penny on the counter, placing my initials and seal so that I could observe them, and pushed it and the money towards me, saying, "I'll want you to put a stamp on that." Of course, I fully understood him; yet it would have been impossible for any one to suspect either from his manner or tone of voice that we had seen each other before. I took the letter from the "alphabet," and looked at it for a moment. My fingers tingled and my heart throbbed, but I could not change my determination now. I held it towards him, and he took it from me. The moment he did so he glanced towards the other which he had left on the counter—I am not certain, however, with the object of recovering it—but, whether or not, I had got it; my right hand lifted it as the left was extended to him.

He looked at me—a curious look!—and as I stepped back and tore open the cover to examine the contents, he smiled curiously; but I could not discover the slightest expression of reproach for my apparent want of faith.

He folded the letter into half its size, and it was still in his hand when he left the office. I went for a moment to a bell to ring for the assistant, and had scarcely returned when I saw a party of police pass the office with a prisoner. My friend had been arrested!

The assistant came down to the office now instead of waiting till the usual time, and, in accordance with an arrangement I had made with her in the morning, she took my place to attend to the public. I passed at once into an inner apartment or division of the office, and remained there until I had the night mail ready for despatch. When the bags were strapped, the junior letter-carrier, who also brought the mails to and from the trains, lifted them, and was about to leave, when the postmaster said he wanted to see him, and that he must come up-stairs. The carrier looked at the bags, wondering no doubt how they were to be got to the station; but the postmaster merely said that another person would bring them, and he and the carrier went away. I may say that this also had been arranged during the day.

The moment they were gone I put on a portion of the carrier's spare uniform, pulled his cap down over my face as much as possible, and threw the strap of bags over my left shoulder, allowing some to hang behind and some before: they were usually carried in this way. I was of the same size and age as the carrier, whom, indeed, I somewhat resembled, and, as I now appeared, I was quite certain I could safely pass for him. I therefore carefully examined my revolver, placed it in a safe and convenient pocket, and at once passed out on my way to the railway station.

I confess I was not sorry to observe when I got to the door that there did not appear to be any persons about the office of whom I need be afraid, and I felt much relieved when I reached the station without having been addressed by any one. I was not too soon; the bags were given to the guard, I was "chaffed" a little about my dress, the whistle sounded, the train started, and—I started with it.

There was then no telegraph. I felt quite safe; and on arriving in Dublin went to a friend's house, where I stayed during the night.

The next morning I did not go out before breakfast; but soon after ten o'clock I got a cab and drove direct to the C—— S——'s office. On reaching it I gave my name, and was at once admitted to a kind of study where I was told to wait. In a few minutes the C—— S—— himself came in; he advanced smiling, bade me good morning, and said:

"You managed that very well indeed. I was rather anxious till I saw the particulars this morning."

"I'm very glad that all went right," said I; "but I think I have been very fortunate in getting safely out of the town."

"Yes, perhaps you are better away," he observed. "Your friend had not so great confidence in you after all; he must have had a confederate to take the letter from him at the door, as it was gone when he was arrested, although he had not walked one hundred yards from the office. But it was a dummy?"

I was astonished to hear this, and more thankful than before for my escape.

"What do you think you'll do?" continued he. "I suppose you had better go away for a year or so."

"I certainly will, and at once too. I'll not feel safe till I'm a good distance from here."

He went to a desk and took out some bank-notes, which he handed to me saying:

"This is for your travelling expenses. I'll send to-day a draft on —, banker in Paris, and you'll find it there on your arrival. The amount will be your allowance for six months, at the end of that time I'll see that it is renewed. You had better leave your address with your banker, as I'll write you to return so soon as I find you can do so with safety, and when you come back I'll see if employment can be found for you."

I left at once. The next morning's papers contained acknowledgments from two of the Dublin Hospitals of the receipt of a donation of twenty-five pounds each from an anonymous contributor. I was then near London.

I did not stay long in Paris, but spent nearly two years very pleasantly in the principal cities of the Continent. At the end of my sojourn I returned to England, and soon after got a berth where neither my enemies nor former friends would have expected to find me.

S. S. R.

A WALK WITHIN THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

FROM London, across the bright Thames at Maidenhead, by meadowy Pangbourne, past Oxford, and so through the centre of England across the "black country," with but one tunnel in the mining district of Oakengates during our whole journey, we reached, in seven hours, our destination, and, crossing the muddy Dee, entered, on its eastern side, the old city of Chester—too late to see anything that night, and with but one day, and that Sunday, to become acquainted with it. Ten minutes will tell what I saw within and beyond the walls built round the city she loved by the Saxon Countess Ethelfleda in the early part of the tenth century. It is pleasant to read that, after all its sufferings, from the time it rose under the Roman sway, a maiden city, Deva, by siege and battle, fire and famine, through centuries of Danish and Saxon wars, Chester should have gained rest and security from a woman, and that the walls which now surround it were built by her to

enclose and protect the city, then called *Caerleon*, of which her husband, the first Earl of Mercia, was governor. These walls of red sandstone, strengthened by iron bands, stand evidently on the stronger foundation of those built by the Romans, for at intervals, in their circuit, the huge stones so generally seen in the work of these giant architects are visible.

Wood and red sandstone are the materials of old Chester—very picturesque, but crumbling—and replaced now in its new buildings by the brick and mortar of modern times.

The bells of the cathedral sound, and we start on this bright Easter Sunday for her service. Crossing Cow-lane Bridge over the canal, we pass through a narrow stony passage, ending in an archway beneath the old walls, into the cloisters of the cathedral. This passage, called the *Kale Yards*, was in olden time the kitchen garden of the convent of St. Werburgh, a Saxon princess, who, whatever her power may have been in life, in death was reputed to have performed so many miracles, that Ethelfleda, the Countess of Mercia, carefully enclosed within the city walls the site of her burial place, and raised on it a magnificent convent dedicated to St. Werburgh and St. Oswald. This convent, the germ, as it were, of the present cathedral of Chester, stood on ground already devoted to sacred purposes. Here the Druids had celebrated their sylvan rites, ere the Britons were visited by the Romans; they bringing with them the faith of the Pantheon, expelled the Druids, and built where they had worshipped a temple to Apollo; to this succeeded, as Christianity gained ground in Britain, a monastery. The friars turned out when Ethelfleda opened her “Home for Ladies,” and they again retired on the arrival, with William the Conqueror, of some Benedictine monks from Normandy, who restored the monastery, and retained it through many centuries, but were driven out by Henry VIII., offering to him a rich plunder in the revenues and treasures they had accumulated.

St. Werburgh’s monastery now became the cathedral church of Chester—a massive pile of Norman-Gothic architecture, less beautiful than most of our other English cathedrals, and now much hidden and disfigured within and without by the scaffolding necessary for its work of restoration. The sun shines through a handsome modern-painted window on the crowded congregation, the organ peals, and every one rises, as the dean, with the white-robed clergy and choristers, enters and walks down the nave. Near me is an assemblage of such gaily-dressed maidens, that, but for their number, I should have fancied they had played the part of bridesmaids at an early wedding. White hats with magenta ribbons, white cashmere cloaks falling over skirts of the same bright colour, appeared to me a costume little adapted to the

charitable institution to which, on inquiry, I found these little girls belonged—"an orphanage for destitute children," founded by Miss Graham, the late bishop's daughter, but now under the management of the Devonport Sisters, who have altered the dress originally worn by the children. The usual cathedral service proceeds; the anthem is the glorious Hallelujah chorus. As the dean walks to read the communion service he is followed by two old bedesmen, who station themselves on either side of the gate without the rails, leaning on their staves, with their heads bent, and so remain until he comes from the table. Before the sermon the Easter hymn is sung, not by the choristers only, but by the congregation, the vergers, who have been busy and bustling to a disturbing degree, now distributing hymn-books, that all may unite on this "our triumphant holy day" in joyful thanksgiving.

After a passing look at the new town-hall, our way after church took us through the abbey gate, where in the olden time at Whitsuntide the monks of Chester commenced the performance of their "Mystery Plays," the waggon on which the representation took place always stopping first at the abbey gate, that "the monks and the church might have the first sight, and then the stage was drawn to the High Cross before the mayor and aldermen." Mounting the walls near the Phoenix Tower, whence Charles I. is said to have witnessed his defeat at the battle of Rowton Moor, we walked round, gaining curious insight into the habits of the people of Chester, as we saw into the windows and looked over the gardens that lay beneath us. On clear days, the views over Cheshire and into Wales are said to be good from the walls, but a very dingy atmosphere beyond the city, though the sun shone bright within it, hid these from us. Passing the picturesque old Water Tower, we reached the spot perhaps in these days the most celebrated in Chester, the Roodee, or race-ground, where, since the days of "Mr. Robert Amerye, ironmonger, and sometime sheriffe of Chester, in 1608," the inhabitants have been amused on or about St. George's Day by the "runninge of horses for silver cuppes." The soft green meadow now bore little trace of the bustle and crowd so soon to be seen upon it. A few donkeys and sheep browsed lazily along the course, and little children played beneath the grand stand.

As we walked on, the Dee ran beneath us, brown and thick, but alive with boats, and among them a kind of floating steam omnibus, very like a large toy Noah's Ark, in which we were told short excursions to places on the river's bank could be made for a very trifling sum. Many gaily-dressed holiday folk were travelling by it then. There is scarcely any part of Chester walls that has not a legend of English history belonging to it. Here St. Augustine threatened the inhabitants with the vengeance of Heaven, on their refusal to

accept him as their bishop. There, opposite Handbridge, was the place of embarkation of King Edgar, who is said to have made eight tributary kings row him along the Dee to the monastery of St. John's, when he visited Chester in the tenth century. Near the site of an old gateway the Queen Margaret, the wife of Henry the Sixth, it is told, stood while she distributed little silver swans to the loyal gentlemen of Chester who gathered round the standard of their king. Many events in the wars between Charles the First and his parliament have their records on the walls of Chester; and as our walk round them brings us at last to the castle, we seem to find gathered in it memorials of England's wars from the time of the Romans to the present day. Here Agricola built the tower that still stands within the castle-gates. Here the Normans added fortifications to secure themselves from the retributive attacks of the people they had conquered. Here, later, Norman fought against Norman. Hence, still later, issued Henry of Lancaster with the army he had mustered beneath the castle-walls to encounter and defeat Richard the Second, who was soon brought back a prisoner, "riding on a little nagg, not worth twenty franks." Here came Harry Hotspur on his way to his last battle of Shrewsbury. The Puritans often "sought the Lord" in a spirit far from Christian within the walls of Chester Castle, hanging from them the opponents they had captured. And, coming down to still later days, we found in the courtyard two guns taken by the allied armies during the Crimean war; while Waterloo has its memorial in Marochetti's fine statue of Lord Combermere, which stands at the entrance of the castle-gates.

Leaving the walls, we soon reached the old church of St. John, with its high belfry tower standing apart, and the remains of the chapels that were attached to it in earlier times lying in picturesque ivy-covered ruins around. Chester is full of churches and of public-houses. Judging from the morning congregation in the cathedral and that of the afternoon at St. Mary's, the former are well attended, and as during all our rambles we did not meet a single tipsy person, we were led to hope that the latter do not draw so many within them as might have been believed from their number. St. Mary's is a fine old church, and contains some curious monuments in marble; its interior was made gay by the presence of the militia, and by the wreaths of fresh flowers that garlanded its columns and windows on this Easter-day. Passing along Queen-street, our attention was attracted by the unroofed pillars and arches of an unfinished church. On asking what it meant, we were told it was the Roman Catholic chapel, which in the process of building, six years ago, had been nearly destroyed by a storm of wind.

"Pity it wasn't quite," said our informant; adding, with evident satisfaction, "but they've never found the money to build it up again."

We entered the wooden enclosure now used for service, and were courteously received by a friar in the brown Capuchin dress and sandal, who showed us the artificial flowers and glimmering lamps burning beneath the "stations" that hung on the walls. He told us he was a Dutchman of the order of St. Francis of the Schism. "We are few here in Chester," he said, "but we are in all the world."

But our day is drawing to a close, and we have yet to speak of the most remarkable feature of Chester. An old writer, describing the city, says: "The houses are very fair built, and along the streets are galleries or walking-places they call 'rows,' having shops on both sides, through which a man may walk dry from one end to the other." These rows, which are on a level with the first floor of the houses, have shops above and below; they are roofed, and are at intervals connected by bridges, and ascended by flights of steps. Their construction is believed to have originated with the Romans, who used them as porticoes to their houses. Even on Sunday, when the closed shops deprived them of much of their attraction, the rows were the principal thoroughfares; the streets were given up to carriages and carts, and the people walked along or lounged in picturesque groups within the railings of these curious old galleries.

Our walk must end with Watergate-street, in which but little change has been made for upwards of three hundred years. The old wooden houses, with their balconies, their inscriptions, hieroglyphics, and coats-of-arms, bear the dates carved on them in the early parts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some have nearly the whole front covered with carved work, and retain the small latticed windows and curious division into square compartments of brown and white seen in very old houses. Most of the inscriptions are in Latin, but on one house is written in old English characters:

"God's providence is mine inheritance. 1652."

It is said to have been carved by its then owner in gratitude for the preservation of himself and his family from the plague, which at that time was devastating the city. As we read this sentence of thanksgiving, a beggar, one of many who had appealed to us during our walk, tried to excite our charity by telling us she and the "mawthers" were "clemming" for a dinner. We were thus reminded that ours awaited us, and so returned to our hotel, well pleased with the knowledge we had gained of Chester city in our one day's walk within its walls.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

I talk of dreams
Which all the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy.

SHAKESPEARE.

DREAMS, cheerful dreams, are pleasant things, and conversely painful; and so many are of the latter character, the balance is so evenly struck, that it would be better perhaps not to dream at all. We are told that the pleasure or painful nature of a dream depends upon the state of the bodily health, and it is certainly singular that the state of the stomach be what it may, we shall at one time have pleasant dreams, and at another those which are painful. We even feel apprehensive as to what such dreams may lead. When they are pleasant, too, their termination is often abrupt, or so painful when we awake, that we are ready to exclaim with Richard III., "Bind up my wounds; have mercy, Jesu!"

How, or by what means do we dream? This is a puzzle which all the subtlety and dexterity of the supporters of the phrenological system of Gall and Spurzheim cannot reveal, nor the impositions of Homes and such like spiritualists, or "meagrim hunters," who practise so extensively upon human credulity, lay open to demonstration. How the mind acts in sleep is still a greater mystery. We are told that dreams are formed of our waking thoughts, yet it is often the case that none of our waking thoughts can be found in them, no, not even fragments. Yet is the delineation of the impress then formed more vivid than any in the power of fancy or memory to paint when awake. No mental volition can bring them forward so distinct and so strong in impress as a "vision of the night" almost uniformly produces. Nor does there seem to be anything wanting on these occasions even in deep slumber.

There are some people who never dream; to what can this be owing? The number of such, however, is few, and we cannot map the human brain of that peculiar few. The phrenological maps of the human cranium in existence mean nothing. We reflect, and reflect again, but in vain, and are obliged to fall back upon our ignorance. Most assuredly the convexity, or elevation, or latitude of the cranium, if it allow one particular faculty to supersede or to excel another in magnitude, will do nothing towards revealing the origin of those dreams which represent at times every prominent object in nature.

Our dreaming scenes are more full of vivacity and of a greater depth in colour than the reality exhibits to us. The inert particles that form the skull can have no influence here, nor affect at all those "thoughts that wander through eternity." In fact, they are often the creation of the moment, and have never been before presented to the mental vision to be considered. Then we have all the mental mobility of our waking hours. We have the change of character of our waking actions, except that they are only images, and are not really carried out. In our dreams we walk, run, and even fight, but do not really move a muscle, yet we have the full persuasion that we act to the full physical demonstration when we do not act at all.

The theory of dreams, let it be of what nature it may, has given rise to nothing reasonable in regard to an approximation to the truth of their origin and formation. On the contrary, a phenomenon that excites curiosity, and admits not of a solution as to its cause, is certain to originate in fiction, or in that which truth cannot contribute to enlighten but partially, if at all. Then the supernatural has been subsidised to account for what nothing else will illustrate. In the Book of Job we have the finest description of a spirit in a dream that is anywhere to be found in antiquity; perhaps it was the cause of the superstitions annexed to dreams by the ancients generally. It was said that in dreams we take the imagination of things for the things themselves. This we never do when awake, and "we never when awake imagine that we dream." We can thus always distinguish the reality from what is untrue or unreal. Those thoughts which "wander through eternity" cannot be repressed. "He who sacrifices to the god Morpheus," says Philostratus, "should wear a white and black coat, and carry a harp, and ivory-box full of dreams of the same colours for good and bad."

We may assert that the present question admits of a mistake of ideas for actual sensation. These are some of the incongruities in dreams during our waking moments, while there is a more vivid perception of objects than occurs when we are awake. In a nocturnal vision, for example, the most perfect lineaments of the countenance of a departed friend are seen, while in waking moments the utmost effort of memory cannot portray them. In a dream, too, we live years in a few moments, as in the Eastern tale, the sorcerer only dips his head in the vessel of water, and, taking it out again immediately, records his adventures for seven years of captivity among a race of barbarians with dangers in flood and field.

The senses are actually asleep with the bodily frame, and dreams cannot therefore be the offspring of sensation—bodily

sensation. We seem to act always in coincidence with our waking reason, it is true, and perhaps dreaming is a species of play with the reflections of our waking hours. But if such be the case, how is it that dreams combine themselves anew, and arrange themselves so consistently, as is often the case, in concurrence, too, with sound reasoning? We set little value upon a dream that is but the repetition of a waking idea. Thus Cromwell dreamed that he should one day be the greatest man in England; but then there is no doubt that his mind was continually filled with that one idea, which he meditated on when awake, under the influence of "the glorious fault of angels and of gods."

The mind appears to have an action not less perfect when uncombined with the power of sensation. The chamber of dreams, in its character of a shadowy receptacle, and a sort of digester of the impressions received through the senses, converts the material things of to-day with the immaterial images that, occupying no space, are yet no more limited in extension than space itself.

Thus, during bodily inactivity, dreams play their part. The senses are inert, but how? The whimsies of phrenology cast no light on their action, leaving it where it was before. The subject seems to touch so near upon the borders of what we call incorporeal things, that, like the electric fluid, they elude perception, and we know just as much of them as we know of the principle of life.

We dream of our common affairs when things go on smoothly, and, on the other hand, we find our dreams become annoying when our business, or the cares of our waking hours, press on us disagreeably. The state of digestion, anxiety, even affection, as in the case of love, will each produce its corresponding effect in sleep, and in the formation of dreams.

The same laws seem to govern the mind, awake or asleep. Association proceeds; memory seems full as active in regard to past things; we even remember that we have dreamed of a particular thing in a previous vision. If, however, our senses are asleep, noting carefully the subjects of our dreams, we shall find that they are to be traced to the product of former observations. Reason alone is absent.

Hence it is a mere chance whether dreams be or be not congruous. If we observe them to be sometimes unconnected and imperfect, this is only in unison with the train of our waking thoughts, which we may perceive if we watch them closely, and reflect how abruptly we sometimes find them break off, and how incoherent they are frequently found to be. We do not often seem to reflect when dreaming, nor do we wonder, not that reflection

is wholly inconsistent with dreams, but that it is by no means a common occurrence in them, and the absence of wonder may be accounted for from our dreams being a repetition of what had before occurred, and had been stored up in memory. We are not surprised at that which we have before encountered among our waking sensations, to which we are almost certain to be able to trace them. In past times dreams were taken among the ignorant for prophetic warnings or supernatural notices, when they could be interpreted that way. It cannot be supposed that the nature of things is changed in this respect, but only the mistaken interpretations. These were continued to a very late period, and in the ignorant and superstitious parts of the country still endure. Old writers have some of these stories not unamusing, yet sufficient to have been very notable in bygone times. Burton advises people not to go to bed on a full stomach if they would avoid ill dreams.

The Germans are said to be great observers of dreams, but it is idle to quote examples, because they are so vulgarly familiar, nor indeed to get metaphysical, which is not the present intention. Those who will consult the old writers on the subject, will find amusement enough in the interpretations of dreams or in their application. They were divided into the "natural," the "divine," and the "demoniacal," and in Artimoderus, Cardan, and Sambiscus, whole volumes may be found upon the subject, wild enough in conjecture. But it is not our intention to lose ourselves in a labyrinth of conjecture, after the manner of some who are fond of running parallel lines that never meet—in other words, of never getting to a conclusion, and dreaming when awake, for that matter. Who does not sometimes lament the rapid succession of events in a dream, too rapid for the reality, and did not wish it to proceed slower? At other times, who has not felt that they have proceeded too rapidly for the reality? That they proceeded too slow in a terrible dream is felt from our fears when we shrink terrified in our sleep, exclaiming, with Richard III., "Soft; I did but dream!"

The different influences of dreams upon the ignorant and superstitious in all ages of the world, especially where the leading passion can be traced in them, is very curious. Those most common have borne a relation to "property," because that, with the majority of vulgar minds, is the *summum bonum* of existence. Nine-tenths of civilised mankind, when awake, are absorbed in the idea of gold, and are, therefore, most likely to dream of that to which their souls cling with the most tenacity. Old Aubrey says that a foreign coin collector who wanted an Otho, dreamed it was to be had in London, where he had never been. He came to

England, and passing through Cheapside, saw the coin in a goldsmith's window precisely as he had seen it in his dream!

The credulous Aubrey, too, said that "the truest dreams belonged to those whose house was most dignified!"

We presume that dogs dream as well as men. By their "giving tongue" when asleep, they thus show their ruling passion in their dreams. That animals are thus given to dreams can scarcely be doubted, and therefore it may be presumed it is a faculty of the mechanical order in the organisation of being.

The mind is apt to create a painful picture out of almost anything that has occurred in a moment of wakefulness. Thus there is on record the statement of a young man, an officer, who was quartered at Dover, and who had been in the daytime looking at the Shakspeare Cliff. At night he dreamed that he was walking with his mistress on the summit of the cliff, reading a paper containing some verses, when she snatched the paper out of his hand and ran off with it. All at once he saw the cliff sink down some way from the verge with the spot on which his mistress was standing. He saw her sink down and down from a vast height upon a ridge of pointed rocks, that, if she had been made of adamant, must have dashed her to pieces with the fall. He awoke in an agony from fear, feeling as if Heaven itself could not relieve him from his horror. By waking he was relieved from a state of suffering that no tongue could describe.

The memory of that dream was so strong, even in after life, that he could never bear to hear a relation of it by another, still less to hear applied to his case the passage from Shakspeare:

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles!

It is too hard a draught upon credulity to imagine that the being more or less given to dreams depends upon the flatness or convexity of the calcareous particles which make up the bones of the cranium, or that the "thoughts which wander through eternity" are to be thus explained, as phrenologists would have us believe. We cannot put up with the mere assumption of a truth. We must have demonstration. We are not content to believe out of mere politeness, or to credit every theory put forward, versed in the doctrine of sense being lodged in osseous hillocks as the source of dreams when affected this or that way. We are open to any rational theory as to the origin of those nocturnal apparitions which scare or amuse us from causes and modes beyond our knowledge. We are not credulous enough to believe that when we sleep and dream we may mistake ideas for actual sensations, but then, while we have a more vivid perception of an object in sleep than we can

realise from memory when we are wide awake, how can such a difference occur?

Shakspeare makes Clarence repeat what he had just before dreamed, and with the wonderful truth to nature he always exhibits, depicts it with a clearness and force that would seem to imply he was happy to be awakened out of a scene to which the bare recollection was far less vivid than the imagery of his dream had been in its terrors; in other words, how happy he was to have awakened from a scene of pain so distressing.

The organs of sense actually asleep with the bodily frame, we must in dreams mistake images reflected in our minds for realities; but if so, what is it that renders them so much more vivid—the error so much more impressive than the reality? The ancients believed dreams attached to past events alone; but if so, what became of the predictions and revelations of which dreams were supposed to be the informants. Sacred and profane history agree in this idea, and in both instances must be equally ill-founded. Human nature must have been the same in all ages. The revelations imputed to dreams were no doubt the interpretations which at this day might be given to dreams, if we had faith in their supernatural revelations. It would be difficult at present to divest some people of faith in the visions of the night, especially when coincidences in number, say one to a hundred dreams, turns out to be correct. We need not go to the ancients for examples of credulity in this regard. The knowledge of a future is kindly concealed from man by his Creator. We do not believe from the beginning of time that the future has ever been disclosed to man. In certain cases there will be coincidences, and therefore deemed revelations when not so at all.

It was said of the great Grotius that he saw not the Messiah in the Old Testament, nor a Pope in the New. Yet how many see both in just the reverse way. What a divergence in opinion! How many chance dicta have turned out true. Milton, in his "*Paradise Lost*," called the sun's beams "magnetic." A century or two afterwards this was discovered to be correct. Ten thousand to one would have been taken against it being a fact when he wrote it.

The desire to penetrate into futurity has been a passion of men in all ages, and has given a value to omens, dreams, and the like which they do not possess; nor does disappointment lessen the extent of the superstition. Even so great a man as the Roman orator Cicero, one of the most intelligent of the ancients, had a faith in divination.

It is a pernicious thing to imbue the minds of the young with a belief in dreams, Yet every old woman, in every similarity

to a dream actually occurring, exclaims: "Now my dream is out." The superstition of dreams should not be encouraged by those who cultivate the minds of youth. The Witch of Endor is an evidence of no more than a common profession among old women for purposes of gain. Witchcraft has been a trade in all ages of the world, and was no more worth a thousand years ago than it is at present. The race still exists, so strong is the desire for supernatural revelations. The witch and wizard tribe of old have been succeeded by the spiritualist in modern days, and have divided the imposture with them.

Fortune-tellers and dream-interpreters still abound. It will take a long time yet to banish the power of expounding dreams, the interpretation of omens, and the influence of them from the social body, because that body is not ruled by reason, but custom. But, in regard to dreams, we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, since the slumber of the body only seems to be, in the time of dreams, the awakening of the soul. A century or two ago the faith of the common people in dreams was extraordinary, and that of princes no less. Thus, the great Emperor, Charles V., having a fever raging in his army on service, dreamed that it could be cured by a decoction of dwarf thistle. Of course it was tried and succeeded; but then this was a "royal" dream, the more useful as leaving them to be sent into the other world by the sword, in that sense useful to a crowned head, that wished his men to be useful to him *in articulo mortis*, as well as in the time of peace. Thus it is seen, too, that crowned heads have faith in dreams.

Perhaps dreaming is a species of play with the reflections, or with reflected scenes of our waking hours; but if so, how is it that dreams never combine themselves anew, and arrange themselves so consistently as would be sometimes the case in concurrence with sound reasoning. We find nothing supernatural is concerned in a dream. It is ever the recurrence of a waking idea. The mind also appears to have a less perfect action when uncombined with the power of sensation. The chamber of dreams as a receptacle and digest of the impression received through the organs of the senses, converts the material things of to-day into immaterial images on the morrow, that occupy no space, of course, and yet are no more limited in extension than space itself. During the body's inaction only, dreams play their part. The senses are inert. Is dreaming an action of the soul alone?

Our forefathers often registered their dreams when fulfilled, but when not, they passed them by as not realised, being pretty much on a par with the law of chances, or a thousand to one, a prodigal concession to the solitary superstition. Gold nuggets are no

doubt the burden of Australian dreams, and stock in the city of London, both having fast hold of the souls of the dreamers.

A certain dean of Canterbury, long ago gathered to his fathers, and a strict ecclesiastic, used to tell a story of a strange woman who one day met him and told him that she was his mother's spirit, whom he had never known when living. She added that, his father having left all his property to his children by his second wife, there was still one estate which he might secure, and that the writings were in the hands of an individual whom she designated. A year or two afterwards his father died, and the property was left as the woman had stated. Upon this, the dean called upon the individual designated in his dream some time before, and found all was left in the state he had been led to expect, and he ultimately obtained it. A most apocryphal story, notwithstanding one related by a dean.

In another case, a man dreamed that a sum of money was buried in a certain ruin. He went, and digging there, found a vessel full of coins. Now all this was very "terrestrial," very earthy in the nature of the revelations. Spirits do not trouble themselves about money save in the nether sphere. Similar relations, however, show that not spiritual so much as temporal things engrossed the minds even of those who would be supposed to be occupied with more elevated things.

Dreams stimulating to the performance of great and worthy actions may occasionally happen, but few exist whose minds are thus occupied if they are classed as superior spirits. Such have nothing to do with dreams that are of an order no higher than that of instigators to search ruins or dung-hills for treasure, or for the hoards of the "least created spirits that fell."

The ruling passion thus governs the dreams of humanity, and even those in place of revelations, are often good or evil in character, according to the state of the digestive organs. The nightmare is apt to ride on the strangled sleep of the dreamer, attended by "Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire." Such too familiar spirits distress those sleepers fearfully who are fond of rich dishes and choice condiments. Then it is that ghosts hover over the pillow of slumber, and the aldermanic glutton pays dear for his dignity.

Aristotle tells us it is best to come at the knowledge of some things above us in the heavens than to be incapable of giving uncertain demonstrations relating to things below. Great minds can only comprehend this sentiment. Dreams, however, are exceptions to the appearances called supernatural, in that they never trouble any one broad awake in manner of spirit, of which Glanville gives us so large a collection in his dissertation on ghostly appear-

ances. The dreams which thus haunt us are, after all, but shadowy resemblances, and we need not trouble ourselves overmuch about shadows while we can keep substances at a distance.

Lady Seymour took a fancy to Lord Winchelsea, and dreamed that she found a nest with nine finches in it. Lord Winchelsea not long afterwards demanded her in marriage. His name was Finch, and by him she had nine children, and her dream came true. The question is, how many false dreams the lady had to the solitary "one" which came out true?

Whether awake or asleep, our ideas being very similar, we find both pain and pleasure much more acute in a dream than in reality, as before remarked. We awake sometimes in a state of unutterable suffering, and feel happy it is over. Yet the painfulness or pleasure of the idea, one or the other, was owing to the difference in the perfect health or the momentary disarrangement of the bodily system.

We have more than once imagined that we were moving through the air just above the head of a savage man, who was seeking to seize us as we glided a foot or two above the head of our terrible enemy. We have been on an imaginary journey, and in an inn without money, and the reality and freshness of the scene was wonderful, and terminated in awaking. Even suffering from incubus and surrounded by as formidable an array of spectres and fiends as ever perplexed St. Anthony, as some have told the story of his nocturnal visitants.

The dreams of the sick are affected by the nature of the complaint, and do not come under more than the general head. An alarming accident, or some affecting circumstance, witnessed even some time before the dream occurs, will seem to have lain dormant in some concealed corner of the mind, and to be drawn out, as it were, by sleep into a dream, either so perfect as to be traced, or imperfect, and yet with similitude sufficient to trace it to its source. We had a friend who, in the flotilla off Boulogne, was very near being killed by the bursting of a shell, of which he had preserved a jagged fragment. The incident produced painful but obscure dreams, not all defined. Nor could we think the piece of jagged iron could have originated painful dreams. We had seen much more impressive objects. It is but rarely that our dreams excite the action of the body. It is rather action *bonâ fide* that creates the mental image, and not the mere existence of it in the mind, where it is frequently first generated altogether and is an exceptional class.

We have walked alone in a fine summer evening in the fields, and dreamed in the night of green fields and beautiful landscapes, but the pictures it presented, as to the objects brought to the eye,

were always novel. It was as if they had been familiar without any recognised outline. It is rarely in proportion to the number of our dreams that they excite to any bodily action. Why they do or do not at times thus act is not to be easily explained. An inquiry would plunge us into a slough out of our depth if we attempted to account for it. In fact, in all similar difficulties in the different theories of dreaming put forth, we confess that we cannot establish any with certainty. Dreams, they tell us, go by contraries. This has long been held as sound doctrine; but it is no doubt a fallacy. Nothing can be more senseless than dream interpretations. Yet it has become time-consecrated. The old people, in case of distressing dreams, recommend a glass of ale and nutmeg in it on going to rest. This is treating incorporeality rather unceremoniously.

Dreams have so affected some persons as to produce fatal effects. This is for want of a right comprehension of their nature and origin. Yet the writer knew a young lady, a Miss Roberts, who dreamed that she heard a knocking at the door of her father's house. She got out of bed, and looking down at the door saw death standing there in his usual skeleton form. She demanded what he wanted, and he replied that he was come for her. She died a week or two afterwards, but she had been in a decline for some months, and the result was certain. The cause of her dream was no doubt to be found in her own contemplation of her end, for she had nursed no flattering hopes of a prolonged existence.

There is such a singular resemblance between the circumstance of the coin—the Otho related above—and that which follows, that it is hardly possible for one not to have been founded upon the other. It is related by Gassendi, in an account of his friend's life: "I was in the year 1610 travelling from Montpelier to Nismes. An individual of learning, whose name was Peiresk, was travelling with another named Ranier, and occupied the same room. Peiresk muttered something in his sleep. Ranier asked him what was the matter? He replied, 'I dreamed I was at Nismes, where a goldsmith offered me for four crowns a medal of Julius Cæsar. I was paying him for it when you awoke me, and all vanished.' The two travellers entered Nismes together, and while dinner was preparing they walked out, and, seeing a jeweller's shop, Peiresk entered, and asked if the shopkeeper had anything rare to show him. The jeweller replied that he had a Julius Cæsar in gold, and that the price was four crowns, which he paid the jeweller and took away with him."

For all these singular incidents Peiresk did not dream anything supernatural in the matter. He had been thinking much of a gold Julius Cæsar. He had been thinking of Nismes, where he

was to be the next day, and Roman antiquities were so plentiful. All these things might have been in the dreamer's mind, but their concurrence is the singular thing. Gassendi himself did not believe that there was anything supernatural in his dream, but that it was only the rareness of such fulfilments that created such a belief of the supernatural regarding them in the vulgar mind. The question is to be solved by the doctrine of chance. How many dreams have turned out to be true—that is, how many have been realised compared with the number that have failed?

CYRUS REDDING.

WHAT THE THISTLE LIVED TO SEE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY MRS. BUSHBY.

ATTACHED to the rich manor-house there was a beautiful garden with fine trees and rare flowers; the guests at the dwelling-house warmly expressed their admiration of them. The people from the surrounding country and the neighbouring towns came on Sundays and holidays and begged permission to see the garden, and even whole schools ventured to make similar visits.

Outside of the garden, close by the paling which separated it from a pathway in the field, stood a tall thistle; it was so large, and had so many off-shoots from the root, that it was very broad, and might well be called a *thistle-bush*. Nobody looked at it except the old ass that drew the milkwoman's little cart. The ass stretched its neck out as far as it could towards the thistle, and said: "You are very tempting; I should like to eat you." But the milk-cart was too far away for the ass to reach the thistle to eat it.

There was a large party at the manor-house, nobles and other fashionable people from the metropolis, among whom were some very pretty girls. Of these, one young lady came from a distance—from Scotland; she was of high birth, and rich, possessing both lands and money. She would be a bride worth the winning, said many of the young gentlemen, and their prudent mothers also.

The young people amused themselves with playing croquet on the lawn, and sometimes they roamed about among the flowers,

and each of the young girls picked a flower to put into the button-hole of one of the gentlemen's coats; but the young Scotch lady looked long round and round, rejected this flower and that, and did not seem to find any to please her. At length she cast a glance towards the paling, on the other side of which stood the large thistle, with its hardy, reddish-purple flowers. On seeing it she smiled, and desired the son of her host to pluck one of them for her.

"It is Scotland's flower!" she exclaimed, "and it looks well in the armorial bearings of my country. Bring it to me."

And he fetched the nicest one, and it pricked his finger, as if it had been the sharpest thorn that ever grew on a rose.

She placed the flower of the thistle in the young man's button-hole, and he felt himself very much honoured. All of the other young men would have gladly given the splendid flowers they wore to have had the humble blossom bestowed by the Scotch lady's fair hand. And if the gentleman she had so distinguished felt proud, what did not the thistle feel? It seemed as if dew and sunshine were passing through it.

"I am of more consequence than I thought I was!" it said to itself. "I belong much more to the inside of the paling than the outside; my home should be there. Things are strangely ordered in this world! But now I have one of my flowers over the paling, and even in a button-hole!"

To every bud that unfolded itself she related this event, and before many days had gone by the thistle heard, not from human beings, nor from twittering birds, but from the air itself, which receives and conveys sounds far and near, and gathered from the most private walks in the garden, and the apartments of the manseion, where the doors and the windows stand open, that the young heir, who had received the thistle flower from the Scotch lady's hand, had now also obtained that hand, and her heart with it. They were a handsome couple, and it was a good match.

"It was I who brought them together!" said the thistle-bush, thinking of the flower that she had given for the button-hole. Every bud as it opened had to listen to this circumstance.

"I shall surely now be transplanted to the garden," thought the thistle; "perhaps squeezed into a flower-pot; that is the most honourable place."

And the thistle thought so constantly on this subject, that it became fully persuaded it would be put into a large flower-pot. It promised every one of the little thistle-blossoms as they peeped forth that it should also be placed in a flower-pot, perhaps in a button-hole, which would be the greatest honour. But none of them were put into pots or lay in a button-hole; they imbibed air

and light, tasted the sunshine by day, and the dew by night; they bloomed; they were visited by bees and horse-flies, who sought marriage portions, the honey in the flowers, and they took away the honey, leaving the flowers behind.

"A pack of robbers!" cried the thistle-bush. "Would I could have spit upon them! But I could not."

The poor flowers hung their heads, sickened, and died; but new ones appeared.

"You come as if you were called!" exclaimed the thistle. "Every moment I am expecting that we shall be taken over the paling."

Two innocent wild tansies and a long thin weed stood and listened in great amazement, and believed all that the thistle said.

The old ass that drew the milk-cart cast wistful glances at the blooming thistle, but the path was not near enough for him to reach it.

The thistle thought so long about the thistle of Scotland, to whose species it belonged, that at last it came to believe that it had come itself from Scotland, and that its ancestors had flourished in the Scotch arms. It was a grand idea, but a large thistle might have great thoughts.

"One is sometimes of a more distinguished family than one can venture to tell!" said the nettle, which grew close by. It had an idea of greatness, and thought it might become "muslin" if properly handled.

And the summer passed, and the autumn passed; the leaves fell from the trees; the flowers had more vivid colours, but less fragrance. The gardener's boy sang in the garden near the paling, and the young pine-trees in the wood began to long for Christmas; but it was yet some time to Christmas.

"Here I am still standing!" said the thistle. "It would seem as if nobody thought of me; and yet it was *I* who brought about the match. They became engaged, and the wedding took place eight days ago. I did not move a single step, however, for I could not."

A few more weeks passed on; the thistle stood with its last and only flower, strong and fully formed. It was hidden near the root, but the chill wind blew over it, its colour faded, its beauty went; its calyx, much resembling the flower of an artichoke, appeared like a sunflower silvered over.

Then came into the garden the young couple, now man and wife; they went towards the paling, and the lady looked beyond it.

"There still stands the large thistle!" she said, "but it has no more flowers."

"Oh yes! there is the ghost of the last!" he replied, pointing to the silver-looking remains of the flower, in itself a flower.

"And very pretty it is!" she said. "It must be cut off, and copied in our picture."

So the young man had again to get over the paling, and had to break off the calyx of the thistle-flower. It pricked his finger, for he had called it "a ghost." And it was taken into the garden, and into the house, and into a room, where stood a painting, "The Young Couple." In the bridegroom's button-hole was painted the flower of a thistle. And much was said about this, and also much about the calyx of the flower they had brought in, the last, and now silver-looking thistle-blossom, which was to be carved on the frame.

And the air carried the conversation out, and spread it far and near.

"What may one not live to see!" cried the thistle-bush. "My first-born was placed in a button-hole; my last-born will flourish on a frame! What shall I come to?"

And the ass in the little path glanced wistfully at the thistle.

"Come to me, my dearest love! I cannot go to you, for I am fastened to this cart."

But the thistle-bush made no reply; it stood lost in thought; it thought and it thought enough to have lasted it up to Christmas-time. At length it exclaimed:

"When one's children are inside, is it right that a mother should be left standing outside the paling?"

"That is a very proper remark!" said a sunbeam. "You shall also have a good place!"

"In a flower-pot or on a frame?" asked the thistle.

"In a story!" replied the sunbeam.

And here it is!

EDITH.

WE met, Edith and I—I was too soon—
 Outside the town one summer afternoon,
 And stroll'd beside the river, silent both;
 Or saying little, and that little loth,
 And far from thoughts that fill'd us utterly:
 Irrelevant inquiry and reply,
 Or passing observation on the view,
 The weather, this or that; for well she knew
 Myself had come to hear, as she to say,
 To my oft-pleaded suit, or 'yea' or 'nay,'
 For weal or woe; and that herself indeed,
 Long time reluctant to give any heed,
 Saying, 'she was too young,' or, 'scarce had thought
 If she did really love me as she ought,'
 At length had promised then and there to give
 Her fatal answer: so, contemplative,
 Along the margin of the river fleet,
 Now flowing full, up even to our feet
 (That all unguided the right track pursued)
 And making on the other side a crude
 And tremulous copy of the steadfast hills,
 We saunter'd,—past the last of the three mills;
 Past garden terraces that kept their trim
 Prank'd lawns from slipping to the river's brim;
 Past ripening orchards and crops ripe to reap;
 Past uplands dotted with white tinkling sheep;
 And past the hoary ruin looking down
 On us with seven centuries of renown,—
 Until we lost the murmur of the town,
 And our track ended in a woodland steep.

For after broadening in a silvery sweep
 The river came abruptly to an end;
 Or so had seemed, with neither break nor bend,
 To less familiar ramblers, without doubt,
 But at its utmost limit opened out
 Between two hills, half heather and half leys,
 In narrow channel overarched with trees,
 And fringed with moss and ferns of various frond
 Where, for the slanting of the sun beyond
 The twilight mirror of the rippling glade,
 The dark green covert made a bright green shade

Down the deep water. And here, as well we knew,
Though haply none beside, where thickest grew
Linden and larch in cloistral colonnade,
There was a seat for none save lovers made,
And, certes, none but lovers had found out!
'Twas floor'd of velvet moss, and arm'd about
With intertisted branches, where, between
Two limes that made a canopy of green
And fragrant fret, and, soothful as a lute,
Stood yearning towards each other foot to foot,
A slip of slope had made snug room enough
For two fond lovers to unfold their love.

And there sat we awhile in silence, each
As fearing to prevent the other's speech,—
I knowing well enough who must begin,
She conscious of my thought, nor loth to win
Brief respite, knowing all, and more than I;
Who, catching at the stalks that grew thereby,
Unheeding, and them dropping bit by bit
Upon the glassy mirror, breaking it
To rounding circles that went broadening
In tremulous pursuit, ring after ring,
And made a frame of slowly glazing space
For the diluted beauty of her face,
Gazed down thereat, and straight impelled thereby—
With less of consequential jeopardy,
Abashed, than had I turned and, overbold,
Gazed on the loveliness itself—retold
My love: nor listened she as one who heard
Whereto she had not hearkened word for word
Already; but, her willing little hand,
Which I did hold as 'twere an empire grand,
Resting in mine, while oft her tears would fall,
In tenor thus she told me all and all:

“When I have said I did not love you, or
Did love you not completely as I ought,
Assured you ne'er would wed save all for love;
That I was too unworthy of your love,
And dare not take a greater than I gave,
And prayed you to forget me and transfer
The boon on one more worthy, as were best;
And sought to turn it from me evermore,
And went the way to make you even dislike me,
Or thought I tried and that I wished to try—

My words and acts were alien to the truth,
And only meant to mitigate the pain
Of destined disappointment: and as oft
You pleaded with me, Oh so tenderly!
And when you answer'd, 'smallest graft of love,
Engrafted on the full-affectioned heart,
So it contain the germ of sympathy,
Might grow and blossom into perfect flower;
That love by love is cherished, and becomes
At once adornment and result thereof!
Well, well, I knew it, and as often yearn'd
To throw myself into your arms and cry,
'Oh, Arthur, I do love you'—as I do now!—
Oh, let me live my life out thus!—'tis said
A single moment, by some mystic power,
Or even fullness of the charm whereby
We dream a lifetime in a little hour,
Might be drawn out into eternity:
So may the joy and perfect happiness,
All sweetest comfort of a grace supreme,
The trust, the pride, and the fidelity
Of my whole lifetime of most tender love,
Be concentrated in this little hour!
For O it cannot be that our life-streams
May ever mingle, and, as once I hoped,
Glide on through banks of flowers evermore;
The warning hath appear'd, and I shall die!
You know, as by my mother first I heard,
We come of superstitious ancestry;
And often I have sat down at her knee,
Close nestling by the hearth o' wintry nights,
And listened to some legend of our house
Till I have huddled closer to her feet,
And hid my face for terror in her lap,
Afraid to go to bed! She ever knows,
And often will predict long while before,
When any evil is about to fall
On those she loves; and, when my brother died,
Beheld him, though three thousand miles away,
Plainly as e'er she saw him here at home,
Stand at her bedside with a mournful look,
As telling her and bidding her farewell!—
But ever since the time, long years ago,
When she, named Edith too, whose portrait hangs
In what we call the haunted chamber still,

Affianced unto one she loved, was found
 Dead in her bed upon her marriage morn,
 Her spectre, pale and piteous as she lay,
 (So runs the story handed down to us)
 Hath hovered round our dwelling; and whene'er
 O'er either of its inmates, near or far,
 Evil is imminent, to one or other
 At midnight doth appear: as when it came,
 With a strange sound and rush that filled the room,
 Startling my mother from her painful sleep,
 Who dreamed, he absent, of my father dear,
 [Whose sudden death did hap that selfsame hour]
 And, gazing at her with that mournful look,
 Stood pointing to his picture on the wall!
 But when it comes *with music* it portends
 Death to who hears: for no one ever heard it
 And lived the year out till the night came round.
 And I, O Arthur, Arthur, I beheld
 The vision, and the unearthly music heard,
 Plainly as aught I ever heard or saw,
 One night within my chamber as I woke,
 Breathing thy name, from out a fearful dream
 Of thee and my fond love—and I shall die!
 God knows I am not happy—not that I
 Fear death, or that we shall not meet in heaven—
 Yet is it hard to quit the world so soon,
 With all my young affections and sweet hopes,
 Sunn'd by thy love, just bursting into bloom,
 And for all joy that ever can be mine,
 For the fresh founts of love and groves of peace,
 Look through the gates of death!—This is my secret!
 Which I had fain kept from you, telling you
 I loved you not because I loved so much!
 And may be it is better for us both;
 At least I trust, although it is not much,
 That it may solace you when I am gone,
 To know I loved you from the very first—
 Ay, had resolved, seeing it tell upon you,
 And grieved you took my pouting so to heart,
 To make confession of my tender love,
 When, lo, that selfsame night the warning came,
 I saw the dreadful vision, and I knew
 My days were numbered, and that I should die!
 Then sought to hide the secret in my heart;
 But O how had I died, my love unknown!

I am at rest now I have told you all;
And I will love you in that other world,
Free from the pain and jeopardy of this;
I feel that what is now, or seems to be,
Is but the shadow of its truth beyond,
And I shall die more happy that you know
Our love in my sure keeping till you come."

The story of my Edith by the stream.
We left the nook—for all the place did seem,
Grown full of sadness and the evening gloom,
Dark and as melancholy as a tomb—
And took our way in silence whence we came.
But, Oh, how changed! for nothing seemed the same
Through all the route, of landscape stream or sky,
As I beheld it but an hour gone by!
The river, erewhile flowing full of fun,
Beside us, as we walked and watched the sun
Turning its silver into golden fire,
Now at low ebb, between its banks of mire,
Covered with ooze and sprawl, went dying out,
Thick crawling in mid-channel round about,
Like a lithe reptile stealing towards the deep.
Past the hoar ruin on the "lover's leap,"
Past golden orchards and sheep-dotted hills,
Past garden terraces and the three mills,
Back to the town I left in sweet surmise,
We slowly wended with unconscious eyes;
And as we entered, sad, a distant tower,
As 'twere the ghost of death, knelled out the hour!
We parted: and I went, and the night through,
And many a night and day thereafter too!
Ceased not to ponder o'er and o'er, heart-riven,
The story of my Edith up in heaven.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

VALE AND CITY.

XXV.

The City, Paris.

IT seems scarcely possible that four years should have passed, my dear friend, since we last exchanged letters. Rousseau speaks somewhere of "*l'affreuse rapidité du temps*." Time has gone with rapidity during our years of the better intercourse than that of the pen, but I shall not apply his epithet to it. No! it was rather, on the part of the old scythe-bearer, a generous and ardent effort to keep pace with the many-changing fancies and feelings that we offered him to mow down, that made his passage so swift. With us he did not halt; and this it is which makes the seasons and months, when counted up, appear so many more than we had supposed them to be. Four springs, four autumns went by with no external change to us, more than that which Nature brought in passing on to summer and to winter; it is actually so! It is more than four years since I wrote to you last.

And where do I find myself now? In a world in which I was once before, but which is quite a changed world to me—that of Paris. I have no reason to think any government of importance to me, except that of my own country—you know I have told you so before, and it is quite a piece of English sense of justice to think so—yet I acknowledge that when I reflect that I am among a people who are under *imperial rule*, I feel as if something begins to weigh heavily on my shoulders: I don't like it. But our rule in England is imperial too? Yes, that of an imperial parliament—a large thing, composed of many numbers, all very busy about the business and the interests of men; they care not for ideas, and would never trouble themselves with those of a woman. Now, here, government has squeezed itself into so small and low a compass that it fears even a woman's ideas. Have you not put some into my head which might be dangerous to me if discovered by the power that is, like all small things, vindictive when frightened?

Let me, then, change the subject. But will it be changed? I hardly know. I meant to write to you when I was in London, for I was rather amused by something that came to my knowledge there, and concerning which I know what your comment will be just as if I heard you utter it *viva voce*. You have not, I think, quite forgotten my London boarding-house, from which I wrote you my first letter at the beginning of our correspondence. I have told you something of a German one since, and now I am going

to tell you of a French one. But to return to the first. It was altogether too commonplace for your taste. What I called "the town eclogue," going on in it was so vulgar you could take no interest in it. Spite of all that, I must tell you its conclusion. Well, perhaps not that yet, but how far it has proceeded. I had occasion to call at my former abode to make an inquiry about a person whom I had met there, and I found that the concern no longer went under the name it bore at that time. Pray recal what I told you of the aunt and niece, and of the two aspirants for the hand of the latter—a hand that might secure to him who could win it a comfortable sort of home for the remainder of his days. One of them has succeeded. Do you care to ask which? If you do, I reply that it is the undivorced man whose wife is living in the North of England, whose vow to her makes his present vow a sacrilege. Do you call him a villain, or by any other of the names used for those who are brought into the police-courts? Oh, no! You say, "Pooh! Call you that sacrilege, breaking of oaths, and so forth, looking on it as blameable? I admit that on the paltry scale on which it is done there is something *disagreeable* in it. If the vow had been taken not to outwit a woman, but a nation, we should find it a noble act; we should fall down in an ecstasy of adulation before the man who did it, and acknowledge the solemn grandeur of sacrilege by an emperor." All this I heard you very distinctly say, although you were so distant from me, as I turned from my former abode and thought of the changes since I lived there. I knew at once that you would compare the cheating man of the boarding-house with the cheating man of the empire.

Well, now, I have something to lay before you on these matters. Suppose the man of the boarding-house, becoming its master, proves to be an excellent manager of the concern, and a really good husband to its mistress, will that not be some palliation of his present iniquity? And suppose this man who had made himself sovereign of the French people proves a wise ruler, will that not be an excuse for his crime? What do you say? Do you boldly aver that the one can never be a good master of a house, and that the other cannot be a wise ruler of a people? I believe you do—you who read the future by the past—and I believe that I am of your opinion, too. There is no doubt, however, that for a time the world will, as it does now, sound the praises of the good manager of the house and of the clever ruler of a restless people, and it may so sound them for five, ten, or even for fifteen years; then, if you and I live so long, what shall we see—rather, what shall we hear of? Of the betrayed wife having found out her husband—of her bringing against him a terrible action for bigamy; whilst from this country to ours come tidings that France is beginning to under-

stand how she had been betrayed, and is gathering up her powers for one more struggle for liberty. This is my last supposition concerning the two men, and so I leave them.

Now, as to the boarding-house, *pension*, or what you will, in which we are at present, it is an excellent proof of how much better arrangers and systematisers the French are than are the English and the Germans. Here, we had no fashionably-dressed lady receiving us graciously, then condescendingly handing us over to the tender mercies of her housemaids. No *war-coun-tilloress* tremblingly alive to the fear of losing us, yet quite as much alive to the fear of not getting *thalers* enough out of our English purses. We were met here by a most respectable servant-like woman, active, intelligent, and polite, without obsequiousness. She is the housekeeper, and she showed us the rooms that were disengaged. Having made our selection, we were conducted to the bureau, where sat two clerks, who settle all the money concerns of the house, and keep the tariff of the prices of the apartments. When we go to those we have chosen, we find the housekeeper busy at once with her housemaids in arranging everything as to beds, linen, and such matters. All of them are good-natured and lively, and ready to point out the advantages of our rooms, speaking to the strangers with a familiar, or rather *friendly* ease, that has no touch of impertinence.

When they are gone, our reflections turn very naturally on the subject of dinner. We ring, and a waiter presents himself, who asks, whether we shall have our dinner from the restaurant of the house in our rooms, or dine at the table d'hôte? We choose the latter for our first day. At half-past six we find ourselves at a long dinner-table with some thirty other persons. Then we are introduced to a lady and gentleman, whom we should in England call the master and mistress of the house. They sit where such persons sit in France, and they do the honours of the table. But they are not the master and mistress of the house; they are only appointed to fulfil the duties of such personages by its proprietor—a gentleman of fortune never seen in it, and who, I believe, does not even live in Paris. With providing for the table, the lady and gentleman who preside at it have nothing to do; all that is under the department of the restaurant attached to the establishment. No one, therefore, pays for any meat that he does not eat, unless his name be put down for the table-d'hôte and a place be kept for him. Strangers cannot come and dine there as in an hotel. Thus, you see, everything is strictly *selon les règles* and *comme il faut*.

This house has been what it is for more than forty years, but has as yet been little known to the English. It has had many

of its supporters among the provincial French of the better class, who come up to Paris for a short time. We found at dinner not more than three of our own country people; no Americans, some Russians, Dutch, Italians, and the rest French—shall I include in the latter an old Corsican lady? She is, of course, a Bonapartist, and was also voluble in praise of l'imperatrice! In the drawing-room, after dinner, with the coffee, was some amusing chat, but none verging on political matters. The younger gentlemen soon disappeared; the elder ones made up a rubber; the ladies took out their wool-work, and all was just like what life is elsewhere.

But your life is an exception; tell me of it, and believe in my regret that I no longer participate in it. Let me feel its influence here. Adieu!

XXVI.

The Vale.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter, with its remarks on the rapid flight of time when we were together; its many amusing details, and its little word of regret at the last, was all that a letter ought to be, yet—yet was I disappointed in it? I do not know—at least, I do not like to say that I was. I think now that I received it with too eager a pleasure, and if I were in any degree dissatisfied the cause was in myself, not in you. I am sorry that I allowed my pen to begin thus. I was wrong, but what is written is written, and you had rather that it should remain, only I beg of you to remember that the person left—and left alone, too—is always in a more sensitive mood of mind than the person who leaves. The latter goes to new scenes and to new faces, to all that can divert the thoughts, while the former is a prey to memory and to one idea—that of an ever present loss. The *raison d'être* of that word *disappointed* was in myself, not in you. Your modesty had not allowed you to believe that my loss is as great as it is, that is all.

However, let me put in here a little plea for the old-fashioned thing, friendship. If it called not forth some sensitiveness, what would it be but that which we see in some persons, a vain and apt liking for everybody flung in their way by passing circumstances? A liking professed—nay, believed to be heartfelt by those who make a display of it.

And now I must go on with still more of my over-sensitiveness. You meant only to amuse me in the little history of the London and of the Paris heroes, whom you placed before me in the light in which you supposed I should view them. No, you were mistaken. I could not so view them. I could not turn my thought with so light a scorn on the man Bonaparte. Your quondam

acquaintance in London is safely within reach of the law, and no doubt, sooner or later, it will claim its due from him. The other has so used the means put into his hands by a too-confiding people, that he has securely placed himself beyond the law, and how long he may be able to set all human justice at defiance, neither you nor I can calculate; only this we do know, that every day, every hour that he holds his power is demoralising, not to France alone, but to the nations around her. Let them look to that, as they will have to do in the future; it is of her that I think with a sadness almost despairing. When I know how patriotic Frenchmen feel under their degradation, my heart is filled with that bitterness of indignation which finds no relief but in thoughts of vengeance.

Miss R., who has a sister married to a Frenchman, a most respectable lawyer and a very worthy man, was lately on a visit to her sister, and she tells me how much she was startled one day by an outburst of her brother-in-law's feelings. One of those careless words, which mean nothing to the speaker, but often only too much to the hearer, was dropped by his wife about their august ruler, and she ended with:

"But you would not do so?"

"I?" he replied, with an earnestness that was fearful, as he raised the knife with which he was carving, "I? I would put this knife in his throat if I were near him!"

"Good God!" exclaimed his wife, "recollect that it is quite possible we may have a spy amongst our own domestics, who could ruin you!"

Even to this curse, that of the informer, is the private life of the most honourable persons subjected. No, there is nothing which would make the present rule good or even prudent. Having with insolent contempt thrust aside the intelligence of the country, and made the ignorance and cupidity of the masses its supporters, it must uphold the power gained by any and everything that can make ignorance and cupidity more firmly attached to it. Can these bring blessings on a people? No! by our immortal one, no! He has said:

Ignorance is the curse of God;
Knowledge the wing on which we fly to heaven.

Believing this, I feel assured the plebeian—for I hate the other invented loud-sounding, foolish word—the plebeian securities of the empire will prove at last as fatal to it as they proved to the republic of '98. Thus, then, I would say to the patriot Frenchman, "Keep down your swelling heart. No crime is ever necessary to bring back right and justice. Be patient!"

Have I made a strange reply to your letter, meant so certainly

to amuse me? To-morrow it will amuse me. At present I still feel the loss of your society too much to be amused. This is a feeling that you can forgive, knowing as you do that were I less sure of your friendship I should be less candid than I have been.

I am glad that you are so agreeably placed in the house that your party has chosen for your short stay in Paris. What you say of the arrangements in that house gives an excellent example of the talent of the French for bringing all those external matters into harmony.

Farewell! Enjoy the crowd around you, but forget not the solitary friend!

XXVII.

The City, Paris.

If I had replied at once to your last letter, my dear friend, I fear I should have been betrayed into something too much of the tone apologetic, declarative, sentimental, for the maturity of our correspondence. I know you—and I know that the saying too much would have hurt you more than the saying too little about our separation. To say anything about it now would be utterly out of place, therefore I leave the matter as it is, and proceed to gossip on, as I did before—premising that I liked your last letter, although you did not like mine.

Of what shall I tell you? That we are going through the usual routine of museums and sight-seeing, to discover what there is new in them since we were here last. In the Louvre, one new and very beautiful thing we did see—a virgin by Murillo. She is ascending to heaven; the moon is beneath her feet. The canvas is as large, I should think, as that of Raffaele's great Madonna in the Dresden Gallery. I prefer Murillo's picture; but I am no doubt wrong in my preference. Those who look on pictures as money investments would think so; half the sum for which the Dresden one could be purchased, if purchasable at all, having been given for the Murillo by the French government—that is, by the emperor. His competitor at the sale was a certain nobleman who has large estates in Ireland. We had been joined in the gallery by an Irish acquaintance of ours, and he told us that, being in Ireland when there had been some talk about the purchase of this picture, he said to his lordship's agent, "It will be consolatory to the starving tenants of the Black Bog to learn how much their landlord bid for that great Murillo the other day in Paris."

The irony was not very palatable; the agent replied, coldly, "I think we should all be proud to live under a nobleman so liberal a patron of the arts. Good morning!"

Now, what did you say about the patriotic intelligence of France? That you could sympathise with it if it gave breath to thoughts of vengeance. How do you feel for patriotic ignorance in Ireland, since it lost the only man who seemed to have the power of controlling it? Do you wonder that landlords are shot in that country? No! you do not. Perhaps the nobleman in question does not wonder at it either, and therefore finds it, if not wiser, at least safer to spend the money of his tenantry in the dissipation of Paris, and the patronage of the arts.

I need not tell you of going through the state apartments of the Tuileries, all newly re-furnished for ——. You do not wish to hear of that, nor of one fine room in which there is just one picture—that being the picture of himself.

We did not go to the principal theatres which we had visited formerly, but, seeing a new play advertised at the Porte St. Martin, the people's theatre, to which we had never been, we determined on going there. It would in itself be a novelty to us, and we should see a class of persons in the spectators different from that of the more fashionable quarter of Paris. I know not what class we did see; but this I do know, that none could have been more well-bred. The attention bestowed on the principal actor was respectful, almost deferential; he was Frederic Lemaitre. The silence was complete—any noise, any word above the breath, being checked instantly by a whispered "Hush! hush!" all through the house. This was very far from what we had expected. We had, on the contrary, anticipated some very noisy demonstrations, either for or against the piece. Its title is "The Old Corporal," and, of course, there are scenes and sentiments in it recalling the *great times* of the first empire. Nothing of that kind touched the hearts of the audience, so as to make them exhibit either blame or approval. Could they have determinedly repressed all show of political feeling? I cannot tell. That they had hearts capable of being touched, was evinced by their spontaneous emotion at everything pathetic in the action of the play, and at every expression of generous and honourable feeling. At all events, you will be satisfied that the play elicited nothing flattering to Napoleonism, though I cannot say that it drew forth anything unfavourable. There is honesty of sentiment in not expressing what is not felt. It declares this much, that what is, is accepted merely because it is thought better than what might have been—a conviction prevailing among the well-to-do but less cultivated class in Paris, yet that class has intelligence enough to know that the man in power cares not for them—cares only for the gratification of his own ambition.

Of more new things since you were in Paris what shall I tell?

You would not read of novelties in dress, and if you would, I should not waste my time in writing of them, since a book of fashions, which I can send you, will enlighten your mind much better than I could do on that important matter. Only this I must say, that I do not think that taste and fashion are going hand-in-hand at present. Perhaps you will ask, "Did they ever do so?" Well, I don't know, for one's eye becomes accustomed to the fantastical arrangements of fashion, and loses perception of the want of taste that is in them, I acknowledge; still there is a method of combining these fantastic arrangements in which a certain degree of taste is exercised—in that the French excelled—from that, I think, they are now deviating.

I cannot speak of new French books, not having had time to read any since our arrival here, but I may speak of new French newspapers. We have tried two or three, highly recommended to us by an intelligent elderly English friend long resident in Paris, who paid his devoirs at Louis Philippe's court, and now pays them at Louis Napoleon's, complimenting the latter on his first presentation as "the saviour of Europe." I have no doubt that most of the sovereigns of Germany would agree with our friend in that compliment.

Well, we could not agree with him in his selection of newspapers for us, and whether any better were to be had we could not ascertain. These were filled with everything that was trivial, absurd, contemptible. There was no sense, no reason, no discussion of anything, but wretched stories of the effects of mesmerism. Nothing more serious than still more wretched stories of the *beneficial effects of religion*: as, for instance, a regiment on its march to some garrison town meets a priest carrying the *Host* to a dying man, instantly stops, and makes the military salute, in honour of the sacred burden borne by the holy man. Of course all this is told at great length, with what are intended to be touching details. Will you have another? A priest comes to celebrate mass for a regiment on the march; it extemporises all that is necessary for him by forming an altar of large arms piled together, surmounted by a crucifix made of bayonets bound in proper form, and there they kneel devoutly to pray. Fill up this very brief abstract as you like, until you make a newspaper column of it, and then it will be complete for publication. I suppose the press is too securely gagged for aught but such rubbish to appear in the journals, or else our friend wished us to believe that the childlike mind of France had got into that state under its present *nursing father*—but I forget its *nursing mother*, too—that such food for babes was most acceptable to it. If it be really accepted we shall see anon.

Have I no other new thing to tell you of among the novelties of Paris? Oh yes! of a very new thing to me. I have seen an

emperor! As he drove up the street through which we were passing, and I was told that he was coming, I placed my back against a wall, and said:

"I shall not move until I know how he is received."

About a score of stonemasons at work near cried:

"Vive le père des ouvriers!"

It was but a feeble cry, and no one joined in it.

"Now I am satisfied," I said, as I left my post, "that the journals tell falsehoods about the enthusiastic reception he meets with from the people."

There can be no doubt, also, that when the work of demolition and reconstruction now begun in Paris is over, that the unoccupied workmen will be the first to give utterance to a very different cry from that which I heard.

Well, and what was the other new thing that I saw? An empress, madam, an empress! We were taking a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and all at once found pedestrians turning their looks in one direction, and carriages drawing to the side and coming to a standstill. Our coachman followed the example of the rest. The carriage with the imperial pair came on slowly and passed close to us, so that we saw them very well. There were no demonstrations of any kind among the *comme il faut* crowd.

Now, of the looks of the pair: The lady was pale, and seemed triste; however, her *chapeau, rose-tendre*, was becoming, and she is decidedly handsome. Some do say that after the free-and-easy life which she led, she finds her training in court etiquette very tiresome. That is not improbable.

But the man. Are you impatient to hear anything about his looks? No, I do not believe you are. Yet note, mark, learn! He has not at all the Italian face of his uncle, his being rather of the Jewish type. He wants altogether the beauty of countenance which the painters have given us in the first Bonaparte: a beauty so entirely of the intellect, that it seems to have nothing humane—I might almost say nothing human—in it. It was, indeed, in absolute devotion to his own powers of mind, that the man lived, and moved, and had his being. This kind of self-adulation absorbed, as it were all passions into one—ambition. Truth, frankness, generosity, tenderness, modesty—all those finer impulses of nature, which make a man sometimes act involuntarily, leave him not master of himself for a moment—all those that make us truly human, he wanted. In the histories of this man that are written, we shall never find anything that will touch the heart like that *lovely* trait of the founder of American liberty, when, on being received with acclamation, he rose to speak but could not find words in his surprise and confusion. "Sit down, General Washington; your modesty is only equalled by your valour," said

one who felt truly that the personal dignity of that man could not be enhanced by crown, and sceptre, and robe imperial.

You will be angry with me for putting the name of Washington on the same page with that of the two men about whom I began, and you will be right. I return, then, to the younger of them. He appears to have the same persistent recklessness of the elder in carrying out his schemes for the establishment of his power. This quality is in him the more dangerous to France, because not having the genius of his uncle, he can only imitate the baser arts of the latter. He has obtained his present elevation by the mistakes of others, and it can only be retained by cunningly making capital for himself of the meaner passions of men—their cupidity and their fear. The dash of youth is past with him; he can never be capable of great military deeds, and their influence on the mind of the people must be supplied by great political *dodges*—none but that vulgar word will do. So, *la belle France*! how will you get this “old man of the sea” off your shoulders? Can you answer that?

Adieu!—not yet *au revoir*!

THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS.

ONE by one the lights go out. The list of those whose names have illumined our share of the century is yearly thinning. And month after month occurs the sad occasion when the chronicler of events must record of one and of another,

God's finger touched him, and he slept.

It is to be questioned whether the death of any literary man, who was literary man and nothing beside, or indeed whether the death of any man whatever, has created in this country so universal and so deep a gloom as that caused by the untimely death of Charles Dickens. When Garrick died, Dr. Johnson said, in his pompous way, that the gaiety of nations was for a time eclipsed. Of the death of Dickens, such a sentence may be used without even the appearance of exaggeration. When, on the 10th of last month, the sad intelligence was flashed to the four points of the compass, one can, without much difficulty, picture the effect. Men advanced in life, who enjoyed the “*Pickwick Papers*” as they made their periodical appearance, would repeat in sad whispers, “Dickens is dead!” Kindly women, whose hearts had long ago been drawn out toward the author because he had created Little Nell and Paul Dombey, received the intelligence not untearfully. And even children felt that they had lost a friend, and left their playthings

with lengthened face. The press of the country has teemed with the narrative of his life and death, with hearty appreciation of his works, with sympathy for those bereaved. And although the loss sustained is in every sense a national loss, the feeling experienced is quite different from that occasioned by losses generally so termed. Each unit of the nation feels a personal sorrow. As one of the daily papers aptly observed, "It is as though in every house throughout the land there lay a corpse."

When princes die nations mourn. But they do not mourn thus. They lament with scarf and hatband, and darkened window. Now they are afflicted with a genuine sentiment of sorrow. Than the funeral of Mr. Dickens nothing could more appropriately indicate his place in the great English heart. His body was laid in Westminster Abbey, and in that portion of it consecrated by the ashes of our greatest in intellect, but the funeral was private and unostentatious. While his fame demanded that he should be laid to rest there and not elsewhere, there was nothing in his life, or in the work of his life, which suggested the gloomy paraphernalia of woe—too often, alas! but the substitute for a sorrow not experienced.

Concerning the personal or literary history of the author whose loss is now the theme of the whole world, we have nothing to say here, because that history, both by himself and by others, has been constantly in parts or in detail made public. We will attempt the rather to approach a rough estimate of his work, and indicate, if possible, his position in that particular field of literature to the cultivation of which he dedicated his genius. Although the author, were it possible to consult his wishes, would be judged by others of his works, it is with the "*Pickwick Papers*" that his name will hereafter be most of all associated, and it is by that extraordinary book that he will be oftenest judged. And in that book his fame is secure. Wanting in some of the traits which are now looked upon as essential in any work from his pen—sentiment, for instance, and evidence of a reforming spirit—it is at the same time the most characteristic of his books. There is no work in the English or in any other language where exuberant fun and hearty humour hold such undivided sway through so many pages. There is no work in the English or in any other language which, without even a pretence of plot, can so hold the attention of a reader. *Pickwick* and *Weller* alone, were there no other characters of mark in the novel, would have secured an immortality for the author. Who is there that does not recal some incident in which either of these gentlemen was hero, and who is there having recalled it, that can forbear to smile? As work of fiction after work of fiction is given to the world in the shape of drama or novel, the world permits the

majority of the characters so created to slip back into the nothingness from which they have been evolved, but certain of them it catches hold of and enshrines. It says of Sir John Falstaff, of Lady Teazle, of Tom Jones, of Dominie Sampson, of Becky Sharpe, of Adam Bede, "These are not shadows, pictures, fictions, these are real persons; here is flesh and blood, not pen and ink; these are people ever so much more real to us than Mr. and Mrs. Jones who live in the next square." And when an author has added such an individual to our long list of book-acquaintances, he has achieved the greatest task and covered himself with the highest honour. Dickens is dead; but *Pickwick* lives for ever.

The "*Pickwick Papers*," while an altogether enjoyable work of fiction, full of laughable incident and admirable sketches of character, failed to fulfil most of the requisites of a novel; and that the author, encouraged by the unprecedented success of this his first extended effort, should have at once set himself to the production of a work embodying these requisites is only natural. The novel thus and then produced has long been decided by competent judges to be the best work of Mr. Dickens. "*Nicholas Nickleby*" contains his finest touches, and gave evidence of that philanthropic purpose which grew in the writer as years grew upon him, and which in many of his works is so largely predominant as seriously to affect their artistic excellence. Whether an artist is justified in going out of his way to effect some moral reformation, to stigmatise some crying evil, or to give a kindly word to some charitable scheme, it is not our intention at this moment to inquire. Especially is it not our intention, since this very strain, running like a strong undertone through every page of the novelist, is the thing, above all others, which has warmed with a kindly personal affection the whole English heart, has gained for the author a resting-place in our national temple, and has furnished hundreds of lay and reverend preachers with many a powerful, seasonable word. In these matters the artist himself is perhaps the most competent judge. And so long as morality, and religion, and philanthropy are not pretences, but realities, it is not, possibly, the part of a critic to complain that in their promulgation the work of art should be here and there bedimmed, or in this place and that disfigured as to outline.

For one other work a claim for the foremost place in the catalogue of Dickens's books is asserted. "*David Copperfield*," the author's own favourite, it is said, discovers his very best manner, and, taken as a whole, must be regarded as his chief effort. It is exceedingly difficult (nor indeed is it very necessary, save that, somehow or other, the question has been raised in this instance) to decide between the relative merits of books teeming with so much

rare excellence. At the same time, as a mere matter of personal judgment, we are inclined to coincide with the aforesaid competent judges. A semi-autobiographical work, *Copperfield* would naturally possess for its author an interest greater than that attaching to his other works. But authors' opinions on the merits of their own productions are proverbially fallible. Milton preferred "*Paradise Lost*" to "*Paradise Regained*." And the latest born is generally the best loved child of genius.

To approach some definite idea as to what the legitimate domain of Charles Dickens was, and to what extent he succeeded in that field, it may be well, as a preliminary consideration, to notify one or two of the paths into which he diverged, and in which his success, though unequivocal, was not to the critic so satisfactory. At different periods he wrote historical novels. "*Barnaby Rudge*" is written by him. "*The Tale of Two Cities*" is written by him. It is a much easier task, having read a book, to decide off hand than to assign reasons for a decision. It has long ago been settled that the one necessary feature in an historical novel is *not* accuracy in the narration of events, or in the marshalling of dates. But there is required an infusion of the spirit of the particular period of history in which the events of the novel are supposed to transpire. Scott understood this. Lytton understands it, and Ainsworth, and Kingsley. Now it seemed a matter of absolute impossibility for Dickens to surround himself with ancient circumstance, or to infuse into his historical work anything of the spirit of the time. He was intensely real. More than that, he was intensely modern. The characters in "*Barnaby Rudge*" are the every-day people whom he met about the London streets dressed out in the costume of a century ago. And the occasional introduction of an obsolete phrase no more succeeds in proclaiming the character of the *dramatis personæ* than the feathers in Barnaby's hat proclaimed kingship and dominion. The very cause and well-spring of the author's greatness in his own domain was here, when for a moment he had left the track, the cause of his weakness. These words "weakness," "failure," and so forth, which we use here most deferentially, are, of course, comparative terms. Had Dickens never written any other work than "*Barnaby Rudge*," his claim to the title of great novelist would remain unchallenged. We merely want to assert that his special and characteristic domain was not here, but elsewhere. Again, with great justice it has been asserted and reasserted that the most unreal and almost unrecognisable pictures are those which he draws of members in the higher ranks of life. At this moment we recal the *Dedlock* set in "*Bleak House*." The figures are thinly painted. Or rather they seem cut out of pasteboard and fastened on the page. It was in this particular field that Thackeray shone. All his gentlemen

are gentlemen. The Marquis of Steyne at his orgies, Colonel Newcome amid his opulence or his poverty, carry the heads like men, and no feature in the whole picture can possibly for a single moment recal to the mind the lay-figures that are made to do duty as ladies and gentlemen in the *London Journal*. Having mentioned these two topics, we have exhausted the list of subject-matter upon which the genius of Dickens less happily exerted itself than elsewhere.

We turn now to consider that sphere in which he was king and lord, having neither equal nor rival. In one word, he may be described as the representative novelist of the great middle class. From the class below that many of his characters—we had almost said the majority of his characters—are drawn. The men and women, the boys and girls, that we meet in large cities, these flit across his page oftenest of all. He will find romance and beauty, and a well of truth and religion, in an ignorant crossing-sweeper. And at the death-bed of a country tramp he will cause you to shed bitter tears. And here seemed to be one great doctrine of his—preaching to the great middle class, as we have said, and selecting as his text an humble outcast—that in every child of Adam—how ragged-soever, there still remains some germ of divinity, some waif and stray of religious truth, and to educe that spark of morality is the happy privilege of those who possess the time, the means, the will. It is a lesson that Englishmen are never tired of hearing. But a lesson in which a much more earnest heed might be given.

When a man strongly and beautifully advocates some glorious charity, or strikingly, yet sweetly, admonishes us as to some short-coming in the practice of beneficence, it is quite wonderful to mark how vigorously the preacher, an' he preach well, is applauded. What poems of Thomas Hood are the most widely known and the most universally admired? The "Song of the Shirt," doubtless, and the "Bridge of Sighs." And so with the works of Mr. Dickens, we applaud the moral, we deplore the evil, we shake our heads, and pass by on the other side.

In these rough and straggling notes we will unwillingly omit many things which, when the words now written shall appear in print, will recur to us chidingly. But there are two points which we are determined not to slur over, because they are points upon which very silly men have often publicly, in newspapers and upon platforms, said very wicked things. And the first point is this: that Mr. Dickens was in the habit of sneering at religion. This charge is a sufficiently terrible one, and, if unproven, is a gravely criminal one. I once heard a Christian minister, in lecturing to a flock of his, warn his dear hearers against "the blasphemous

vulgarity of Charles Dickens." In studying the natural history of the creature on subsequent occasions, I discovered that the gentleman answered in every particular to the description of Chadband, and he may possibly have

Conceived himself the hero of the story.

At all events, it was impossible at the time to avoid calling to mind what was said by one upon whose head in ordination no bishop's hand had ever been laid—said, too, on an English platform and to an English audience—said, in a word, by Thackeray when lecturing on the Humourists: "I think of these past writers and of one who lives amongst us now, and am thankful for the innocent laughter and the sweet unsullied page which the author of 'David Copperfield' gives to my children." The cry of "irreligious" has been raised in all times against all men who have spoken or written against hypocrisy and deceit. Fighting with beasts did not cease with apostolic times. And in the warfare waged now against the ruthless opposer of Cant and Sham, there is put forth a tooth more deadly than that of the lion, a bite more poisonous than that of the adder. And the fact that this loud but insignificant sectarian rancour was roused by the direct preaching of Dickens, renders more timely and graceful the tribute publicly paid to his memory a few Sundays ago by the Dean of Westminster.

The second point is this. It is alleged that there is a mock-sentimentality in Dickens which induces him to picture children's death-beds and the like at times when the exigencies of the novel do not demand the scene. This charge (if, indeed, charge it can be called) was first brought by a writer in the *Cambridge Essays*, and has been fashionable ever since among essayists of a *Saturday-Review* turn of mind. The answer to the statement is, of course, this counter-assertion, that such scenes do not occur with the alleged frequency, and that they do not occur when the narrative does not call for them. That man must, indeed, have a mind either thoroughly bedimmed with conceit, or entirely degraded with more enormous vices, who can see nothing tender and touching in the narrative of the deaths of Paul Dombey or Little Nell, and who rises unaffected from their perusal.

It is a sad and solemn reflection for us now that he who painted these death-bed scenes with such singular grace and power, should himself have been hurried away from existence without the opportunity of conversing with those who, gazing at his unconscious face, stood by his bedside while the spirit returned to God who gave it.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

THE DREAM PAINTER.

BY DR. J. E. CARPENTER.

BOOK I.

I.

ON THE RHINE.

IT was on a clear, calm summer evening, in the year 1835, that a youth of apparently about twenty years of age stood in the quiet square of the old Rhine town of Bonn, gazing on the statue of the great master, Beethoven, that had been placed there some little time before to do honour to his memory, and to prove to the stranger that, in Germany at least, a prophet has honour in his own country, and that there a man need not be a military hero to command a statue in his native town.

Any one could perceive, as the youth lingered lovingly on the spot, or loitered under the trees which are planted on all sides of the space, of which the figure of the great musician stands solemnly in the centre, that he was no casual observer; that he regarded it with an artist's eye, even if he did not hear rushing through his memory some of those celestial melodies that are destined to re-echo through ages yet to come.

It is seldom that a natural taste for the fine arts is unassociated with a love for music; the painter is frequently a musician also, invariably so in feeling; there is an intimate connexion between the visible forms of nature and the invisible forms of harmony; a sort of mysterious link between sight and sound. Most likely, then, Leopold Sternemberg, the young artist who lingered under the lindens while he scanned the figure of the master, the head elevated, the right hand extended and holding a pen, the left grasping a manuscript book, and the whole contour of the figure displaying a form full of grace and dignity, was recalling some of the melodies of the old man musical, and revolving in his mind the wonderful career that, beginning at the early age of five, made itself a power through Europe for nearly half a century, and then lapsed to the world—a legacy that, like Shakspeare's, or his own countryman's, Schiller, shall endure for ever.

It may have been, too—for youth is ambitious, and perfection in any art is never acquired unless stimulated by ambition—that Leopold felt within himself a power that should lead him some day to deserve of his fellow-countrymen a similar mark of recognition;

a boy's day-dream, perhaps, but not incompatible with one who had worked hard and begun early his artist life, and had already transferred to the canvas some highly-finished sketches which gave evidence of a skill and dexterity far beyond his years.

Whatever may have been the musings of the young dreamer, they were suddenly broken by loud shouts of wild laughter which proceeded from a street leading into the square, and a minute afterwards a long string of carriages, filled with students of the university, rolled by.

They were evidently returning from "a day out," and as they neared home they struck up, without any preconcerted signal, one of those thrilling choruses which are so popular in the student-land, and which only a choir of young Germans know how to sing.

Familiar enough to the regular inhabitants of the town, that joyous cortège had something in it very attractive to the eyes of strangers, from whom this quaint old Rhine town is at no portion of the year entirely free. True, the rickety carriages very much resembled those let out to hire at some of the English watering-places, and the quadrupeds which propelled them matched the vehicles in all respects, and were not much to look at; but, to make amends for this, the occupants themselves were extremely picturesque. Most of the students wore caps, beautifully made, and comprising in the aggregate all the colours of the rainbow. Some were of bright scarlet, relieved with vine-leaves in gold; some of blue, ornamented with silver; but what would strike the stranger most was the variety of the pipes, many of them of enormous size, with which every one of the revellers was armed. From these there issued thin columns of blue smoke, which, uniting together as the carriages rolled on in a thin gauzy cloud, rendered evident by the calmness and clearness of the atmosphere, gave to the whole a very weird appearance, and left in their wake a transitory floating cloud.

As the carriages filed off out of the square, Leopold received many a nod of recognition from the occupants; for though now an artist by profession, or, if truth must be told, a drawing-master, he had himself, until very lately, shared in their studies and sometimes in their revelries; consequently he was known to many.

In spite of the invitation of several to join them in a beer-drinking, which is the usual finish up of these festive occasions, and during which they discuss theology, tell old Rhine legends, and sing songs about "fatherland," never omitting the inevitable chorus, Leopold declined, shook his head, and let the procession roll on.

"There he goes for a dreamer," said one of Leopold Sternem-

berg's former chums; "he never was like the rest of us, since I have known him."

"And a poet, also," added another. "He showed me, one day, some love verses he had been making."

"Poet or not," said a third, "Leopold will be heard of some day as a painter. He has great talent. I wonder he don't go to Italy and study the great masters."

"Easy to say so," rejoined the student who was addressed; "but you forget the Sternembergs are only very humble tradespeople. Even now, they say, he helps to support his parents by giving lessons in drawing."

"Which only proves," said the first speaker, "that he would do well to join our festivities now and then, and so forget his troubles."

"And get his inspirations as you do, from beer and tobacco."

A loud shout at the expense of the philosopher followed this sally, but it proved also that he had the reputation among them of being a poet.

"Fine him—fine him," cried several at once. "Come, now, Albert Achenbach, a song—a song."

A poet seldom needs pressing when called upon to sing his own verses, and the student who was addressed as Albert struck up without hesitation the following song, which he had adapted to an old German melody:

They tell me of the mighty streams
That glad their western land,
They say not e'en my wildest dreams
Could picture aught so grand;
I sigh not for the great, the vast,
Where no proud records shine;
Give me thy memories of the past,
My own beloved Rhine!

There may be mountains far more steep,
And rivers like the sea,
But none whose blue is half so deep,
Whose sons are half so free;
Thy every wave some legend tells,
Thy every home's a shrine
In which the soul of freedom dwells,
My own beloved Rhine!

At the end of each verse the refrain was taken up along the whole line of carriages, which were out of sight long before Leopold heard the sound of the chorus melting away in the distance.

If the students were right in calling Leopold a dreamer, they were wrong in imagining he was at that moment dreaming of his

future career, or of anything that had connexion with the subjects on which he intended to employ his pencil. Leopold was, in fact, at that moment dreaming of a pair of bright eyes and a very pretty face, and his object in loitering under the trees was to wait till the congregation passed out of the minster, which was situated on one side of the square, that he might catch a glimpse of them. He hoped, too, that the owner of the bright eyes and the pretty face might be alone, or at least only accompanied by her maid, that he might have an opportunity of walking by her side and conversing with her; but in this he was doomed to disappointment; the young girl, Geraldine Werner, was accompanied by her mother, a stately dame of some fifty years of age, and as Leopold was so circumstanced that an introduction to her was an event he dared scarcely look forward to, he was forced to forego the felicity of exchanging a single word with his soul's idol, and to content himself with a stolen glance of recognition.

But, to a true lover, how much of hope may be gleaned from a single glance, from a look over the leaves of a book, from a silent pressure of the hand, which speaks with its own dumb eloquence, even when to the most vigilant eye it is only regarded as the simple formality of a cold good-bye!

Leopold gained his look of recognition, and was repaid for his evening vigil under the shadow of the lindens, and he went away, if not happy, at least with something to brood on till the bright eyes should gaze on him again, and bid him look forward into the dim distance when the time should come that he might dare to speak the words which ever trembled on his lips, but which, in his present dependent position, he dared not, or rather he feared to, utter.

The small congregation, which came out from the minster in a thin line, having diverged through the different exits of the square into the streets which led from it, Leopold wandered through the beautiful walks and avenues which surround the university and separate it from the rest of the town, and directed his steps towards the margin of the lovely Rhine.

The sun was already setting over the river of song and bathing it with a flood of golden light, which contrasted strangely with the dark frowning brows of the rocks on the further side, through which it peered, casting here and there a chequered shade on the stream beneath them, and realising for the painter one of those wonderful effects which a true artist so delights in.

As Leopold neared the river he was joined by a youth, scarcely a year younger than himself, clad in the costume of a peasant, and carrying under his left arm a portfolio of some size, whilst in his right hand he held a pallet and a small cedar box, which he was

careful to keep upright, and the contents of which its companion, the pallet, bespoke as containing artist's materials.

"You told me to come if it was a fine evening, master, so I have fetched all that the Fraulien Bertha says you will require, and Carl Schriffer says that we can have the boat."

Now, although the youth had addressed Leopold by the title of master, Leopold had no claim to reciprocate by calling his attendant servant; he was too poor to keep a servant, but Johaan Zwick, the son of a vine-dresser engaged upon an estate hard by, was employed by him to run on occasional errands, and to row for him when he went boating on the Rhine in search of picturesque bits that might serve as copies for such of his pupils to study from as were not sufficiently advanced to accompany him for the purpose of making sketches in the open air.

By one of those not unnatural infatuations which bind the weak to the strong, and which are the homages paid to genius by those who can see without quite comprehending it, the son of the vine-dresser had become strongly attached to the young artist; he was never tired of seeing the sketches grow under his hand, nor of wondering at that power which, it must be said, he had tried stealthily but vainly to imitate.

"You have done well, Johaan; we shall have light enough for an hour and more, and, by keeping out of the shade of the rocks, I shall get a good sketch of the Drachenfels by sunset. You are sure you are not wanted at home, Johaan?"

"No; father is now at work at the convent gardens, and there is not more than enough for one to do, so I shall not have to turn out with him in the morning."

"I shall not keep you out late, my boy; not more than an hour after the moon is up. And, good news, Johaan, I sold a little picture to-day, so I shall be able to pay you for your time and a little in advance besides."

"Don't speak of that, master, you know I like to be with you, and to see you make those famous pictures. Ah," he added, sorrowfully, "I shall never know how to do anything beyond trimming a vine, or a little garden work, and such like."

"In the first place, Johaan," said Leopold, cheerfully, "I must speak of paying you for your time, for if I take you out in the evening you lose your rest, or you sleep in the morning, and I deprive you of what you would earn by turning out at sunrise with your father——"

"And pay me double what I should earn in my two hours' work before breakfast," interrupted Johaan.

"In the next place," said Leopold, without noticing the interruption, "you must not call me master, for I look upon all the

trouble you take for me as a service willingly performed, and what I give you is only a little matter between me and my conscience. You see, Johaan, I must have my gratification as well as yourself."

"But it goes against me to take more than a few grochen for rowing you about in a boat when I've done my day's work."

"In the third place," continued Leopold, still appearing oblivious to the interruptions of his companion, "a vine-dresser's is a very useful occupation, and if it does not lead to any prizes in the great lottery of life, it does not, as mine does, give you the headache and fill you with hopes that may never be realised. But here we are at the boat."

During the above colloquy the two had walked leisurely along, and they now arrived at the little landing-stage where the boats were let to hire, either to those who chose to propel them themselves, or to those less independent pleasure-seekers who chose to indulge in the more expensive luxury of the aid of a couple of sturdy boatmen.

Leopold produced from his capacious pocket a no less capacious meerschaum, and having seen Johaan Zwick fill and light his own pipe, seated himself in the stern of the boat, took the tiller-ropes in his hand, and in a few moments they were mid-stream, for the tide was with them, gliding noiselessly on the bosom of the Rhine in the direction of the Dragon's rock.

The Rhine! the Rhine! It is fortunate that we are not called upon to describe all the glories of that poetic stream, for who would attempt to follow Bulwer Lytton and his "Pilgrims," or to walk in the footsteps of Paul Fleming, made immortal in the glowing pages of the author of "Hyperion?" To write of the Rhine, says the latter, "one should write like a god; and his style flow onward royally with breaks and dashes, like the waters of that royal river, and antique, quaint, and gothic times be reflected in it." Therefore we will not attempt to write of the Rhine, but leave to the imagination of the reader the scenes of exquisite beauty which crowd upon its banks, an ever-changing panorama of quaint old timber-framed houses, of hoar castles upon beetling crags, mirrored in the stream and casting their long reflexions in the broken ripples upon its surface; of crumbling battlements interspersed with trees growing amid their ruins, of hill sides covered with vines and waving grass, and flowers, and shrubs, scenting the summer breeze; a strange commingling of nature and beauty with ruin and decay, a blending of the present and the past, a type of the ever-fading and ever-renewing face of nature and all so full of tradition, of history, poetry, and song!

What wonder that, as this glorious vision was revealed to the

young artist, his thoughts should revert to all that store of legend with which the waters that fringed his native town were associated, and with which he had been familiar from his childhood upwards; what wonder that he should retain, even after hearing during his college life an amount of infidelity and free-thinking inseparable from the discussions of the wine-feast, and bold enough to shake the faith of the most ascetic; what wonder he should retain a sense of the beautiful, and recal to mind all those stories of spirit-haunted castles, of young knights wiled away by bright water-nymphs, of cruel barons devoured by rats in their own castles, and of disembodied spirits returning to earth, assuming the shapes of mortals, and dwelling in their Rhine-castles to the terror of the inhabitants, till even living men and women were endowed, by the superstitious fears of the peasantry, with the attributes of demons, and avoided or were held in awe by them?

It was a favourite trick of art with Leopold to restore these old castles, and to depict them in his sketches in what he believed to have been their pristine grandeur; thus, as a naturalist will tell from the toe-bone of some antediluvian animal what was the structure, size, and capacity of the whole, so would Leopold from a crumbling turret build up a structure of goodly dimensions, with its watch-towers and its keep, its chapel and its banquet-hall, its spires and buttresses, and all that was proper to its toe-bone, or rather its crumbling turret. In his moonlight scenes, too, he would introduce the fantastic shapes of the water-fairies, the nymphs of the Lorely berg, the dwarfs of the enchanted mountains, or the more fantastic shapes of the good and evil spirits sung of in the songs of the minne-singers and master-singers, and which are, as Longfellow tells us, "the gipsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and bye-paths of literature."

True, with Leopold Sternemberg, these were only the recreations of his genius, but they not the less showed the peculiar bent of his mind. When Johaan had rowed the young painter to opposite the Drachenfels, they fastened the boat to the overhanging branch of a tree on the further shore, the pipes were refilled, and the latter commenced sketching.

The young artist had scarcely settled down fairly to his work, when the sound of voices singing a plaintive melody came floating up the stream, and presently a boat filled with ladies and gentlemen, and steered by a hired boatman, glided rapidly by.

Leopold felt his heart beat violently against his blouse, for he thought he recognised among the singers a voice that was dear to him—dear to him who had not the privilege of joining them, dear to him who was content to wait under the trees for a passing

glance, dear to the humble and unknown artist who had dared to hope—but we must not anticipate. Here we must leave him, listening but uncertain; and this was the song, sung by the tuneful trebles, tenors, and bass in the boat that glided up the stream, in the sonorous language of fatherland, which we thus roughly render into the vernacular:

The moon is up, the night is fair,
The stars begin to shine,
Our light sails catch the breezy air,
Our bark is on the Rhine;
How swiftly, o'er the rippling tide,
She cleaves, with snowy wing;
'Twere sweet for ever thus to glide,
And as we sail to sing.

The light shines from the castle wall,
Seen dimly, far away;
But we must reach that distant hall
Before the beams decay;
Then furl the sail and trim the boat;
Now, like a bird she'll spring;
How sweet for ever thus to float,
And as we sail to sing.

II.

THE DAWN OF GENIUS.

IT will be necessary, before we proceed further, to inform the reader of the relative positions of Leopold Sternemberg, the young artist, and the owner of the pair of bright eyes, whom he already knows as a certain Geraldine Werner, and who gave him, to all appearance, a welcome look of recognition as she passed out of the minster of Bonn, albeit under the vigilant guardianship of her mother.

Leopold Sternemberg was the son of humble but respectable parents; not so poor that they could not pay for the education of their two children, but beyond this advantage they had nothing to bestow upon them.

For many years the family of the Sternembergs had resided in Bonn, but, beyond commanding the respect of their fellow-town-people, they had never risen to distinction, or even fulfilled any of those official stations appertaining to municipal or national affairs, distributed there, as elsewhere, among the leading personages of the place.

The father of our young artist was a small tradesman; in fact, a tailor. He employed several journeymen; but there is not much scope for a tailor in a town like Bonn, where so many of the

population are content to wear blouses. His wife, the Frau Sternemberg, employed her skill in behalf of the female sex in the same way that her husband devoted his to the male—she made their outer garments; and, as ladies love finery in whatever part of the world they may be located, it is probable that the Frau Sternemberg's share of the business was more conducive to the comforts of their domestic arrangements than that of her liege lord. Fortunately, the family circle of the Sternembergs was not large; indeed, as it was composed of four only, it was rather a quadrangle, and it is a misnomer to call it a circle at all. It consisted only of Sternemberg and his wife, Leopold, and Bertha, an only daughter.

Bertha was their eldest born, but she was only fifteen months older than her brother; she assisted her mother in the business, and was an expert in all matters of ornament and embroidery.

She was exceedingly beautiful, and had already, though scarcely turned twenty, had several offers of marriage. But Bertha, like her brother, to whom she was tenderly attached, had some peculiar notions on this point. Her young friends said she was a flirt, and didn't know her own mind; she said to herself that whenever she did marry it should be to one for whom it would not be necessary to work the ends of her fingers off; in a word, Bertha looked forward to making a match beyond her station.

"If my brother," she would argue to herself, "from his great talent, works his way, as I know he will, to an independent and honourable position, I should not like to be the means of connecting him with a brother-in-law that he would be ashamed of."

This was rather a jesuitical style of reasoning on her part, for that personal ambition had some share in forming her resolve is beyond a doubt.

Bertha, therefore, bided her time, and was content to await the chapter of events, flattered by the beaux who paid homage to her beauty, and satisfied to be called a flirt by those less favoured fair ones who found fewer admirers, and who would not have failed to have determined when the attentions of a casual acquaintance ended and those of a lover began.

From all this we may gather that Bertha had not, up to this period, been really and truly in love.

Leopold, the second born of the worthy tailor and his wife, had displayed at a very early age a great aptitude for drawing. Whether it was the figures in those books of Parisian fashions that were exposed in the window of his parents that first attracted his infant mind we will not pretend to say; the faculty of the artist is that of imitation, strengthened by strong perceptive powers, which divide themselves again into an appreciation of form, size,

and colour, but there must be a dawning on the mind of that faculty at some time—a beginning and a first cause.

In Leopold's case the first impression he remembered of being endowed with this gift was the making of a caricature of the mistress of a dame-school to which he went while yet in petticoats, and for which he was stuck upon a form with a dunce's cap on, to be laughed at in his turn by his schoolfellows, after enduring a smart taste of the rod, inflicted by the hands of the indignant dame.

It was when Leopold was about ten years of age that the attention of his parents was first seriously directed to his precocious talent, and it happened in this way:

Among the summer visitors who flock to the Rhine, bestowing a day to one town, half a day to another, and who cram as much sight-seeing as they possibly can into their fortnight or three weeks' holiday, there is generally a small batch of English artists who take the thing more leisurely.

Some of these, seeking for such accommodation as their limited means will allow, are content to take what the humbler houses of the tradespeople will afford them, and avoid the expenses and the publicity of the hotel or the general boarding-house. It was one of these, for distinction sake we shall call him Mr. Browning, an artist whose reputation has since become widely and deservedly extended, who hired the spare bedroom that the Sternbergs had to let, and who, when not away pursuing his studies in the immediate neighbourhood, shared their frugal meals.

Leopold, as a child, was exceedingly pretty; his chesnut hair hung in long waving curls over the collar of his little blouse almost like a girl's. He at once attracted the attention of the English student, but when he came to discover in him an intelligence far beyond his years, he was more than struck, he was almost fascinated by the child.

Thus it was that when Mr. Browning went with his folio and his colours to sketch in the neighbourhood, he was accompanied very frequently by the young Leopold, pretty much as we have seen that Leopold himself was attended by the vine-dresser's son, Johaan Zwick; only in Leopold's case he became really a pupil.

In one of these trips the boy-artist ventured, tremblingly, to show Mr. Browning a few pencil sketches he had made from nature, and which, with a child's timidity, he had not dared to submit to his parents; there was also a sketch in pen-and-ink, wonderful for so young a draughtsman, of his little sister Bertha.

It needed no second glance to convince Mr. Browning of the wonderful perceptive faculty that could produce at so tender an age, and wholly untaught, these sketches. True, they wanted

power, and perhaps feeling; but in form and detail they were sufficiently true to nature. But when he came afterwards to inspect a few sketches of goblins, imps, and such like, with which the little boy had actually illustrated one of his child's story-books, he saw that he was not deficient in imagination nor fancy either.

"Here, then," thought the Englishman, "is a born artist—a boy gifted with all the powers of the pencil, as much as Keats or Shelley were the gifted children of song."

All that Leopold needed was to acquire the rules and rudiments of the art—nature had done the rest to his hands. It was with a true devotion to his craft, and an earnest desire that these gifts should not be misapplied or turned from their natural current, that Mr. Browning proposed to the father of his little friend that he should prolong his visit in order to give him the lessons requisite for starting him on the right road.

The generous praise of the stranger was received with feelings of proud satisfaction by the parents of Leopold, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, that the lodger remained as long as his engagements would permit him in the character of a guest.

And then opened to Leopold a new source of wonder and delight, for he began to work in colours.

It is needless to follow the progress of the young artist year by year; suffice it to say, that his advancement was even more rapid than his friend and patron had anticipated.

Left to follow the bent of his own inclinations—for, after the first year, Mr. Browning could not bestow upon his pupil more than the month's vacation that he allowed himself to rub off the dust, and rest from the incessant toil that the commissions he had to execute in his own metropolis necessitated—the youth Leopold luxuriated in his art, and indulged himself in all its vagaries.

At the end of five years, Mr. Browning was compelled to discontinue his visits to Bonn entirely, and his advice to his pupil was, that he should leave his native town for awhile and occupy himself with serious study in Rome, or one of the great Italian cities.

It was in order to attain this end, which the limited means of his father did not permit him immediately to accomplish, that Leopold determined to dispose of such drawings as the passing visitors might be induced to purchase, and to give drawing lessons in the schools and families of his native town.

In the mean time, his general education was not neglected; he attended the classes and lectures of the university, not a very expensive affair with a native and resident, and, quick at learning as he was at drawing and painting, he managed to keep pace with all the students of his own age. Only in one thing he kept aloof

from them, he could seldom be induced to join their college orgies. There is something repellant to a delicate organisation in riot and dissipation, and we have seen that the mind of Leopold was imaginative and sensitive to an extraordinary degree.

Four or five years had passed between the time Mr. Browning took his final leave of him and the evening we found him loitering in the square; but yet Leopold had made no preparation for leaving Bonn; true he had promised his parents not to do so until he had completed his nonage, of which there still remained a few months, but there were other reasons which caused him to delay his departure.

Bertha Geraldine Werner, from a caprice which many young ladies are not exempt from, preferred to be called by her second sponsorial name; it was certainly the higher sounding one of the two, though whether it was a prettier is altogether a matter of taste; it, however, corresponded with her father's, which was Gerald, and as she was a pet of his, no doubt he was pleased to give way to her in adopting it.

The Werners had not resided in Bonn more than twelve months; nobody knew who they were, or where they came from; even their nationality was a disputed point, some asserting they were German and to the climate born, they all spoke the language so fluently; some inclined to the south of France as the place of their nativity; while others as boldly asserted that a flower as fair and fragile as their daughter, the Fraulein Geraldine, as she was called there, could only have been reared under the soft skies of sunny Italy.

They appeared to have ample means at their command, for they made up pleasure parties for excursions on the Rhine, and had post-horses put to their own carriage when they made little journeys into the country to enjoy the surrounding scenery. The house they occupied had formerly been the residence of a wealthy proprietor, who was travelling abroad, and they had hired it with all the means and appurtenances thereunto belonging—including the furniture, the fixtures, and even the servants of the former occupant.

There were brilliant parties given at this château—parties at which the lights gleamed from many-branched candelabra, and music resounded from the most tuneful voices and the most brilliant toned of pianofortes. Geraldine and her mother were both brilliant performers, and the Rhine wine flowed in flashing glasses. But this was not all: there was one excitement which surpassed that of music, wine, and song, and with which the dispenser of this splendid hospitality seemed never tired of indulging his guests, and that was play. Werner never proposed the stakes

—could play for amusement, as he said, when they were merely nominal, and never exclaimed loudly when, at the solicitation of his guests, they became somewhat heavy. Play, he insisted, was his passion; and there was no reason why it should not be, for, somehow or other, he was always on the winning side.

Whenever a young English lord, a Russian count, or a wealthy traveller from America made his appearance in Bonn, he was sure to stumble across Werner before he had been a week in the place, and to receive an invitation to one of his charming réunions.

Among the acquaintances the Werners had contrived to make was a certain Baron Rosenthal, a landed proprietor of the district, who resided on his estate a few miles up the Rhine, in a sort of half farmhouse, half château residence. He cultivated a portion of his land, that which was covered by the finest vines, himself; the greater portion he let off in small farms.

The baron was a hard drinker and a hard rider; he was extremely fond of the chase, and would frequently be out from day-break to sunset, attended by a few of his retainers, though in these days we should call them his tenants, in the old baronial fashion. But the Baron Rosenthal had another passion; he was an Adonis in his way, for, though verging upon sixty, he had buried two baronesses, without having an heir to his estate, and was looking out for a third.

The baron was a welcome guest at the Werners', for his local position enabled him to introduce to them several valuable visitors; but the baron never played himself, he was too fond of his money to risk the losing of it. He would spare no expense on his stables and his kennels; but in this he was enjoying a personal gratification; he got his money's worth for his money, and in this the baron was not singular, for, in this world, there are many who are penuriques in all things but those appertaining to self. The baron, however, had fixed his eyes on the youthful Geraldine, and his furtive glances were not unobserved by her parents, who thought it would aid their views greatly to be able to speak of "my daughter, the baroness—my son-in-law, the baron."

Consequently, the boating parties on the Rhine became more frequent, and the baron, an adept in all the old Rhine legends, did not fail to make himself at least agreeable and amusing to the youthful object of his matrimonial desires.

Did Geraldine comprehend the vortex upon the brink of which she was standing? Did she comprehend that those gay parties were given with a sinister, and yet with a definite, object? That her father was, in fact, an adventurer and a professional gambler? Assuredly not; her earliest recollections were that they had always moved in very good society—always been attended by

their servants, and that, though latterly never residing any length of time in one capital, it was her father's good will to travel from place to place and live in such style as they had always been accustomed to. She had heard him speak of his family and their connexions, which were only a glimmering recollection of her earliest childhood; but she did know, what was really the fact, that she was gentle born, that her father had inherited no inconsiderable fortune, and that he had been ruined himself, before he turned the tables on society and commenced ruining it in his turn. That, in fact, he could not return among those relations and connexions of whom he delighted to talk, because he had left behind him a mountain of debt, and had been declared an outlaw in his native land.

Thus it happened that Geraldine had been educated piecemeal, picking up her Italian and her music at Rome and Naples, her German at Vienna, her French at Paris and at the waters at Vichy—wherever her parents fixed their transient abode and masters could be procured. At Bonn the Werners had made arrangements with the lady principal of the best seminary in the place to receive her as a day-boarder, and for her to receive the best instruction that the masters who attended the establishment could impart. Thus it was that Geraldine and Leopold Sternemberg had met in the relative positions of pupil and master.

There was something in Geraldine's manner, the result probably of her wayward and roving life, that struck the young artist as being very different to the ordinary pupils who came under his charge. She was very apt, very quick in following his instructions, but she was also very volatile, leaving off in the midst of her lessons to talk of a thousand things foreign to her studies. It seemed a relief to her to do so; she had no one of her own age and sex to converse with. How could those dull, plodding school-girls, those milk-and-water Frauleins, understand her? From the very first—what need is there to conceal it?—Leopold had fallen desperately in love with her. She seemed to realise his dreams of those bright spirits who are permitted to visit earth solely to wile away the souls of men and to keep them shut up in their enchanted mountains, or in their coral caves beneath the silver Rhine, there to be endowed with perpetual youth, but to remain their loves and their slaves for ever.

Geraldine, like Desdemona, drew from Leopold "the story of his life." It was not much that he had to tell; "the dangers he had passed" had not been those likely to claim a woman's pity, for they only referred to the escapades of his college career; but when he came to speak of his hopes, his aspirations, and his ambition, her eye brightened for an instant, and then became dimmed with

a dewy moisture that very nearly resembled a tear. Of the generous Englishman, of whom Leopold spoke in terms of the most unbounded gratitude, she seemed never tired of asking questions. She had heard from her father fabulous stories of the wealth of the travelling English: "Was he not a milord in disguise?" "Why did he not adopt him or make him his heir?" "Why did he raise his hopes only to leave him struggling on?" "Only an artist working his way into a position, like himself! Oh! she could not believe it."

It was thus that the unreasoning, because uninformed in the ways of the world, girl ran on, unconsciously feeding the flame that she had kindled in the breast of the young artist, and making it burn the more fiercely because he felt that it was hopeless; that it was one of those inner fires that no reasoning can extinguish; that at last consume themselves by their intensity, and leave the heart nothing but dust and ashes.

It must not be supposed that the opportunities they had for interrupted converse were frequent. Had they been so, no doubt something would have fallen from the lips of the young girl to cause the veil to drop from his eyes—that would have disenchanted him, and convinced him of the utter folly of allowing himself for an instant to brood over a passion that could lead to no results, and only end in bitter disappointment—something that might have told him that though Geraldine might even have reciprocated his feelings, there was an insurmountable barrier to their ever being united. She, the only child of a, to all appearance, wealthy stranger; he, the son of an humble tradesman—a poor and struggling artist, an artist as yet unknown beyond the limits of a small German town. This explanation never took place; on the contrary, she seemed to take a delight in drawing the young artist more closely within her spells. How many young girls have done the same without reflecting for a moment on the cruelty they are inflicting? Fully acknowledging and appreciating Leopold's high talent—for she had had means of judging of art far beyond those which had been afforded to Leopold himself—her self-love was flattered by the attentions he bestowed on her, and she did, in truth, feel towards him a growing attachment, against which her pride taught her to rebel.

A lover less sincere, with a passion not so pure as Leopold's, would have sought for an explanation himself, have pleaded his infatuation, and, upon slighter grounds than he had for doing so, would have availed himself of the chance of bettering his position by a marriage that seemed to offer every probability of enhancing his worldly welfare. No such unworthy thought ever entered his imagination. They remained, as in the eyes of others they began,

the master and the pupil; but in the heart of one of them, at least, it was far otherwise.

The room in which Leopold gave his lessons at the school was a small parlour which opened by a glass door upon a lawn; beyond this was a garden; then a slope covered with vines, which extended to the margin of the Rhine; beyond was a landscape formed by the hills and crags of the opposite shore, and fading away into the blue distance. In this room Leopold was seldom left alone with the pupils who attended him in classes; generally in the presence of one of the resident governesses; but as Geraldine was a privileged pupil and an extra boarder, the rule in her case was relaxed, and she was permitted at her own request to make sketches under the superintendence of her young preceptor within the precincts of the establishment.

At the far end of the garden to which we have alluded there was a terrace, on which there was a sort of arbour or summer-house, covered with a vine, which commanded a view of the river for several miles on either side, and offered a sufficient variety of subjects for the purpose of study.

It was here, in the summer afternoons, when the regular boarders had received their lessons, that the drawing-master was permitted to attend his pupil, to make sketches under her eye, or to direct the efforts of her own pencil. There was not much to show for it sometimes, as may be imagined, for it was here chiefly that those passages took place between them to which we have already referred.

"How I wish I were a rich woman, Herr Sternemberg," she said on one of these occasions; "I would not desert you like that niggardly Englishman."

"But he was not niggardly," replied Leopold, earnestly; "he gave me that which is beyond gold or silver, for he gave me knowledge. Without his assistance I should have been working blindly in the dark, or, disgusted with my lack of progress, might have long since thrown by my pencils in despair."

"And now?" asked Geraldine.

"And now, I hope——"

"You hope," interrupted his fair pupil, "that by means of your savings you may be able to pursue your studies in Italy. Ah, you cannot conceive the difficulties, the expense of travelling, of living away from home in some grand hotel; it would require a fortune."

Leopold smiled.

"It is not in that way," he said, "that a poor artist must travel. Some day I shall strap my knapsack across my shoulders and be off without a moment's warning."

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"Without warning!" she repeated, blushing; "and then, recollecting herself, she added, assuming the mincing tone of the school-girl, "what is to become of me, and the other girls, if you go away and leave us? We shall never like another master as we do you."

"Then, you do like me?" asked Leopold, hesitating.

"Oh yes, we all do, I am sure."

Leopold felt a shudder run through his heart. He was, then, nothing more to her than her drawing-master. She liked him, but only with the liking of "the other girls."

"I did not mean," he continued, anxious to repair his blunder, "to ask you an impertinent question. I beg your pardon, Fraulein, or Mademoiselle Werner, for I scarcely know how I ought to address you, but you will, probably, not reside in Bonn much longer yourself; I think I understood you to say that you never resided permanently in one place?"

"Very true," she replied; "and my father's resolutions are generally very suddenly taken. Oh, dear me! there! I have spoiled that tree. I am sure you never had such a careless pupil as I am!"

Leopold took the sketch from her hand, rapidly washed out the blot of green where the brush had fallen upon the drawing-board, and proceeded by a few rapid touches to generally improve and considerably advance the half hour's work of his pupil.

"They will never believe I did it," said the latter, laughing; "but tell me, when do you seriously think of leaving us?"

"Not at all, while I can be of any service to my fair pupil," was the reply; a bolder one than Leopold had yet dared to venture on.

A slight blush overspread the features of the fair young girl, for their eyes met, and for a few moments neither seemed to recover from their confusion.

"That is very kind of you," she said, after working at her sketch a little in silence.

"Kind of me?"

"Yes, for you would do me a service, and," she added, sighing, "it is not in my power to render you one in return."

"And would you," he asked, the words trembling on his lips, "would you then bestow some thought on a poor artist who has nothing but a little skill in his half-learnt art to recommend him?"

"Would I?" she repeated, ingenuously, her colour heightening, and her voice rising in pitch as she proceeded; "aye, that I would if I were my own mistress. If I had plenty of money like my father, I would give you all that should enable you to accomplish

your most dearest wishes; but I cannot command the treasures concealed in the Frau Vennsberg, of which we were talking the other day. I am not a fairy or a witch, and so all my good intentions will go for nothing."

"It is only a girl's wish," thought Leopold, seeing that she turned it off with a sort of jest.

"I thank you, mademoiselle," he said, "for your good wishes, but I shall be enabled to work out my own destiny. I have no fear for the future: indeed, I have a presentiment——"

"A presentiment, Leopold! I begin to think that you are really superstitious."

Leopold! What did she mean? She had addressed him by his Christian name! He was upon the point of throwing himself at her feet and declaring his passion; but she had perceived his embarrassment, his hesitation—probably, she divined also his intention.

"Your name is Leopold, is it not?" I see you sign it so on your drawing-copies. I hope I have not committed any indiscretion."

And she burst out into a loud laugh, the least pleasant to a lover, because it was forced and unnatural.

"Indiscretion! Why?"

"Because you looked so particularly shocked when I called you by your baptismal name. I suppose I may say Herr Leopold?"

Leopold smiled faintly, and replied only by a slight inclination of the head.

"Well, then," she resumed, "this presentiment of yours, Herr Leopold?"

"Ah, I had forgotten it again. But you would only laugh at me."

"No, I promise you."

"No?"

"No, I take too much interest in you for that. When I laughed just now it was because I made one of those silly blunders that I am always making."

"Very lucky I held my tongue," thought Leopold; "a pretty blunder I should have made."

"Will you not tell me?" said Geraldine, pouting.

"Certainly, if you wish to know, but I am sure you will only laugh at me. Well, I have a presentiment that my career will be a very brief one. I experience a sense of some approaching danger that I shall not be able to overcome."

"But if this danger should not arrive?"

"It will arrive."

"And you will not endeavour to conquer it?"

"That I did not say. Should I find a motive sufficiently strong to enable me to grapple with the ordeal through which I shall have to pass, I shall conquer it, and my career may be both long and brilliant."

"I am glad to find there are two sides to your picture," replied Geraldine, with an air of relief, "and I sincerely hope you may realise the bright one."

"Thanks, mademoiselle, thanks."

"Mademoiselle again," she said, archly. "Ah! you wish to find me out; but mademoiselle, fraulein, or miss"—the latter word was spoken with a pure Saxon accent, and, in fact, emphasised—"some day, perhaps, you will know all about me."

At this moment the rustling of a silk dress was heard coming down the garden, and the drawing lesson was resumed in perfect silence.

The wearer of the silk dress was one of the governesses who had come to remind Geraldine that she had overstayed the time of her lesson, and that her servant had arrived to escort her to her father's dwelling.

STRAY THOUGHTS AND SHORT ESSAYS.

II.

HUSTINGS PROFESSIONS, AND THE POLITICS OF JOURNALISM.

ONE fertile source of political mischief in England is insincerity in the profession of political opinions, as exemplified in the language of the hustings and the writing of journals. A candidate for a seat in the legislature comes down to a borough, where he is told by the local "wire-pullers" that such or such opinions must be professed by any one who wishes to gain its suffrages. He recklessly makes the required professions, and these become pledges which are accepted in sober earnest, and which in his political conduct, if he gains the coveted seat, he is compelled by shame or other motives to redeem. Thus is the high mission of statesmanship trailed in the dust!

Newspaper writers often maintain strenuously opinions to which they are indifferent or even opposed. Of the two editors of the leading Tory and Radical journals in a large town, each wrote in support of the opinions to which in private he was known to be

adverse! Dugald Dalgetty was not more indifferent with regard to the cause in which he drew his sword; nor is a barrister of the Old Bailey to the guilt or innocence of his client.

Often the exigency of a dearth of news prompts the mischievous discussion of a subject which would otherwise have lain unnoticed. To the mercenary aims of a journalistic Company we owe principally one of our most sanguinary, expensive, and impolitic wars. The managers of the Company, knowing that the war would be popular, lashed the popular mind into a fury, which a weak ministry was unable to resist. The speedy rupture of the Peace of Amiens was ascribed, in great measure, to the violence of the press.

Yet journalism ought to be one of the most honourable as it is one of the most responsible professions, being the trusted guide and instructor of the popular mind, and holding in this respect the relative position of the clerical order in the middle ages. Its very sense of power ought to increase its caution in wielding that power. The time, we may hope, is not distant when journalism will be regarded as a liberal profession, and when its duties will thus be more fully impressed upon its members.

THE REPROACH OF ODDITY.

It is the greatest of all reproaches, except two or three, to an Englishman to be called "odd;" so much is he a creature of custom and tradition, of fashion and convention.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MINDS.

The English mind is apt to be led astray by its exclusive reliance on practical details, isolated facts, and common-sense views; the French mind, by its exclusive reliance upon theory, system, and logical deduction from first principles.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CIVILISATION.

In the finished graces of address, manner, and every-day speech, the French are superior to the English; but in refinement of feeling and of habits, in kindness and genuine courtesy, the best points of civilisation, they are inferior to the English. Exclusive of the highest and best educated classes in both countries, the French are, class for class, better educated and informed than the English, are possessed of greater powers of expression, and are able to discuss a subject on a larger scale than is common in English conversation.

INSINCERITY OF PUBLIC "CRIES."

How insincere, for the most part, are the demands made for

universal liberty and toleration! Not that these principles, rightly understood, are not highly to be prized; but they seem only to be advocated by the weaker party. When that party has become the stronger, the vanquished party cries out in its turn for liberty and toleration, and tries long in vain. The minority that has suffered has swelled into the tyrant majority. Thus, at a public meeting, let a small minority ask for liberty of discussion and of individual opinion, and how seldom will they gain a hearing! They are accused of "disturbing the meeting;" they are "called to order;" they are interrupted, vituperated, bidden to "obey the chairman," and "defer to the majority;" and if these methods of suppression fail, will be violently thrust out from the place of assembly!

There is yet great value in demands of this kind, however insincerely employed; since they witness for true and just principles, and so help to keep them alive in the world. The abolition of slavery, though it was used as a mere pretext in the war between the Northern and Southern States of America, was yet effected by means of that war.

WORSHIP OF POWER.

The worship of power is, as observation and history teach, one of our most remarkable instincts. Let the man of power be as unscrupulous as Julius Cæsar, as cold-blooded as Augustus, as ambitious as Alexander the Great, as cruel as Septimius Severus, as exacting as Napoleon Bonaparte, yet he will have his attached followers during his lifetime, and, after his death, his warm admirers: and the crimes he commits will seem rather to confirm than diminish the attachment felt for him. There is a certain fascination, "a fearful joy," in being under the power of such persons. This is well described by Martial, when, in addressing Domitian, he speaks of himself as a mouse loving to run about over the jaws of a recumbent lion. No one who has studied the history of our Henry VIII., but must have observed the zeal and devotion with which his Cromwells, Pagets, Russells, and Sadlers served him, with their lives in his hands; and the great popularity of this despot with the mass of the nation.

This idolatry of power is felt and practised not only by the common run of men, but even by men of education and genius, such as Carlyle and Froude.

There is a real ground for it, unreasonable as it often is. All men love power, and admire those who have it, if raised above their envy. Power is an attribute of divinity, and its representation in human beings causes admiration and awe. The multitude worship the possessor of wealth, because wealth is power. They

worship the possessor of eloquence, because eloquence is one of the greatest of powers.

PLEASANT TYRANTS.

Those who have the natural power of governing others have always a wonderful faculty of pleasing them, and of impressing their imaginations with a notion of how much they can do for their good. They have this power of pleasing, although they may be tyrants and plagues. They rule by a mixture of fascination and intimidation, subjecting others by their fascination, and keeping them in subjection by fear. Thus Louis XI. was liked by many of those who served him, even by the sagacious and statesman-like Philip de Commines. Walter Scott well describes the devoted attachment of Louis's followers, when he was in his perilous captivity at Peronne. This power of pleasing was one secret of Elizabeth's great ascendancy; so also of Napoleon Bonaparte's.

POOR GENTLEMEN.

THE least happy rank to be born in is that which combines poverty with gentle birth. It has not the advantages of poverty. It gives feelings that are subject to frequent mortification, and aspirations that can seldom be gratified. It is a position in society uncertain and unascertained, lying in the border land, the debatable ground between two classes; it is neither one thing nor the other; it is the lot of the flying-fish, belonging to neither element, and having enemies in both—enemies among the higher class, as seeming to trench upon their dignity; enemies among the lower class, who jealously regard gentle birth without wealth as unduly pretending to be above their own social level.

There are scarcely any limits to the insults and humiliations to which they are subject. No line of conduct can be followed by them which shall be free from such annoyances. If they are sad, they are blamed for gloominess; if cheerful, for unsuitable mirth; if they are high-minded, for pride; if dejected, for a poor spirit.

Among other mortifications of their lot, is that of seeing their children neglected by their richer relatives, or treated with contumely, or in a pitying or patronising manner. How admirably this kind of treatment was illustrated in a painting some years ago by one of our first artists, representing a widow lady of gentle birth, but in fallen circumstances, bringing her boy to be seen by a family of wealthy relatives! These are seated at breakfast; she is standing on her entrance into the room, and is gently schooling her boy how to "behave himself." The lady of the house looks at them with some slight touch of kindly interest—the daughter

is otherwise occupied; the gentleman just looks over the top of his newspaper with an inquiring but indifferent glance to see what resemblance the boy's face has to that of the family. The whole situation is a complete picture of fallen and indigent gentility. "The insolence of wealth will out;" and on whom more readily than on a poor relation? The very term suggests every idea of contumely and neglect.

Earnest was the bitterness with which a man born to a title without wealth uttered the wish that his father had been a substantial miller!

It may be said that this position is a great spur to exertion, as prompting the effort to make good the pretensions which accompany it. Many, however, who feel this stimulus are deficient in the ability or opportunity which are both necessary for success in the battle of life.

Hence their very exertions, being constantly baffled, only add the vexations of disappointment to the original discomforts of their position.

The miseries of this position are of a kind that admit not of the anodyne of pity, for pity is partly contempt, and contempt is the very treatment which most galls them. For their own peace of mind, persons in fallen circumstances must learn a difficult lesson of life, to forget their antecedents, while retaining their original refinement of feeling and habits; for gentility is only "old wealth."

It has been well said that it is bad for a state to have in it too many gentlemen, that is, many poor gentlemen. These are the discontented spirits that make revolutions, and are the fitting materials of faction with all its intrigues for place and emolument.

CAUTIOUS ADVICE.

It is always the safer course to prophesy failure and dissuade from attempts which incur risk; so that nothing will be done if such advice be followed. More evils probably ensue from timidity than from rashness, in the battle of life. Dissuasion from enterprises of some peril is often prompted by a timid avoidance of responsibility, instead of by honest interest in the welfare of the person dissuaded. The caution of such advisers is on their own account, not on their friend's.

MODERN PROGRESS.

It is astonishing how much better social life is understood in these days than it was before—its relations, its duties, its proprieties, its capabilities, its exigencies, its expedients.

CIVILISATION.

Civilisation chiefly consists in restraining men from venting their malevolent passions upon each other; its object is mutual peace, its motive individual security. This is its negative part. In its positive aspect, it consists in the arts by which men aid each other and please each other. Individual advantage, both negative and positive, and individual pleasure, are its motives.

SENSITIVENESS.

Sensitiveness is much despised and blamed in the world. It may, indeed, be carried to excess; but its evil is chiefly to the possessor of it. How can amiability and affectionateness of disposition exist without it? A man, whom in popular language we term "a brute," is *not* sensitive!

THE POWER OF A LOOK.

Many a single look has inspired in the beholder love, friendship, hatred, fear, hope, envy, jealousy, disgust. Many a time by a single look you have gained a friend or made an enemy!

SYMPATHY NECESSARILY RARE.

How seldom, when we are cheerful, do we find others so! How often, when others are cheerful, are we depressed! What an obstruction is thus necessarily presented to the free communion of mind!

SMALL ANNOYANCES.

How many serious annoyances meet us in life, which yet, if we were to mention them, would appear to others too trifling for mention!

MALIGNITY.

As flies fasten on the sore of an animal and increase his pain, so do malignant people on the faults, the weaknesses, the misfortunes of others, and aggravate their vexations.

EFFECT OF LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS ON THE MIND.

A good example of the force of such associations is suggested in these words from Motley the historian: "We supped with some of the leading citizens of the gehenna, or torture-room, certainly not a locality calculated to inspire a healthy appetite." Similarly this law of local association is violated by tea-parties in chapels and divine worship in theatres! Few men have sufficient power of abstraction to rid their minds of the thoughts which particular places excite. In other words, few men are in this respect

Puritans or Quakers. The purpose of an assembly is aided when the thoughts suggested by the place of the assembly are in harmony with that purpose.

SHREWDNESS AND GOODNESS.

Shrewdness does not appear a very enviable quality. It is not cleverness, and seems to be allied to cunning, and to be somewhat alien from warmth of heart. Is it a true observation, or a mere fancy, that shrewd men, if good men, are a little *odd* in their character? If this remark be correct, it is an argument that in shrewdness there is something antagonistic to goodness.

THE WORLD AND ITS FOLLOWERS.

It is a trite remark, how ill the world treats its votaries. Its favours are but little in proportion to compliance with its ordinances. For example, the young, who mostly closely comply with them, often earn the title of "prigs," and the old of being "crafty" and "blasé." They do as they are told by the world, and are despised by it for their pains.

DIFFIDENCE OF THE LEARNED.

How is it that the learned are more commonly confounded when they come among the rich and ignorant, than the rich and ignorant lose confidence in the society of the learned?

DUPLICITY CONFIDENTIAL.

It is not uncommon with insincere people, in their dealings with others, to attempt to overreach them by placing themselves at their mercy. So acted Louis XI. to his rival the Duke of Burgundy in going to Peronne; so, I fear, did Charles I. in allowing the Long Parliament to pass the bill for its perpetual session. In both these cases, however, the policy signally failed, for the opposite party in each case took full advantage of the unwise reliance which had been placed upon it. Often a knave, in dealing with another man, will leave the matter in dispute to the honour, or pity, or complaisance of the other party, and in this way gain his point. A man of insincerity and duplicity is never more to be feared than when he is especially confidential, thus lulling your suspicions, perhaps even attracting your liking or sympathy, and so finding your weak side.

CUNNING.

It is wonderful that easily as cunning in all its forms can be detected, it should so often be employed, and even employed with

success ; especially as when a man has once been detected in using any artifice, his whole character is thoroughly seen through by all who are cognizant of the detection. And cunning people are always especially sharp-sighted in detecting the cunning of others ; for they judge by their own methods. It seems as if people often suffer themselves to be deceived with their eyes open. They seem to be flattered by the trouble taken to gain them over. The satirical Butler even ventures the assertion,

'Tis sure the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.

Cunning is very often the weapon of weakness, as in Orientals. So of falsehood generally. So, too, says Bacon, "Envy is proud weakness." It is the feeling of weakness that often makes women and old men tenacious of money. So much is weakness an occasion of vice.

INJUSTICE.

So many are the *minor* sorts of injustice committed in common life, that it seems almost impossible to recount them. This fact seems too obvious to mention, and yet it does much to embitter common life and to alienate heart from heart.

SOCIAL ESTIMATION.

There are two professions which, when worthily exercised, enjoy far less consideration than their nature and importance deserve ; I mean that of the medical man, and that of the master of youth. The well-qualified medical man has gone through a laborious and painful apprenticeship ; lives, if in regular practice, a very busy, anxious, and interrupted life, early and late, by night as well as by day ; confers benefits of the highest and most sensible kinds, mitigation of pain, restoration of powers, prolongation of life ; and yet, comparatively, he is less esteemed in society than a money-dealer, a stock-jobber, or a leading brewer ; and, in most instances, is but slenderly remunerated. A schoolmaster, again, if well qualified for his profession, has fine qualities of head and heart, has been laboriously trained and lives a laborious life, while his profession is directed to the most important ends ; yet he is often ridiculed and called a pedagogue. The cause of this unequal distribution of consideration and reward, deserves investigation. Perhaps the fault rests not wholly upon society, but is partly to be ascribed to the intrusion of unworthy members into these professions. The educational profession would be raised in dignity if some public credentials were obligatory on its members. But for this obligation, the medical profession would enjoy even far less social consideration than it has already.

CARLYLE AND DISRAELI.

I.

OF all men now living, the two whose biographies we should like most to have the charge of writing are Thomas Carlyle and Benjamin Disraeli. This may seem a strange, not to say an eccentric confession. And what would the Chelsea sage say to such a conjunction? He would forbid the banns, and pronounce the alliance unholy. We speak, however, in sober earnest. Strangers frequently perceive likenesses between members of the same family, of which the family themselves and their friends appear to be unconscious; we hold that Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Disraeli are shoots from the same stock, the stock of essentially great men, and we detect a strong family likeness between them, in spite of certain shades of difference in individual features. Nor can we think the resemblance fanciful. Let us compare the men for a moment; "look on this picture, and on that." Sincerity, according to Mr. Carlyle, is the fundamental element of genius; in this we entirely agree, and we might very well point to himself as an illustration of his proposition. We are aware that Mr. Carlyle would utterly scout the idea of Mr. Disraeli's sincerity—indeed, he has actually stigmatised him as "a conscious hypocrite." Every man is a phenomenon, and the greater the man the greater the phenomenon. With all Mr. Carlyle's wondrous faculty for piercing the secrets of human conduct, for getting at the "hidden man of the heart"—and we acknowledge that it amounts almost to an instinct—we think he has entirely failed to comprehend Mr. Disraeli; the ex-premier is a phenomenon which even his powerful telescope has not been able clearly and satisfactorily to explore. We believe—and it will take a vast amount of evidence to shake the conviction—that there is no more sincere man at this moment in the kingdom than Mr. Disraeli. Let Mr. Carlyle, or any other man, divesting his mind of every preconceived notion, studiously and impartially examine the written works and the political career of Mr. Disraeli, and he *must* come to that conclusion. Under much that *seems* artificial, theatrical, we can ever detect alike in his novels, in his speeches, in his political acts, purpose, earnestness, depth—the very children of sincerity.

Granted, then, that they are both men of undoubted sincerity, is there not in the general character of the genius of both a striking similarity? Which, out of all the varied and multifarious qualities that compose Mr. Carlyle's mind, are those that

represent that mind the most emphatically? First, its individuality, and secondly, its versatility. Would not any fair-judging person at once hit upon the same words as descriptive of Mr. Disraeli? Yet the same person would probably ignore the notion of kinship between the two minds. In respect to the individuality, that may be very plainly seen in the style of each writer; neither of them are mannerists; whatever Mr. Carlyle writes or utters is stamped with the man Carlyle; whatever Mr. Disraeli writes or utters is stamped with the man Disraeli; the style of each is as individual as is that of Sterne. In respect to the many-sidedness, the versatility, one has but to consider the number of intellectual faculties employed in turn by each of the men in question to gain some idea of it. Mr. Carlyle is first of all a profound thinker, perhaps the profoundest in Europe since Goethe died; witness "*Sartor*," and "*Chartism, Past and Present*." And so, in spite of what some prejudiced or unintelligent persons say to the contrary, do we maintain Mr. Disraeli to be a deep thinker. There are scattered everywhere throughout his works thoughts every way worthy of Carlyle; as wide-stretching, as deep-reaching, in some cases almost identical in character with those of Carlyle himself.

The unique thing about the men as regards their thinking faculty is this: Mr. Carlyle, though living in thought and not in action, has never sunk into the mere abstract theorist or unpractical speculator; Mr. Disraeli, though living constantly in action, has never been a hasty nor a shallow thinker. What has the latter's life been but the result of a series of thoughts, and of thoughts neither mean nor commonplace? And then, as to the particular colour of their thoughts, Mr. Carlyle's we know are invariably pervaded by the deepest religious hue; many, very many, we say, of Mr. Disraeli's are of the same complexion. All things here are seen by Mr. Carlyle mirrored in eternity; an awful and unutterable sense of the spiritual world fills him; in everything he writes the realised presence of the Divinity is manifest. What is more often in his mouth than the words of a greater than Carlyle, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of?" He lifts up his voice with all the fire of a Hebrew prophet against materialistic and mechanical theories of the world; the world is not a steam-engine; man is not a digesting machine; a Divine Idea lies under Appearance.

Mr. Disraeli's fate has been to move amid the artificial and the superficial—in short, amid a series of mere appearances, and this may give a certain semblance of flippancy to much that he writes and does. But who cannot recognise the deep religious undertone? What is it that inspires that strong and courageous faith

in the sacredness and in the destinies of the Jewish race? What was it that inspired that noble vindication of the ancient people in the "Life of Lord George Bentinck?" What is at the root of most of his political novels? And even in individual passages of those novels is there not abundant evidence that Mr. Disraeli as well as Mr. Carlyle has heard and listened to the "Divine melodies?"

Many must recollect that passage in "Venetia" which describes the reconciliation of Lady Herbert and her daughter; we know of no more simple and beautiful illustration of the practice of Christian faith. And in the volumes before us, although it is not always lawful to interpret the sentiments of one of the *dramatis personæ* as the sentiments of the author, we cannot help the conviction that the sympathies of Mr. Disraeli himself go with the words of Paraclete, which at least imply a hearty and adoring recognition of the Divine founder of our religion: "So I am content to dwell in Galilee and trace the footsteps of my Divine master; musing over His life and pregnant sayings amid the mounts He sanctified and the waters He loved so well."

Depend upon it, the "Divine Idea underlying Appearance" is no stranger to Mr. Disraeli, but part and parcel of his convictions. To a man with Mr. Carlyle's severe simplicity of taste, there is one side of Mr. Disraeli's nature which must always be a rock of offence, and that is the æsthetical side. Mr. Disraeli's taste is wonderfully catholic in its sympathies; it revels alike in the sublime and beautiful, and in the ornamental; it delights in the majesty of the moral and the intellectual worlds, but it delights also in the pomp and pride of material splendour; it appreciates a thunderstorm in the Alps and the silk hangings of a saloon.

This is not the taste of a jeweller nor of a milliner, but the taste of a philosopher who recognises the claims of the ornamental to contribute to the sum of human happiness. Part of it is owing to the circumstances of Mr. Disraeli's life. He has moved in the midst of ornament, he has associated with ornamental lives, he has breathed, if we may so speak, an ornamental atmosphere. But it is quite compatible, as far as we can see, with depth and earnestness of nature. A man's destiny is generally adapted to his idiosyncrasies; it seems to have been pre-eminently so in Mr. Disraeli's case. He was exactly fitted for his part in life, and the part was fitted for him; he has adorned the sphere in which he has moved. Given a man of radically sound nature, will any combination of external circumstances really affect him? When Burns was fêted at Edinburgh, he moved a noble among nobles, and handed down duchesses as if he had been accustomed to it all his life. The *man* Burns was the man Burns at the plough or in the draw-

ing-room. Mr. Carlyle draws attention to this. Did it never strike him that the very same thing might apply to Mr. Disraeli in connexion with the curious and varied tenor of his life? But, indeed, Mr. Carlyle has here a feature in common with Mr. Disraeli; he is not entirely insensible to some of the smaller embellishments of life; he praises the aristocracy for their polished manners, he admires the grace and refinement of beautiful women. Is Mr. Carlyle a poet? Who dare deny it? What is the "French Revolution" but an epic poem? What is the splendid apostrophe to Marie Antoinette, beginning, "Beautiful high-born," but a burst of poetical prose, unequalled, perhaps, since the time of the Hebrew prophets! When he exclaims, "This is beautiful to me, like sunshine on the deep sea," does not the poet-soul articulately speak?

So is Mr. Disraeli by nature a poet. There is not a work he has written but is instinct with poetic beauty. And, comparing more closely this feature of the two men, do we not find a marked affinity between them in the elements that go to make up the poetic nature?—a like tenderness and gentleness, a like catholicity of sympathy, a like humanity, a like reverence, a like rapturous joy in beauty celestial and terrestrial. Both are philosophers, with that magical insight which a philosophical faculty of such sterling quality as theirs always bestows. Patient investigators will find here, too, a striking similarity in the *expression* of the common feature. Speaking of Coningsby leaving Eton, Mr. Disraeli says: "And now the hour has come when this youth is to be launched into a world more vast than that in which he has hitherto sojourned, yet for which this microcosm has been no ill preparation. He will become more wise; will he remain as generous? His ambition may be as great; will it be as noble? What, indeed, is to be the future of this existence that is now to be sent forth into the great aggregate of entities? Is it an ordinary organisation that will jostle among the crowd and be jostled? Is it a finer temperament, susceptible of receiving the impressions and imbibing the inspirations of superior yet sympathising spirits? Or is it a primordial and creative mind—one that will say to his fellows, 'Behold, God has given me thought; I have discovered truth, and you shall believe?'" What is at the root of this piece of philosophical reflection but a conviction of the worthlessness of Appearance as compared with the supreme importance of the spirit that is in man? Note particularly both the turn of the reflection and the turn of the expression of the reflection in that last sentence. It is curious, also, to observe the points of similarity in what we may term the *lines* of the face—the mental idiosyncrasies. How Mr. Carlyle inveighs against

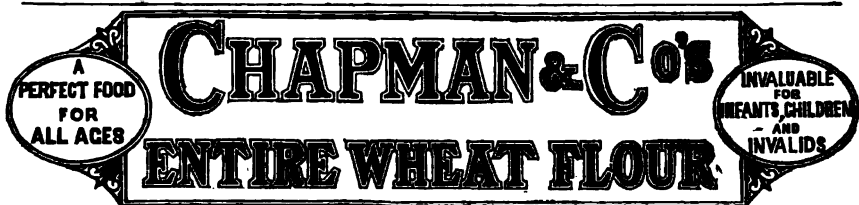
those who unduly magnify the importance of mere academical knowledge! The "gerund-grinders," as he calls them, are constantly moving his spleen; he pours upon them the hottest vials of his scornful wrath. So likewise Mr. Disraeli in "Contarini Fleming." At the school to which Contarini goes they are crammed with words, with names, but learn no ideas. Anything that looks like a mere pedant, anything that savours of the mere doctrinaire, exasperates Mr. Carlyle to a pitch of madness; he loses all patience with a self-sufficient savant like Neckar. And Mr. Disraeli, does he not everywhere scatter fierce contempt upon bumptious mediocrity, upon that conceited and opinionated impotence which, with some silly people, too often passes for the perfection of wisdom?

We might go on *ad infinitum* comparing the characteristics of these two—the sage of the day and the statesman of the day—but we think we have done enough to show that there is not that wide disparity between them that some people might imagine, and that one of themselves would almost certainly avow.

To sum up, we find in both the same masculine vigour of intellect, the same healthiness, the same completeness; in both a piercing precision of mental vision; in both, in short, that rare and wondrous faculty by which those who possess it seem to reach conclusions, not, as in the case of the average thinker by a laborious process of ratiocination, but, as it were, by the aid of some burning intuition.

We wonder how it will be when these children of the light meet in the Elysian Fields? We like to think of them with no veil of misconception on the eyes of either, but as recognising fully and delightfully that which is great in each, and so, sitting

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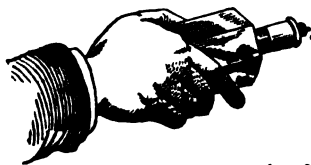
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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. CXLVII.]

AUGUST, 1870.

[NO. DXCVI.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN

XXVI.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY MARY OFFENBACH.

EXTRACT from the note-book of the Single Sisters' House at Oak Brook, kept by Sister Offenbach.

The charge which was laid upon us in respect of Priscilla Lawford proved to be a heavier one than we foreboded, for after the first few weeks of her stay amongst us, we failed not to gain confidence in her, as has already been stated, by reason of the readiness with which she fell into our ways, and of the fine qualities which we discerned in her; she gave, indeed, certain indications of an unsubdued love for created objects, but these we passed over, believing her to be in better hands than ours, and being assured, by her ready conformity to our mode of life, that a good work was begun in her, which would in time be carried on to full perfection. Our hope has been fulfilled, but only after long struggles and manifold disappointments.

All things went well, or at the least better than we had dared to hope, until the time came when it was fitting and needful for Priscilla to enter the Lot, her parents having plainly intimated to us that such a course would be in accordance with their desires, and we having once more cause to admire the wise foresight of the Church, who uses the unnatural dislikes of the world for her own benefit, and finds many a true and laborious worker among those who are cast away by the spite of relatives, or disowned by them perchance, with shame and loathing. We hoped that, with very little trouble and persuasion, Priscilla might become a fitting helpmeet for some devoted labourer in the great vineyard, but when, with all our usual caution, and by reason of her own expressed wish to serve the Church, the question was proposed to her, we found that she shrank from the idea of marriage, although she professed her willingness to consecrate herself to the Church

by devoting herself to a single life, and by accepting the work that should thus be portioned out to her. We endeavoured to impress upon her mind the fact that in serving the Church she must give up all her own preconceived desires, and that her services were most needed in the capacity already pointed out to her; also, that such do make a great and deplorable mistake as suppose that they can follow their own sinful wills and fancies, while pretending to dedicate themselves to the Church's work.

These arguments, and others yet more convincing, being presently backed by the advice of her father (on whom she appeared to place a reliance for which we could in nowise account, considering his manifest desire to be rid of her), she did consent to enter the Lot, though with so many misgivings that our own hearts would have failed also had they not been supported by faith and hope. After she had been persuaded to give up her own wishes and to enter the Lot (wives for missionaries with such qualities as hers being in greater demand than unmarried workers), there ensued a brief interval of peace, which we were fain to interpret as a sign that with Priscilla all difficulties were now over, and that she was prepared to give up her own vain wishes and earthly desires, and to devote herself wholly to a life of faith and obedience. Matters were so overruled, that one of our young brethren, of singular acquirements and distinguished piety, received his call shortly afterwards, and being obliged by our rules to marry, he felt it right to enter the Lot instead of allowing himself to form any selfish and unauthorised preference, and Priscilla Lawford was awarded to him by the Lot, as the wife whom Heaven had selected to bless and aid him in his work. His wish was to be made useful in any place or in any capacity; he seemed, indeed, to be actuated by the true Herrnhutter spirit, and to have no wish of his own except the one great wish to be used as an instrument in the hands of Holy Church, to do her bidding, and to further her work upon earth.

When Priscilla found that she had been so quickly taken at her word, the word that we had with so much trouble obtained from her, she fell into a state of utter despondency, that was only varied by attempts to depart from the solemn vow under which she was bound to abide by the decision of the Lot. It was, indeed, a most anxious time for us, for a day scarcely passed without our apprehending that Priscilla would fall ill from the effects of nervous excitement and mental suffering, or that she would be so misguided as to take some desperate step, to free herself from the consequences of her vow. Too well we knew the cause of her sad estrangement from the straight and narrow path of Christian duty and obedience, too surely we recognised the disease that clouds

and hinders the usefulness of so many young and promising beginners, that excessive and unauthorised love for some created object, which obscures the spiritual perceptions, and steals away the heart from heavenly aspirations. We thought it wiser not to speak to Priscilla of the sad lapse from duty which we could not but observe in her, but to pass it over as much as possible, and to assume that she was willing to abide by her vow, which, indeed, could not be broken without incurring a dreadful weight of guilt, and inflicting dishonour on our Church and institutions. Once she made an appeal to me, which my own weakness and human infirmity almost persuaded me to listen to, in spite of clearer light and fuller knowledge; but while I confess this mental departure from duty, I may also record the fact that I was enabled almost instantly to triumph over my own weakness, and to remind Priscilla that in the earnest and unselfish performance of our duty we find true and abiding happiness. I cheered and comforted her as much as possible, feeling that words were given me, almost without any effort of my own, for the occasion was, indeed, a critical one, and great discredit would have fallen on our Church had Priscilla broken her vows and fled from beneath our roof.

We felt thankful when we found that with very little delay the marriage would take place; and although we knew that Priscilla had written to her father to beg him to assist her in escaping from it, we felt little uneasiness on that account, being well assured that Mr. Lawford had sent her to us with the intention of permanently ridding himself of her and of her claims upon him. We were indeed saddened when we reflected that Priscilla, with all her good and sterling qualities, had profited so little by the means of grace which have here been vouchsafed to her, as to desire to escape from our Church's light and easy yoke; but we did not allow ourselves to be discouraged, knowing that this was but a trial of our faith, which would work patience, and from which we might gather many lessons bearing upon the experience of the future. With some misgivings, which we would not allow to appear, we summoned Priscilla to the interview with her future husband, which our Church considerately permits in every case, trusting to the sympathies produced by a Herrnhutter training and education, and to the one great desire which should be paramount in both hearts, to serve the Church, and to extend her sway upon earth. And here I am obliged to say that the language and demeanour of Brother Ludwig did not inspire me with confidence or with Christian affection towards him, for in the first place I did not consider him free from self-seeking and self-glorification, and in the next I did esteem his views narrow and wanting in catholicity. But I did not permit myself to criticise one who thus early in life

has been enabled to offer up his entire being to the Church's work, and whose faults are doubtless those of youth, and will disappear with time, while his good qualities will continue to shine more and more brightly unto the perfect day.

It happened that another sister was to meet her destined husband on the same occasion, and I regret to have to record the fact that a most unseemly mistake was made by her, partly due to her own forwardness in singling out Brother Ludwig as the husband assigned to her by the Lot. This matter was of course explained and remedied, but when I saw the pleasure and readiness with which another would have accepted Brother Ludwig, I felt all the more grieved at the extreme perverseness with which Priscilla persisted in avoiding any friendly speech with him. The occasion was a most painful one to me, and I felt really thankful when our party was broken up by the bell for evening service. My mind being thus perturbed by divers anxieties, I felt, as it were, a craving for solitude; so, instead of venturing into God's immediate presence, I resolved, in the privacy of my own room, to endeavour to cast my care on Him who careth for us all. The service must have been about half over when the postman's knock summoned me to the door, for, with the exception of myself, all the inmates of the Sisters' House were in the chapel. The letter was addressed to me, and was from Mr. Lawford, and the contents were these:

"DEAR MADAM,—I have received a letter from Priscilla, in which she tells me that, after having promised conformity to your excellent rules and regulations, she desires to break these solemn engagements, and to free herself from vows that she has voluntarily undertaken. I feel, as every right-minded person must do, that a promise deliberately made is absolutely binding, and that Priscilla would indeed be doing wrong if any passing whim or fancy led her to break her word, or in any degree to evade it. Oblige me by impressing my sentiments upon her, and believe me, with many thanks for the great kindness which she has received from you,

"Faithfully yours,

"JOHN LAWFORD."

I felt as if this letter would be an added weapon in my hands to keep Priscilla in the narrow path of duty, but at the same time I could not but be aware that it was written in a heartless and unsympathising spirit. And once more I paused to admire the kindly wisdom of our Church, who moulds to her own good uses the evils of this world. I tried to calm my spirit by these reflections, and soon I knew by the sound of returning feet that the

evening service was over, and without allowing myself the interval of delay for which my heart was weakly craving, I sent a message to Priscilla, requesting her presence at once in my room.

I had not yet lighted a candle, not liking to shut out the splendours of the moon, which being full and newly risen from above a mass of cloud-peaks, did so glorify the summer night that the watching soul could well nigh gain a glimpse of the vision that shone above the shore of Patmos. Looking back into the past I remembered how often I had been obliged to shut out the refulgence of a moonlit night, which did once inspire me with memories of unsanctified affection; whereas I am now enabled to look forward to heaven, instead of looking backward to the vain delights of earth, through those pure rays of light. As Priscilla entered the room and passed into the moonlight, I failed not to breathe a prayer that upon her also the same change might presently fall, that her soul might become purified from the dross of an earthly and idolatrous affection, and that all the force of her nature might become centred in the one desire to serve the Church, and to spend and be spent for its glory.

I felt a sharp pang of pity as I looked at her, for her face was white even to ghastliness with the eagerness of her expectation, and her lips seemed unable to frame the question that yet did tremble upon them. It was more merciful to put an end to her suspense, and I lighted the little taper used for sealing letters, and placed it by her side with Mr. Lawford's note. She took it at first with averted eyes, as fearing to know her fate, and then there came a look into her face that frightened me, as if she were forcing herself to behold something that might kill her. Again a little while, and for a moment I did indeed fear that it had killed her, for her face in that uncertain light was as the face of a corpse, and her hand stiffened upon the paper that she held. Just for one moment I felt that possibly the only solution of our difficulty had been sent, and that I should be called upon to be thankful for the removal of one who (though personally dear to me) might have lived to bring discredit upon our institutions, divinely appointed though they be. This thought had but flitted through my mind when Priscilla stood suddenly upon her feet before me. I could not now see her face, but her voice when she spoke was as the voice of one unknown to me.

"I had a pain just now at my heart," she said; "but it is over, and I am well again. Yes, this must be. I will keep this letter and answer it. Yes, let *me* answer it, please. But first I will do everything you wish to-night. Shall I retire to the dormitory now, or would you like me to see Mr. Ludwig again? It shall be as you wish."

I could not but be amazed at this concession from Priscilla. Our rules require one preliminary interview between the contracting parties whose destinies have been united by the decision of the Lot; but although there is a rule enjoining a second interview on the same day, it has so far fallen into disuse that its observance depends upon the wish of the sister, who either asks for the second meeting, or declines it. This is a matter upon which the Holy Synod will probably legislate the next time it shall convene, and in the present uncertain state of the rule, I was greatly surprised and pleased to find that Priscilla submitted the matter to my decision, instead of using the right given her by custom, and electing for herself. My first feeling was that something ominous must underlie this wonderful readiness to submit to a yoke which but now did seem so heavy that she well-nigh sank beneath it, even in my very sight. And then I blamed myself for want of faith in the power by which the miracles of old were wrought, and by which the hard hearts of modern time are softened and subdued. And remonstrating thus with myself, I sought out tender words and phrases in which to tell her that her sacrifice was accepted, and that a messenger to the Congregation Inn should summon Mr. Ludwig to see her again, and to make further progress in her affections.

XXVII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY LOUIS LUDWIG.

My first interview with Priscilla Lawford took place in the Single Sisters' House at Oak Brook, in the presence of the superior and of two other persons, whose lives are to be united, like mine and Priscilla's, by the decision of the Lot. Priscilla naturally engaged a considerable share of my attention, but not more, I hope, than I was justified by the circumstances in giving to a mere earthly object, and one who, as a woman, must take a low rank in the service of the Church. Priscilla did not, upon the whole, impress me unfavourably, and I preferred her to the two other females who were present, in the elder of whom I recognised a great want of the humility which should adorn a Christian, and even a tendency to treat with lightness some of the most established axioms of our faith and practice, as if these things could be spoken of too often, or insisted upon with too great plainness. Priscilla, on the contrary, received with meekness the observations which I addressed to her, and though I felt that it is not right to be too hopeful of any satisfaction from an earthly source, I yet allowed myself to look forward with some degree of pleasure to

the task of moulding and directing this feeble spirit in the interval of more serious labours. The other sister, who on the same occasion met for the first time the husband who had been assigned to her by the Divine Will, showed some degree of merely human affection towards him—a fault of which Priscilla cannot with justice be accused. And this sister possessed the great snare of a face that is pleasing to the eye, while Priscilla's appearance, as far as it is fitting for me to judge, is marked by an entire absence of anything that worldly people would call beauty; so, upon the whole, I felt that the Lot had done well, and I would not allow myself to think that had it decreed a single life for me it would have done better still.

I then attended the evening service at Oak Brook, and here I am sorry to be obliged to say that certain abuses have been suffered to creep into the form of worship there retained, which has thus lost much of its pure and scriptural character. Among other sad departures from our ancient rule, I observed that interludes of a light and frivolous character were played upon the organ between the verses of the hymns; that the exhortation was exceedingly short, and scarcely contained any reference to doctrinal subjects; and, worse than all, that the singing is in parts instead of being in unison, which of course must necessitate a great deal of practising, and so must give rise to meetings between the young men and maidens of the congregation, whereby it is only too probable that unhallowed attachments may spring up, not sanctioned by the Lot, and growing out of the sinful preferences of the unregenerate mind. I took careful notes of these evils, and was debating in my own mind as to the best method of fulfilling the duty which I felt to be imperative, of entering a firm protest against them, when I received a message from the superior of the Sisters' House, requesting me to repair thither, for the purpose of holding a second interview with Priscilla. I was surprised to find that this was required of me, especially after evening service, when it is so peculiarly desirable that the religious calm of the mind should be undisturbed by the cares and vexations of earth; but on referring to my book of rules, I found one which recommends and even enjoins a second meeting upon the same day, so that I quelled my rising discontent, and prepared cheerfully to obey the summons.

I found Priscilla in the private room of the superior, the windows of which were but then being closed, and the candles lighted, though there could have been no light for some time save the unprofitable shining of the moon, which does not sufficiently illumine the darkness to permit the doing of any useful work. From Priscilla's attitude, however, I judged that she might have

been engaged in pious meditation, which is of itself most profitable if it be seriously undertaken at stated hours, and so I expressed to her my wish not to call away her attention from the things of heaven to those of earth, but to join her in silent contemplation of my duties here and my hopes hereafter. She smiled as one might do whose thoughts are far away, but presently made answer that she was ready to obey my wishes in all things, and then relapsed into her former position, concealing her face with the hand that she leaned upon. The superior now asked me if I had been pleased with the evening service, to which I replied by pointing out the numerous defects that I had remarked in it; whereupon her countenance darkened, while she reminded me of the age and eminence of the warden of Oak Brook Settlement and congregation. I answered her, I trust, with entire temperance, pointing out the fact that in Scripture history the most aged saints were oftentimes the most ready to fall into supineness, neglect, and self-confidence, and that it was from the younger ones that revivals of the ancient spirit of religion most commonly proceeded. I thought her manner and way of speaking to me very much what might be expected from one who, as a woman, could only judge imperfectly of higher matters, and was yet wanting in the wholesome sense of her own inferiority. Priscilla scarcely spoke, but at my leaving she offered me her hand, which, not well knowing what to do with it, I laid upon the cushion of an easy-chair close by, the superior, meanwhile, regarding my embarrassment, but not offering me any help. Something was said about Priscilla, that she was fatigued, and should now retire, to which she replied that a letter must first be written, or words to that effect.

Three days afterwards the marriage took place, and I endeavoured to fill up the interval by works of piety and of Christian love, pointing out to the members of the congregation the various abuses that had grown from small to great under their very eyes, and had so escaped their observation, but gaining scarce any thanks from them—a matter which I did not allow to trouble me, or rather which I took as a sign that my work was a heavenly one, since it excited the rancours and jealousies of the human heart.

I did not again see Priscilla until the morning of the marriage, when she met me in the chapel, dressed in white apparel, and with a whiteness of face that I remarked at once, though I am unused to notice such things; it led me to hope that the days just passed had been spent by her in prayer and fasting, exercises in which women can more frequently indulge, inasmuch as they can do but little serious and active work for the service of the Church. The ceremony was decorously performed, and two other persons were united in marriage at the same time—those of whom I have

already spoken as having first met each other when I first met Priscilla. The concluding words had no sooner been uttered than the other bride received upon her cheek a kiss from her newly-made husband, the slight sound whereof reached me before I had noticed the exact manner in which this sign of affection is given, for to my knowledge I never gave or received a kiss, or witnessed the bestowal of one before. I saw, however, that it was expected of me to salute Priscilla in the same way, and accordingly I tried to produce the sound, but not succeeding with any great exactness, did see a smile of amusement (despite the unsuitable time and place), on the face of the superior of the Oak Brook Sisters' House!

Immediately after the ceremony, a special messenger arrived from Herrnhut, bearing with him the name of the place in which I had been appointed by the Lot to live and to labour; I had fully expected that a foreign locality would have been assigned to me, but to my surprise the paper contained the word Welminster, which is, as I knew, a cathedral town in one of the southern counties of England. A letter which accompanied the mandate informed me that at our settlement in Welminster some of the services are in the German tongue, by desire of several of the members, who are Germans, and who love the sound of their native language, so that the appropriateness of my call is at once apparent.

I endeavoured to explain this to Priscilla, but she having also it seems expected a call to some distant land, and having been so misguided as to set her mind upon it, instead of leaving this matter in higher hands, did suddenly give way to foolish and violent lamentations, endangering thereby the good opinion that I was, perhaps, too ready to form of her. And to such an excess did she carry this sinful repining against the wise decrees of Providence, that instead of being able to proceed at once to Welminster she was obliged to be taken back to the Sisters' House, there to be placed for some hours under the care of her former associates.

I resigned myself to this trial, feeling that it was no doubt sent for some wise purpose, and employed myself in forming plans for subduing my wife's unsanctified will, and for helping her to bring her carnal nature into some degree of subjection. And in the course of the afternoon we left Oak Brook on our way to Welminster.

XXVIII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY DAVID STONE.

WITH the prospect of a journey to be undertaken in Priscilla's interests, of something actually to be done for her, there came a sense of rest and great relief from that hardest trial of all that compels us to wait in utter inactivity. Still, I could in no wise realise to myself the idea that I should soon see Priscilla, soon speak with her, and read in her face and manner the reflected cares or pleasures of the past few months. No, it would not come to me; it hovered on the border-land where hope and fancy strive to blend with the realities of life, but it would not come down and take its place among them. I strove to picture to myself the wonder with which Priscilla would hear my story, the luminous light that would come into her eyes, and would tell me all I longed to know; as well might I have striven to realise the presence beside me, in my dingy little room, of one of those sun-streaked clouds that floated overhead against the blue of heaven. And a warning chill fell upon my heart when I found that I could not make the dream real, that it *would* stand in dreamland still.

With a feeling that was almost superstitious I fulfilled every engagement, and tried to repair every sin of omission before I set out upon this journey, so that the time thus spent might be taken from no duty left unfulfilled at home. I even put it off for a little while when everything was ready, with some idea that I cannot quite define, almost like a desire to enjoy the feeling of hope while hope was left to me, instead of putting it to the test before which it might vanish quite away. At last I grew ashamed of this indecision, and I set out upon the journey to Leicestershire.

Autumn was getting ready again to light up the evening of the year, but scarcely a touch of visible decay had fallen upon the fulness of summer's beauty, and one pleasant picture after another seemed to glide past me, and to melt into the misty distance, as the train hurried on through the dimpled valleys and past the wooded hills of midland England. A pause at a noisy, resounding railway station, a little way further in another train, and then I was standing within a short distance of the village of Oak Brook. It is a quaint little place, with one straggling street that winds round the base of a hill, on the summit of which the Herrnhutter settlement stands. I ascended the hill, and looked at the substantial buildings before me, spreading out to the right and left of a handsome church or chapel in the centre, and wondered

which of them might be the convent where Priscilla was to be found.

Still doubting and wondering, I heard a step at a little distance behind me, and I turned round with a sudden thrill of hope that was almost fear. But it was not Priscilla, but a lame girl, walking with the help of crutches, and looking at me as one looks who is not accustomed to the presence of strangers. I went up to her and asked her to show me the convent, and she pointed out a large house on the right of the settlement, requesting me to knock at the door and to ask for the superior, if I had any business there. Apparently, she had business there herself, or possibly she may be an inmate of the convent, for she followed me slowly, and stood beside me at the door by the time my knock was answered. Oddly enough, a young woman with only one arm, but with a very sweet expression of face, came to the door to admit me, and I looked from one unfortunate to the other with an idea that this grouping together of mischances or infirmities meant something, I could not tell what.

I was told that the superior was at home, and disengaged, and was shown into a cozy up-stairs room, where I found her occupied, apparently, in sorting and arranging some wonderful specimens of needlework, that looked to me like cobwebs woven in a fairy loom; but she handled them boldly, without seeming to fear that the slender fabric would give way and disappear beneath her touch. She is a nice-looking old lady, with a finely-shaped head and a kind and thoughtful face, the face of one who has suffered and has resigned.

I took unconscious note of all this, through the mist of anxious expectation that had fallen on me; looking back to it now I see how very little of hope was mingled with the eager looking forward and on-reaching of my mind. I had come to a crisis, but somehow it promised me no happy ending; I felt like one about to touch some bright and airy fabric, that would vanish, bubble-like, beneath his hand. No sweet consciousness of Priscilla's near presence fell upon me; I heard voices not far off, but I did not even try to disentangle hers from among them. I asked if Miss Lawford were living in that house.

"She lived here till very lately," the old lady answered, "but she is not here now."

"Will you be so kind as to tell me where she may be found?" I asked next.

She hesitated, and then parried my question by another.

"Perhaps you will first tell me your reason for wishing to find her, because we never feel that our responsibility quite ceases towards those who have been at any time committed to our care, or towards their friends and parents."

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"I have some questions to ask her," I replied, "relating to business matters, and not of a nature to be communicated to any one except herself. Is her present address a secret?"

"No, not at all. But now that she belongs to us entirely, and has turned over a new page of life, it is much better that she should not be distracted from present duties by any associations arising from the past. We think this a wise rule in all cases, and it is especially applicable to this one."

Her answer set me thinking. If Priscilla belonged to these people entirely, she must have become a member of their Church; and the hint that there was something peculiar in her case seemed to bear upon the subject of my own conjectures. I distrusted from that moment the Herrnhutter convent, its principal, and its accessories. I felt as if a trap of some kind had closed round Priscilla, and I resolved to obtain either her present address, or a plain and absolute refusal to give it to me.

With this view I explained that my business with Miss Lawford related to legal matters, and that I would not detain or trouble the superior any longer if she preferred to withhold Miss Lawford's address. She evidently did not like distinctly to refuse it.

"Legal matters?" she repeated after me. "Are you a lawyer?"

I had given my name, and I now told her my profession, but she looked less satisfied still; her face is expressive, and I could almost see her counting up the points that seemed to tell against me. My age, or want of it, rather; the fact that I was seeking out Priscilla without any authority from her parents; that I would only tell my business to Priscilla herself; that it purported to be legal business, and therefore outside the sphere of my professional duties and obligations. After a few moments' pause she gave me her final answer.

"Miss Lawford no longer bears that name. She left us immediately after her marriage with an ordained member of our Church, so that she has now entered upon a new sphere of life, with new interests and duties. I am sure, therefore, that you cannot fail to see the wisdom of leaving her, at least for some time to come, quite untroubled by any cares or distractions that may arise from the circumstances of the past. Pray do not misunderstand me so far as to suppose that I wish to keep her present name and address a secret; the simple truth is, that just now I would rather not open a door of communication between herself and former friends, who may possibly bring disturbing influences into her new life before she has well taken root in it. I will give you her father's address, and from him you can learn anything respecting her that you may desire to know."

She dipped a pen into a small ink-bottle that stood upon the mantel-shelf, and wrote on a slip of paper, "John Lawford, Esq.,

Pebble Coombe, Surrey." Then she dried the slip, and offered it to me with a gracious smile.

I do not remember taking it, but I must have done so, for I found it afterwards crushed up in my hand. I had been holding it carefully for some time, without the least idea of what it was. I can only remember feeling that it would be quite useless to remain there longer, and then—the scene had changed somehow, and I was standing outside the convent without knowing how I got there. Some pause had taken place in my conscious life. I suppose I looked and spoke as usual, but it was only the outer case that could have looked or spoken.

The first object that I saw, or at least that I saw knowingly, outside the convent, was a little girl about eight years old, who was watering some flowers in the plot of garden-ground in front of the chapel. I was then sufficiently *awake* to take note of outward things, for I saw that the child's face was greatly disfigured by the scar of a deep burn, that covered nearly the whole of one cheek. All at once the idea struck me that from this little girl I might learn all I wanted to know. It was probable enough that the inmates of the convent would now be cautioned to answer no questions from strangers who might inquire for Priscilla Lawford, but as yet there had been no time for such an order to be given. I saw my chance, and seized it.

"Do you live here, my dear?" I asked the child.

"Yes; in the Sisters' House. And this is my garden, from there to there."

"Does Priscilla Lawford live in the Sisters' House too?"

"No; she did, but she married Mr. Ludwig, and went away."

"And where is she now?"

"At Welminster; that's where his call was to."

Ludwig! Welminster! How dismal was the knell that those two names rang in some dim corner of my weary and incredulous brain, as hour after hour passed slowly over, till that miserable day at last was ended.

XXIX.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY SARAH WILLIAMS.

I THOUGHT I was done with writing about Miss Lawford and all the trouble I had with her, but it seems I am to settle to it again, and to tell as much of my own life as she had to do with. After I had took her safe to the Single Sisters' House at Oak Brook, I went back to her dear mamma, and told her as miss had behaved very nice on the journey, and what I thought about the good *sisters*, that they would be sure to be kind to her, and

perhaps would get her in time to fall into their ways, which I couldn't deny was odd ways. I did tell Mrs. Lawford some of the things as I thought was most curious about them, such as having no prayers nor no discourses in their meetings, leastways, not in the one that I was at, which was nothing but playing and singing; for all the world like a concert I once went to at Exeter Hall, which they said was sacred, and might have been for anything. I could tell; but if you was to ask me whether I could feel that sitting there and listening to the songs and bellowings was equal to going to church and hearing a spiritual discourse, I should think as you took me for a fool, or was one yourself. But Mrs. Lawford said she was quite satisfied with these good people at Oak Brook and with all their ways, and Mr. Lawford turned it off very pretty, saying something about the services in heaven being all music, as far as we know anything about them, which is true enough, only we ain't in heaven yet, and perhaps their ways mightn't suit us if we tried 'em too soon. I know I should find wings very inconvenient now, and shouldn't know how to hook my gown over them; and as for them cherubs with nothing but heads and a frill of feathers, I'd rather never rise at all than turn into one of them, as can neither walk, nor lie, nor sit down, but must feel as if they was broke short off, and be always flying about to find the rest of themselves, and get joined on to something as they could walk with or sit down upon, like reasonable Christian beings.

Well, I stayed a few weeks with Mrs. Lawford, making up caps and dresses for her, for she began now to see a great deal of company, and seemingly there was loads of money spent on everything, more than there ever had been since I had known Mrs. Lawford, and ready money too. And a Captain Landgrave, that had taken a house at Pebble Coombe, was often coming to the Lawfords' place, and got money out of them for a new church as he was going to build in his kitchen-garden, or so folks say. And I hoped it would be a place where people could sit under an awakening ministry, and not hear about nothing but their morals, as is the case here too often.

What made me settle to leave Mrs. Lawford at last, instead of staying on and on, was a letter that I got from my cousin at Westminster, to say that she was in a bad way of health, and not likely to be much better at present, and would take it kind of me if I could stay with her for a little while, and look after the business, which is in the millinery and dressmaking line. She is a single woman, and older than me, and has got together a nice connexion in the way of business, which is a thing I never managed to do yet, and I thought that if she was to be called away by Providence, it would be a pity for all her endeavours to be wasted

through having no one of her own family to come after her. So I felt as if it was a kind of call to go and do for her, and I had always heard say as Welminster was a nice quiet place, so I left Mrs. Lawford and went there.

Welminster is wonderfully still after London, and even after the village of Pebble Coombe, where people seem to be more alive-like than they are here. The first thing you see when you get into it is the cathedral, and it is what everybody talks of and praises, as if there was not another in all the world. I wasn't going to be put upon with no such stuff, after being used to see St. Paul's every day of my life—the outside of it, that is, for I never fancied to try the sort of ministry they have at St. Paul's, which, most likely, is cold and hollow to match the place. But my cousin got worse and worse, and at last was took to a better world, and I had been keeping the business together, and thought I saw my way to paying the rent of the house and getting on a little, so I stopped there after she was comfortably done for, with as nice a little funeral as anybody could desire, and mention made of her in the sermon next Sunday.

After that, I could hear of nothing but the cathedral; every lady as come to me in the way of business was sure to ask me what I thought of it, and whether I had walked in the close, though, for the matter of that, the whole town seemed close enough to me, and I hadn't no particular wish to walk in a part as was any closer than the rest. But at last I was fairly bullied into going, and I went the more willing that I hadn't yet found a ministry to my mind, and was on the look-out for one, and willing to try the different pulpits all round.

It was on a Sunday morning when I went, following a stream of people as was all going to the cathedral, and got in with the rest at a great wide door, while the bells was clanging overhead as if they was trying to break one another. But lor! when I got inside, it wasn't nothing like a church, but a great empty barrack of a place, with rows of pillars in it to keep the ceiling from coming down on your head as I suppose, and there wasn't a pulpit, nor a pew, nor so much as a seat to sit down on, nothing but some great high tombs, with marble images of bishops lying down on 'em, and even these was mostly railed in, not as I should wish to sit down atop of them bony bishops even if I could have got up to them. Well, I thinks to myself, of all the places that ever was built for Christian folks to worship in, and hear the gospel preached, if this isn't the queerest! And then I looked round to see if the people had brought anything in the way of camp-stools or portable seats with them; but they was all hurrying on, and I went after them a matter of a quarter of a mile, or something nigh it, the cold of the floor striking up to my chest every step

of the way, and at the end of that great wilderness of a place there was a little walled-in church that was like a mouse-hole in a lion's den. And there was a picture right against me of Satan disputing with the Archangel, and looking as if he'd swallowed a piece of a hot potato, and the archangel looking down on him so calm and triumphant.

And while I was standing still and looking at it, a man dressed in red like a play-actor, comes and jogs my elbow, and says :

"We don't allow no idlers here in service time."

"Well," I says, "it's the first time as ever I was took for one, and if I ain't to stand you'll perhaps show me to a seat."

"You can sit there," says he, pointing to a small stone seat as was right underneath a great heavy Bible, kept up by nothing but the wings of a bird, and looking every minute as if it must come down with a crash.

So there I sat, uncomfortable enough, and the organ began to play, and presently the vestry door opened, but instead of one parson there was above twenty of 'em, all in surplices, and one of 'em began to drone the prayers through his nose as if he wanted to sing them and couldn't think of a tune, and the others struck in the responses as bold and certain as could be; *they* knew their tunes and no mistake, and the poor prayers was pitched up and down, high and low, like boats out at sea. And the psalms was just jabbered over the same way, sometimes one word of them was spun out for ever so long, and all the other words of the verse was gabbled over for a wager, the organ playing away all the time. But the worst was in the lessons, for then one of them parsons came up to the desk over my head, a big heavy man he was, and leaned on that there great book, and the wings of the bird creaked frightful, and now, I thinks, it's a-coming down on my head for certain. And I got that nervous, that when he moved to turn over a leaf, and then leaned on the book again, I gave a little start, and put up my hands to ketch the first of the book and save my head. And I felt downright thankful when he took himself off and the prayers went on, not that I could join in them at all; and the sermon was like the rest of it, except that the organ didn't play; it was drone, drone, drone, without a word of real lively doctrine in it, and the preacher was too lazy to go and change his gown, but just preached in the white one as he'd wore all the morning, though it wasn't above ten steps to the vestry-door.

And when it was all over, and I was able to move away from under that there pyramid of a book, thankful enough you may be sure, I just give another look round the church, for I never meant to come there no more, and there was a lady a-staring at the picture with her back to me, that looked as if I had seen her

before, and the shawl she wore, and the way she wore it. But I didn't take much notice of her till she turned round to go away; and then I saw her face, and didn't rightly know her for a minute, she was that changed and altered; but when I had got my breath, and had looked at her again, I saw that it was really Miss Lawford!

It went agen me to let her go out and not to speak to her, so I just touched her arm, and if she didn't start and draw it away as if I was something venomous; but in a moment she saw it was me, and smiled on me, kinder than what she used to do, and I followed her out of the church for a little talk in the outside place, feeling as if I was in a maze, it was so strange to see her there.

CHARLES DICKENS.

In Memoriam.

THE jewel from the casket gone for ever;
 That heart, and brain, oh, never more will beat;
 Gone, gone!—oh agony that Death should sever
 From Life's loved tree the fruit that was so sweet.
 Angel of Sympathy, whose wings of Truth
 Wafted rich comfortings to all around;
 Spirit of Love, alike to age and youth,
 Glorious heart-searcher, exquisite—profound.
 Great Preacher he;—Physician of the mind,
 Purging corruption from our fallen state;
 In him a second Messenger we find,
 Teaching that love should triumph over hate.
 E'en as the Lord took children unto Him,
 So did His servant press them to his breast;
 Lull them with accents sacred as a hymn,
 And giving Faith, and Hope, to hearts unrest.
 Mirth, Wit, and Humour, never used to wound,
 Sunlight upon earth's flowers, not lightnings blast;
 Pathos that does the hardest bosoms sound,
 Welling the eyes with tears, drawn from the Past.
 Who can record his worth? No mortal hand
 May lift the veil that shrined his soul divine;
 He lives eterne in the far,—better land,
 Where pain is not,—where hearts no more repine.

T. J. OUSELEY.

THALATTA !

FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE SEA.

BY ALEC SLOAN.

MEMORABLE in modern verse is the exclamation of Charoba when she

—first beheld
The ocean. All around the child await
Some exclamation of amazement here :
She coldly said, her long-lasht eyes abased,
Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?

Imlac, in "Rasselas," on the other hand, when first he entered on the world of waters, and lost sight of land, looked round about him with pleasing terror, and, thinking his soul enlarged by the boundless prospect, imagined that he could gaze round for ever without satiety. But the sage owns to the Prince of Abyssinia that, in a short time, he grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, where he could only see again what he had already seen. Archdeacon Hare made a "practical improvement of the subject" once, in observing that when a man is told that the whole of Religion and Morality is summed up in the two commandments, to love God, and to love our neighbour, he is ready to cry, like Charoba in "Gebir," *Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?* Yes, all: but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; launch out upon it; sail abroad over it: you will find it has no end: it will carry you round the world. Elsewhere the same writer, quoting a remark of Goethe's, that perhaps it is the sight of the sea from youth upward, that gives English and Spanish poets such an advantage over those of inland countries,—observes that Goethe on this point spoke from his own feelings, never himself having looked on the sea till he went to Italy in his thirty-eighth year. And we are further referred to an ingenious remark of Franz Horn's—though apparently without reference to Goethe's—that whatever is indefinite, or seems so, is out of keeping with Goethe's whole frame of mind; everything with him being *terra firma* or an island: there is nothing of the infinitude of the sea. "This conviction forced itself upon me, when for the first time, at the northernmost extremity of Germany, I felt the sweet thrilling produced by the highest sublimity of Nature." Very differently would Horn have written of Jean Paul; whose rather curious destiny it was, however, never to behold the sea.

Richter would certainly have entered to the full into Solger's experience, as recorded in a letter descriptive of his first sight of old Ocean: "Here for the first time I felt the impression of the illimitable, as produced by an object of sense, in its complete majesty." No transcendental Teuton but a simple English poet records the assured impossibility of his ever forgetting,

—till memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billowy boundlessness opened before me.
As I stood on its margin, or roamed on its strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of power!

Alexander the Great, standing on the shores of the Persian Gulf, said that he then first felt what the world was. The author of "Salathiel," recording his own first sight of the ocean—"and that first sight is always a new idea"—says ditto to Alexander the Great; and adds, that, often as he had seen the ocean since, the same conception always forced itself upon him; and rather with accumulating than diminishing force. Dr. Beattie used to dwell with pensive fondness on the ineffaceable impression of his first vision of the sea, which was from the top of a high hill near Fouldun, six miles from his native village of Laurencekirk, at the foot of the Grampian hills.

In describing Solon's visit to Sardis at the request of Cræsus, Plutarch says of him, that when he came there, "he was affected much in the same manner as a person born in an inland country, when he first goes to see the ocean: for, as he takes every great river he comes to for the sea," even thus did Solon, as he passed through the court, and saw noble after noble in gorgeous array, and encompassed by throngs of attendants, take each of these grandees for Cræsus himself.

Rousseau owns himself to have been disenchanted *en voyant la mer*, just as he was with Paris, and the Opera, and Versailles; for it was impossible for men, he magnificently asserts, and difficult for Nature herself, to come up to the riches of his imagination. Was that the Sea,

Of which his fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that now perished!

Was that the mighty Ocean? was that all?

George Colman's record of his first impression of the vasty deep, reads like an expanded prose version of Charoba's disenchanted cry. He was travelling by coach to Scarborough, an inside pas-

senger, and was told, at an elevated point of the road, not far from that town, that a peep at the German Ocean could here be had: never having beheld the sea, he tells us, he thrust out his head with extreme eagerness. His notions of the great deep were formed upon Latin poetical descriptions, which had been whipped into him at Westminster; and he had lately been reading Stevens's song of "The Storm," in which the tempest-troubled ocean is pictured, "where the seas contend with skies." Acting on this hint, Master George, in these his salad days, when he was green in judgment, looked up to the sky, which happened to be particularly serene and unclouded, and which the seas were not contending with at all. He concluded, like the wise Governor of Tilbury Fort, in respect of the Spanish Fleet, that the German Ocean he

could not see, because
It was not yet in sight.

But being directed to cast his eyes lower, young Colman discovered what he calls "a wide horizontal expanse of untroubled liquid, which disappointed me hugely; and I peremptorily pronounced that the sea was nothing more than a very great puddle"—an opinion which he supposes must have somewhat astounded his fellow-travellers, one of whom, Captain Phipps, had not long returned from the North Pole, and the other, Sir Joseph Banks, had circumnavigated the globe. Whether his ideas, on this subject, had arisen from too much or too little fancy, Colman refrains from deciding; it must have been from either one or the other, he says: the poets had either set his mind, like their own eyes, in a fine frenzy rolling, or he was stupid enough to receive all their fine tropes and figures as downright matters of fact. Be that as it might, on reaching the inn at Scarborough, he ran immediately to the beach; and here he owns himself to have been speedily convinced that the puddle was, "as the late George Hanger wrote of an army of many thousand men, 'not to be sneezed at.'" Some lounging fishermen laughed at the questions the lad put to them about the surface of the sea, and told him it was then a dead calm. "I gazed over the tranquil but immense world of waters, the *mira quies pelagi*, and it seemed the repose of an elemental terror, which the Almighty had lulled into an awful rest." The tide was at flow, he adds, making a sleepy stealth upon the shore; but the broad bulky waves came smoothly gliding in, like placid giants, and impressed him with a fearful conception of their grandeur, if vexed by a gale, and of their fury, when driven by a tempest.

Sir John Franklin, when a schoolboy at Louth in Lincolnshire, is said to have availed himself of a holiday to walk to the coast, a distance of twelve miles, in order to see the ocean, on which he

"gazed with wonder and delight for many hours." Lucy Aikin, in an autobiographical fragment, declares her first view of the sea, which was from Yarmouth jetty, to have filled her little bosom with sentiments too big for utterance ; and the sea, she adds, " was my never-failing source of wonder and delight during all the years that I dwelt beside its murmurs."

Jeffrey speaks as disrespectfully of the sea as Colman at his first glimpse of it, without coming like Colman to a better frame of mind towards it. On the third day of his passage to America he vents his amazement at the "narrow and paltry" look of the "boundless sea" when there are no high shores in sight to mark its boundaries; he declares it to seem, that day at least, not much larger than a Spanish dollar, and quite of that complexion. Later in the voyage we find him staying on deck for some hours in a gale of wind, and protesting, that he never saw an uglier scene; and, what is worse, ugly without being sublime or beautiful. "I fancy, however, I have a spite at the sea, for I cannot bring myself to think or speak of it without a certain contempt as well as dislike." Possibly this detractor of the claims of old Ocean, and disparager of the Lake school of poets, was constitutionally an exception to the rule enforced by a finer critic, that you must live with Nature if you would have your eyes unsealed; that it is only at a first view that one is disappointed with the mountains; and that whoever talks, as so many do, of the monotony of the great deep, should go to sea, not for a day or for a week, but for a month, or for six months, watching day after day the circular horizon and the vaulted blue, till by long familiarity he learn something of the mystery of the world of waters. Mr. Disraeli, in sending his Venetia to Weymouth, where she looks on the sea for the first time, is careful to charm her with its "strange and inexhaustible variety." So is Dr. Croly to enrapture his statesman-hero, Marston, with the direct opposite: for while the grandeur of the land arises from bold irregularity and incessant change of aspect, from the endless variety of forest, vale, and mountain, the same effect is produced, he remarks, on the ocean by an absence of all irregularity and all change. "A simple, level horizon, perfectly unbroken, a line of almost complete uniformity, compose a grandeur that impresses and fills the soul as powerfully as the most cloud-piercing Alp, or the Andes clothed with thunder." But it is a suggestive observation of Dr. Wendell Holmes—eminently a suggestive writer—that lively emotions very commonly do not strike us full in front, but obliquely from the side; a scene or incident in *undress* often affects us more than one in full costume.* Elia

* For example—the example given being of Dr. Holmes's giving:

" 'Is this the mighty ocean?—is this all?' says the Princess in Gebir. The

devotes a page or two of one of his essays to the attempt at accounting for the dissatisfaction he had himself felt, as well as heard so generally expressed by others, at the sight of the sea for the first time. And his explanation turns on the presumption that, in the case of the sea, we had expected to behold (absurdly, he grants, but perhaps, by the law of imagination, unavoidably) not a definite object—as, say, an elephant, or a mountain, compassable by the eye—but “all the sea at once, the commensurate antagonist of the earth.” Expecting to see an aggregate presentation of all that his memory and imagination associate with mention of the sea, the spectator is naturally taken aback when the actual object opens first upon him, “seen (in tame weather, too, most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him.” What, asks Elia, can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? And who, he further asks, has not been tempted, in similar circumstances, to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,—but Charoba’s exclamation has already, in the course of this paper, been iterated and reiterated often enough.

Turn, then, for a change to the exclamation of the Greeks, in the *Katabasis* narrated by Xenophon, at that critical stage in their weary tramp when they reached the top of Mount Theches, whence was visible the Euxine Sea. As Mr. Grote describes the discovery, an animated shout from the soldiers who formed the vanguard testified the impressive effect of this long-deferred spectacle, assuring as it seemed to do their safety and their return home. To Xenophon and his cavalry in the rear, the shout was not only unintelligible but alarming, and he galloped up to the van to see what had happened. “As he approached, the voice of the overjoyed crowd was heard distinctly crying out, *Thalatta, Thalatta* (The sea, the sea), and congratulating each other in ecstasy.” Soon the whole army, officers and soldiers, were thus assembled, manifesting their joyous emotions by tears, embraces, and outpourings of enthusiastic sympathy.*

Greece in their view, and glory yet untouched,
Their steady column pierced the scattering herds
Which a whole kingdom poured; and held its way

rush that should have flooded my soul in the Coliseum did not come. But walking one day in the fields about the city, I stumbled over a fragment of broken masonry, and lo! the World’s Mistress in her stone girdle—*alta mœnia Romæ*—rose before me and whitened my cheek with her pale shadow as never before or since.”—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*, § xii.

* “To the guide, who had performed his engagement of bringing them in five days within *sight of the sea*, their gratitude was unbounded,”—and he was loaded with presents when he left them, of the most showy and the most substantial sort.—See Grote, *History of Greece*, vol. ix. ch. lxx.

Triumphant, by the sage-exalted chief
 Fixed and sustained
 The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
 Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
 The soldiers' fond embrace; o'erflowed their eyes
 With tender floods, and loosed the general voice
 To cries resounding loud—*The sea! The sea!*

Not more delighted Odysseus when, after long wandering helpless on the watery way—for two nights and days “heaved on the surge with intermitting breath”—he first caught a glimpse of shore, so far and yet so near:

When lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies
 The land at distance, and with sharpened eyes.
 As pious children joy with vast delight
 When a loved sire revives before their sight,
 So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore.

For the spirit of the exclamation *Thalasses!* is, of course, as applicable to land as to water, to shore as to sea. On the one hand we think of Balboa, the first European who caught sight of the Pacific Ocean, toiling to the mountain's height on that memorable morning in September, 1513, till there revealed itself before him a marvellous panorama of rock and forest, stream and savannah, while beyond lay the great sea, aglow with sunshine, and calm as its name. Keats has transferred Balboa's part to

—stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Or, again, of Drake, in the same region, conducted by an Indian chief to such another peak, where grew “a goodly and great high tree,” in which steps had been cut to ascend to the top, and there a bower had been constructed, with room in it for a dozen men to sit, and commanding a view of both Atlantic and Pacific. Or, again, of Mungo Park, the first European to gaze on the Niger—cheered, amidst sufferings and privations, by the abrupt cry of his negro companion, *Geo affili!* See the water! “Looking forward,” says he, “I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long sought-for, majestic Niger, glittering in the morning's sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward.” Or, again, of M'Douall Stewart, in Australia, starting from Adelaide, and reaching Van Diemen's Bay, on the north coast, with a band of men, the foremost of whom soon brought the hindermost to his side by a cry of “*The sea!*” and a round of English cheering hailed the sight.—On the other hand we think of the French army catching a first view of

Thebes—that isolated city, as M. Denon calls it, “so gigantic and phantom-like, that when the army came in sight of it, the men suddenly halted, and clapped their hands.” No words can describe—in Sir Archibald Alison’s well-worn and overworked phrase—the transports of the same soldiers when at Rensch they first came in sight of the Nile, flowing in a full majestic stream in the green plain at their feet. We think of them, too, climbing that last remaining height which overhangs Moscow in the same way (says Chateaubriand) that Montmartre overhangs Paris—till Moscow shone before them resplendent in the full light of day, and acclamations broke forth on all sides, and “Moscow! Moscow!” was the cry, with clapping of hands to emphasise that note of admiration. And Chateaubriand’s name reminds us of that dawn of a September morning when he was awakened in his berth by a confused sound of voices, and found all the pilgrims looking intently towards the bows of the ship, and asked what it was, and was answered by a chorus in unison of eager voices, *Signor! il Carmelo! Mount Carmel!* “There was something august and deeply religious in this moment; the pilgrims, each with his rosary in his hand, stood in profound silence and in the same attitude, awaiting the appearance of the Holy Land. . . . I did not experience that deep emotion which agitated my breast when the shores of Greece first presented themselves to my view; but the sight of the cradle of the Israelites and the birthplace of Christianity filled me with joy and respect.” Another page of his Itinerary shows him stopped by his attendant Bethlehemites (not in the London or hospital sense), while they pointed to a dim object at the bottom of a ravine—a yellow stream, hardly discernible from the sands upon its banks—deeply embedded in the earth, and rolling its muddy waters slowly onwards. “It was the Jordan!” But, with all his sentimentalism, Chateaubriand was no-way enthusiastic at these apocalypses of hallowed spots. He could have written much such a passage as Croly has written in “Salathiel,” descriptive of the Jew’s first sight of Jerusalem the Golden; but it was not in him to feel it as a Jew. Cynical, Monsieur de Chateaubriand was, as well as sentimental, though free from the Chinese spirit of *nil admirari* which so exasperated Mr. Wingrove Cooke in the person of Commissioner Yeh, when the ship that conveyed his excellency to India first came in sight of the “distant streak of red sandy coast-line that vouched the land of Ind. Yeh was told this—and he went to bed.” Everybody on board, even the steward, seems to have thought it a shame that a man should miss the first sight of India, and little stratagems were tried to make Yeh look. But not till he was left quite alone would Yeh use his eyes on this occasion, and then

only on the sly; peering through the stern-ports, when there was nobody at hand to watch his movements. If his excellency kept a diary, there would be no such entry in it, on the article of India, as Washington Irving wrote in his, after entering the Bay of Biscay, and noting the first land they made, namely, Cape Penas, on the coast of Spain: "I cannot express the sensations I felt on first catching a glimpse of European land." His heart would not have been stirred, as by the sound of a trumpet, by Tasso's story of the crusaders' first sighting Jerusalem:

Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

He would have been callous to the story of Luther's passionate emotion when first he caught sight, after a toilsome journey, under a burning sun, of the eternal city, the city of St. Peter and St. Paul, the metropolis of Latin Christianity,—and prostrated himself on the ground, exclaiming, "Holy Rome, I salute thee!"

When the German soldiers, led by Blucher, and driving the "proud, fallen victor," as Mrs. Shelley terms him, before them, gazed on the river they held so dear, and which their enemy had appropriated, now open and free,—the name of "The Rhine!" burst from many thousand voices, accompanied by tears of ecstasy. Familiar to readers both of history and romance is the picture of the Highland regiment, in the Peninsular War, reaching the heights of the Pyrenees, and seeing afar off that ocean which they had not beheld for so long and eventful a time; three hearty cheers awoke the hillside echoes, and caps and bonnets were tossed into the air, and the pipers blew till they were black in the face;—and that, too, of their marching along the Calais quay, and breaking out into a tremendous cheer at the sight of the opposite shore, the chalk cliffs of old England. Celebrated, too, is the effect of the first view of Paris on the allied troops in 1814, when, all at once, on the right, as they advanced, the buildings of Montmartre appeared, and the stately edifices of the French capital became visible; when from rank to rank, from mouth to mouth, the thrilling words passed, and in a few seconds, as one historian puts it, the electric shock was felt as far as the eye could reach in the columns; and all, breaking their order, hurried forward to the front, and crowded up the ascent.

One glance, before ending, at Charles X., ex-king and fugitive, drawing near the gates of Cherbourg. From the top of the rising ground overlooking the town, writes Lamartine, "the sea of the exile expanded to his view. He wept at the sight." *Thalatta* is not always a joyous sight, or sound. As a relief by contrast, look

in passing at a group of French exiles returning to their native land, whose exultation at the first glimpse of *la belle France* was as good as a play, and better than most plays, to Patrick Fraser Tytler, their interested and sympathising fellow-passenger across the Channel. They were returning, noblemen some of them, from England as a house of bondage; and when, "after some hours' sail," says the historian of Scotland, "we came in sight of the French coast, their transports were quite inexpressible. They danced, sung, laughed, and played with each other a thousand extraordinary tricks, all expressive of their exuberant joy." It is only in the spirit, not to the letter, of the exclamation, that *Thalatta!* is applicable here; and in the spirit only is it meant to be applied by the writer, who, taken literally, may be said to have had, throughout this paper,

One foot on land, and one on sea,
To one thing constant never.

THE TWO OFFICERS.

XVII.

MR. ALRIGHT never joined in their conversation except at meal-times, or when it turned upon subjects of sport. He was one of those civilians—a class which are very numerous in India—who was so devoted to out-of-door life, whether in tent or in the pursuit of either hog-hunting or shooting in the country, that they seldom talk, or indeed think, of anything but what bears upon their peculiar duty or their sport; but that they are most active men, many instances evince. It is generally the fashion to take the type of Indians from Theodore Hook's novels, who describes them as sunk in sloth and apathy, who makes them so indolent that they are unable to exist without the presence of attendants on all occasions. But there are men amongst them who, as magistrates in the district, lead a life as vigilant in the way of incessant attention to their duty, who joy as much in the exercise of crossing the country on dromedaries, riding dawk on native horses, and other untiring displays of energy, as any of the sons of men in any country.

The steaming engine proceeded on its passage, and they rapidly passed by towns, villages, and tracts of country which the torrid

heat during that season, as it was in March, made look dry and parched up. They passed up to Berhampoor, and saw the once regal, large, native city of Moorshedabad, thronged with its myriads of the muslin-clad natives. Its high, gloomy-looking brick houses, its narrow streets, as seen from the river passing by such cities, give a sort of vision of splendid grandeur, which is by no means realised by any one who takes the trouble of visiting them and becoming acquainted with their interior. Here Colonel Walmer purchased a gift for his fair Miss Flirtoft, and made her a present of the beautifully cut chessmen, which, in the elaborate carving and ingenuity peculiar to Asiatic workmen, had the different pawns represented as soldiers armed, and the figures of kings, viziers, camel-mounted chiefs, horsemen, and elephant-riders cut out of ivory, and offered for sale by a workman who was dressed as one of the meanest of natives, with nothing on but a dhootee, and who was unable to decipher a letter in any alphabet, but who, with a knife ruder than the simplest pruning one, had carved out the different figures. He excelled in handicraft, as his ancestors for many generations had excelled before him.

They stopped for only an hour, and in their progress upward they only halted at the great stations except during the night. The sandbanks of the river hindered the engines proceeding with safety during the dark hours. As the vessel cut her way through the waters, she contrasted much with the lumbering, heavy native craft, proceeding at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles a day. They passed up to the Rajmahal hills, where the wild and picturesque scenery is of a sort that reminds one of woody highlands, of a savage and uncultivated nature, however, such as one never meets in European soil that is visited by tourists. The native palace of Rajmahal deserted, and of huge dimensions, looked like the picture of Doubting Castle tenanted by Giant Despair. The gloomy woods and thick jungles in the high ground were often the resort of tigers and boa-constrictors. Even by the banks of the stream the alligators might be seen from the deck of the steamer basking in the sun.

The next place of stopping, after their passing through the three famous rocks of Koolgdon, was Baugulpoor, also a fine town for a native one, and the houses of the European residents, surrounded as they were with gardens, and so lofty and grand, gave the travellers an idea how highly the English stood in the regard of all the inhabitants of the different Eastern countries which they have colonised. Here Colonel Kirkmount interested Eleanor by showing her the round tower, said by travellers to be the only one that resembles the famous round towers which have elicited so much of antiquarians' attention in Ireland. This one, he said, was

of the same sort as these, and its being of stone, and situated on a high commanding piece of ground, made it a very prominent object. When she heard him give this account, it brought to her mind the country she had left, and she thought with more intensity than ever of the Irish youth whom she hoped to meet with at some distance from Cawnpore. Colonel Kirkmount, with his incessant good humour and pleasant manners, endeavoured to make the hours pass agreeably, and they soon afterwards reached another place of anchorage, and they had a fine prospect, stopping at Monghyr, which gave them a view of the Corruckpoor hills, and they agreed during the two hours that the flat and its steamer were to remain that they should go on shore and see the burning stream of Seeta Coond, where the water, boiling from a well, flows into the country below, and pours out a stream of hot water for at least one hundred yards distance. The different changes of scene in some measure contributed to make the excursion, notwithstanding the heat, a party of pleasure; and Mrs. Alright had lived now so long in the society of a person of active habits, that she was always ready to go with her husband on any excursions that he proposed, and, unlike the generality of the ladies in India, especially at Calcutta, used to venture frequently out during hours of sunshine, which most Europeans would have considered much too overpowering. These trips were joined in by her young friend, though she felt the climate as most of the new arrivals do, and Mrs. Alright was unrelaxing in her endeavours to make all things as agreeable for her as possible, and to soothe her spirit and to chase the anxiety of mind which Eleanor was so conscious of.

But every moment Colonel Kirkmount became more and more interested with her. He was far too wary to make any proposal, though such seemed instant to his mind. Onward they came to Dinapoor, and passed the finest opium country in the world, where the fields of poppies whiten the horizon for miles, where the natives cultivate every species of pulse in its vicinity; it is a town rich in grain, which, in fact, gives the name to the place, it being called by the natives Dana-poor, literally, the city of grain, and extending along the banks of the river. It comprises the places known as Patna, Bankepoor, and Dinapoor, and there is at the last place a very large military station, the huge buildings of which are disposed in squares, similar to the way in which an extensive manufactory is laid out at home. Short time was given them to stay here, and nothing except the great Deegah farm, which is certainly a most extensive establishment, rendered it worth while landing to visit, considering the excessive heat. Then on they went by Buxar, where there was a fort and a store station, and passed the mag-

nificent palace called the Chahulsitoon, which stands overlooking the river like a gigantic kiosk, but, all deserted and in ruin, and no living human inhabitant is sheltered there, birds of prey flutter through its immense corridors, and by its lofty pillars, and rank weeds choke up its entrance.

To Ghazee poor, where they stopped and saw the famous monument to Lord Cornwallis, but did not stay to visit the city or the neighbourhood, which is renowned for the culture of the fields of roses, producing in great profusion the otto, that article of such value in the Eastern bazaars. Then on to Benares, the holy city of the Hindoos, where on each side of the river the pagodas extend for miles, and in the centre of them stands the mosque of Aurangzebe.

They were not long in reaching Chunar, with its stone forts, and at Mirzapoor they were so much struck with the temples standing by the river side as to wish to visit them; but such objects, despite their grand effect, and the façades, which would have shown so well in a picture, would have much disappointed them when viewed close.

Very shortly after this, they reached Allahabad, where is a large English fort, built at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, which, together with the underground temple, renders it famous in every way to the natives, and the appearance of the two rivers, as seen from the heights which stand on the banks below the junction, is one that is, I think, unequalled by any phenomenon in river scenery, the former river appearing a perfectly beautiful blue stream, and the latter showing its yellow muddy surface, such as it always bears through the whole of its course. Here, then, was the place where Colonel Kirkmount had to command, and the party had to separate.

The amiable Miss Flirtoft made a long and very apparently affectionate speech at leave-taking to Eleanor; and Colonel Walmer sent to the Kotwall to provide a palanquin and its bearers for her journey to Bareilly. In the mean time, they stayed at the house of a civilian who was an acquaintance of the colonel's. The great hospitality that always prevails amongst the English in India is one of the redeeming traits of the character which Anglo-Indian life presents to a new arrival; and it is certain that any stranger who belongs to a regiment, or is in the civil service of the government, may present himself to a resident of any station in Upper India, and be sure of receiving an invitation to remain an inmate of his house for any period he may choose.

But after their departure, Mr. Alright went to the magistrate of Allahabad, who was an acquaintance of his, and an hour had not elapsed before he returned for Mrs. Alright, and telling her that

he had been making inquiries as to getting a boat for travelling up the country, that the magistrate had asked them both to come at dinner-time to his house, and, in the mean time, he wished her to come and drive with him to the ghaut, and look at the boats which were for hire; that it would not take her long, and she could leave Eleanor at the post-house, or dawkh bungalow, until her return. Then Mrs. Alright told Eleanor that she would first drive her to the dawkh bungalow; she would not be more than half an hour selecting a boat, and that she would drive afterwards to the magistrate's house and send the carriage for her. That it was getting on towards evening, and she did not wish her to stay out of doors before it was a little cooler, and, as she felt the heat, until the sun was down, it would be better for her to stay there, she said. In the evening, she added, she would feel less fatigued, and could dress at the magistrate's house, who did not dine till eight o'clock.

Eleanor, who felt greatly the fatigue of the different changes, agreed to this, and they set out on their mission to look at the boats in the river. Colonel Kirkmount, who the whole of the day before, whenever he could get an opportunity of saying it, had repeated to Eleanor his extreme interest in her welfare, and his hope of again seeing her, when the Alrights drove away and took her to the dawkh bungalow, was determined to make an effort to win upon her to consent to his suit. Amongst his several servants there, he had a servant on board who spoke both Hindostanee and English, and who was a sort of factotum to him, and him he intrusted to go to the dawkh bungalow and to bribe the servants that were there to leave the house, and go on some pretence to the town of Allahabad, which was a short distance from it. He then engaged another servant to go to the livery-stable keeper's and hire a carriage and pair of horses. These were always ready for hire, so he knew they would not be long in coming. When they arrived, he drove to the dawkh bungalow, which was but a short distance from where the steam-flat was anchored. It was a large empty house with servants, for travellers' accommodation. When Colonel Kirkmount arrived there, he was met in the entrance by Miss Richards, who, thinking it was Mrs. Alright's carriage that had returned for her, left the inner sitting-room to hear of her movements. He said to her: "Oh, Miss Richards, how is it that I find you are left here alone?" She told him then how it happened, and that she was glad that Mr. Alright had not asked her to go out in the sun, for she felt the heat very much. He then said that he supposed she must be surprised to see him there, but he could not help reverting to the subject of her future prospects. Would she allow him to say to her that he never ceased one moment to love, to adore her, to

long for her presence; that if she would be his and come to share his home, he would consider himself the happiest man in existence.

"There is nothing," said he, "to hinder your doing it. My carriage is at the door, and I only wait for your decision before I go to a large house which I have taken, three miles from hence. I shall have everything that can possibly make you comfortable. It will not be long before we can get married, as the clergyman up-country will consent to perform the service in a house, there being no church, and you will be as happy as the day is long. I know that you will kindly pardon my making this offer so suddenly, but could I see you leave this for another place, and let all my hopes depart with you? I have no other chance but to beg of you now to hear me. My whole life is bound up in your answer to my earnest entreaty. Oh, pray consider the situation, the offer which I make you, and forgive my haste. Before I have undertaken anything regarding my duties as commandant, I have come to you. I trust to you only to seal the bond of my happiness, and will sacrifice all for your sake. There is no person in the universe that I could regard in the same way as I do you, or in the whole of the wide world that I would make the offer to, except yourself; and now there rests only your word to make me either the happiest or the most miserable of men."

He knelt at her feet, he seized her hand, he astonished her by his ready and voluble eloquence. But she never for a moment allowed the thought to enter into her head of complying with his request. She was never less disposed to be faithless than now. She did not feel in the least dazzled by the grand prospect offered to her view, and she said, most firmly, that she was engaged to another—a young officer in Cawnpore, in a Queen's regiment—and could not listen to him. She said it was very flattering to her to be addressed in such terms by a man like him, and to hear such a favourable opinion of herself, but she could not break from her engagement, and she was sorry that he had taken such trouble on her account.

Colonel Kirkmount was not at once repulsed by this. He said that he must beg of her first to pardon him for not having known of her engagement; but now that he had known it, he asked her to compare what he would offer to what would be her portion if she consented to ally herself to a young officer such as she described, who could not have enough to make it a desirable match for her when she was to return to England, where the life of a married subaltern was really irksome in the extreme. He then burst into a rhapsody of praise of her character, of her charms, of her appearance. He begged her, with tears, to listen to him. He came nearer and looked in her eyes, and attempted to clasp her waist.

There were no servants or persons in the house, and Eleanor was just thinking what course she should pursue, when she flew from his embrace to the other side of the large chamber, and they heard the crushing, lumbering tread of some large, mighty object, and Eleanor, looking through the interstices of the screen of kus which stood before the window, saw an elephant come into the gateway, which had seated on its howdah Mrs. and Mr. Alright. The creature, when conscious of the presence of horses in the same enclosure, lifted its trunk and sounded the loud chingarah, which it makes when irritated. However, the mahaout stopped it at the door, and Mr. Alright laughingly got down from the howdah and handed his wife into the verandah. Then they went into the chamber, and Mr. Alright said:

"My dear Miss Richards, I thought I should give you a surprise. My friend has lent me this elephant, which is a very pleasant beast of burden, and as it is now getting cool, I thought that you would prefer coming back in the howdah with us to his house to driving, as you might like to try and experience the pleasure that it is to travel in this novel mode of conveyance. You see I have come before the time, but I thought you might be lonely here."

He turned and saw Colonel Kirkmount, who, never at a loss, had, when Mr. Alright was speaking to Eleanor, addressed Mrs. Alright, and told her that he had been obliged to come to the house to wait for an officer whom he had appointed to meet in the evening, and had found Miss Richards there. Eleanor said nothing then, but as Mr. Alright pressed her to come at once, they all again bid farewell to Colonel Kirkmount, and, going into the verandah, soon got into the howdah, Eleanor exceedingly rejoiced at being so opportunely relieved from the now hateful solicitations of the commandant. It was not till they arrived at the house of the magistrate that Eleanor told Mrs. Alright the whole account of the scene which had taken place in the dawk bungalow, and said that she felt grateful beyond measure at the fortunate arrival of Mr. Alright and her on the elephant. She said that nothing could ever induce her to speak to Colonel Kirkmount again, and now that she had taken her part, she was in hopes that she would never again meet him. Mrs. Alright told her they had been to the ghaut and engaged a pinnace to go up the country, and that Mr. Alright had also a small skiff which was rigged like a cutter, and he had purchased it that evening; that he was going to have it taken in tow, and they would proceed up the country the next day if she was not too much fatigued.

In the evening they sat down to the same sort of luxurious dinner which is usual in the country, and heard much about the

life that the English lead in India, and the sort of place they were going to. The next day, early, they took leave of the magistrate, and after driving down to the ghaut, or native wharf, they embarked for the voyage. They found numbers of native attendants either in the waist of the pinnace or on the poop, and a breakfast with all the fare that could possibly be desired, ready for them in the cabin. In point of comfort and independence, it was a pleasant change from the steamer, and it was an unspeakable boon to Eleanor to be solely amongst friends, to whom she could speak freely and give all her confidence. The breeze on the river made the temperature much more bearable when they were sailing along than that on shore, and the principal drawback to their pleasure was that, make what exertion they could, they never could move quicker, wholly impelled as they were by the native rowers, than twenty miles during the day, and during the night they were unable to travel. But it was not very far, Eleanor thought, from where they were to Manikpoor, and they passed upward day by day, anchoring at the several places of anchorage—at Pappamow, Chukosen, and Rampoor.

At the last place, they saw the extensive plantations of native reeds called surkoondas, which are about twelve feet in height, and used for chairs and work-baskets, and other household furniture. The natives cut these and make them into bundles, and constructing a huge raft of them, commit themselves bodily to the stream, and dispose of the cargo at different towns by the side of the river, lessening their raft by degrees until they have sold all the reeds of which it is composed, when they return up the stream by one of the native boats.

The banks of the river on each side were covered with these plantations until they arrived at Kurrah, and there Mr. Alright took his cutter out in the evening to visit the large idol-temples, with their flights of stone steps to the river. These idol-houses are built of stone, and, like the temples at Mirzapoor, much larger than buildings of the same kind in Bengal, and the architecture much finer, but the images of worship misshapen and frightful. A pleasanter scene to visit was the site of a Mussulman tomb, of which there were many on the banks of the river. The chambers were four or five in number, and being cool, lofty, and large, fitted for the accommodation of travellers, despite the general reverence for the dead which the Mussulmans invariably entertain, and notwithstanding their solemn purpose, the native Mussulmans did not consider such visits as desecrating to the memory of the saints. They, are, however, like all places for travellers in the East, wholly unfurnished. But the tomb itself, which was guarded round by lattice-work, was not allowed to be invaded by the footsteps of any

one who wore shoes, and its precincts marked by the lattice were daily resorted to by pilgrims of all kinds, rich and poor, from all parts of India, and especially by women of the Moslem creed, who, previous to their leaving the place, almost invariably tied pieces of cloth, hair, and other fragments, to the sides of the lattice-work, in order that they might have the benefit of the saint's intercession on behalf of their wishes to be blessed with male children. In fact, the *pueris beata creandis* is more a desideratum with women in India than it is anywhere in Europe, for there, when a father has daughters, he is obliged to portion them largely, but sons are universally accounted a blessing. The exterior construction was of the general Saracenic type, with a large dome in the centre, and two minars at each flank—those lofty pillars, which are narrow, circular erections, ascended inside by steps, are the origin of our word minaret.

Previous to reaching Kurrah, Mr. Alright said he would get the skiff in readiness so as to be able to sail very early the next day and make the ghaut at Manikpoor, as he knew it would be a pleasant trip for Miss Richards, and that she would also be sure to see Frederick Clare there. So he told Mrs. Alright to ask Eleanor whether she would like to undertake the voyage early.

Now Eleanor knew that by this time Frederick was fully aware of all their movements, as she had written to him from several places where they had anchored. She certainly anticipated much pleasure in meeting him, and was rejoiced in having this opportunity of their first interview, which, she said, would be so much pleasanter to go through where there would be privacy in the room between decks and outside (no one being present but Mr. Alright and the two native sailors), than if she were to wait for his appearance on the pinnacle before the large body of native servants. So she agreed to the proposal, and the next morning, at five o'clock, she and Mr. Alright, having made a hasty toilet, stepped on board the skiff, and, as the wind was fair, made sail. They had two native maunghees, as they were called, to shift the sheets and attend to Mr. Alright's orders. The river was broad, and at first a light breeze took them forward with the large sail well filled; but the wind veered a little in about an hour, and they had to manage the craft wholly by means of tacking to and fro. They were nearing Manikpoor, and expected to make the ghaut in about half an hour. When they had finished the last losing tack, and they had gone far past the opposite point, and shifted, and were drifting fast away for the landing-place, a gust came on, and that so much against them, blew so fresh, and came so suddenly, that before they had time to reef up the sail, the little skiff was capsized, and Eleanor and Mr. Alright, who providen-

tially were on deck, had only the taffrail to cling by; the native sailors, each of them good swimmers as they were, struck out to the direction of some boats which were on the opposite shore.

Mr. Alright told Eleanor to be of good courage, for if they kept to the hull they would be drifted on shore; and they were borne along by the stream till within two hundred yards of the Manikpoor Ghaut; the stream, like a tide, carried them, and the head of the small craft struck something like an iron post, which it came in contact with under water, with such force, as to shoot it away from them, and nearly stun them, and the timber of the boat being broken, it sank instantly. Mr. Alright then took to swimming, and tried to come up with Eleanor, who was carried away further down, but when he looked in the direction of the shore, he saw that a young, strong, and active youth had hold of her, having seized part of her dress, which he wound round one arm, and was swimming by dint of the other and his legs, and making for the shore. She lay there, trusting her head on his side, and they gained on the shore, and, after about a quarter of an hour of exertion, his every nerve strained, and his sinews stiffened to the task, he bore his lovely burden in; and though she was almost faint with fatigue and half dying with fear, he was rewarded with having saved the life of the beautiful Eleanor; and the blue eyes opened and thanked him with their glance, and the lips scarcely moved to breathe; but afterwards she gained strength to stand up and to utter his name, and to thank God for having spared her, and to say to Frederick how happy, and thankful, and grateful she felt, and to renew a thousand times the acknowledgments of his love. And then Mr. Alright soon after came on shore also safe, and the only loss was the vessel, and they were soon housed in a native's hut until the arrival of the pinnace. And the lovely Eleanor, with her dress dishevelled and torn, appeared now more beautiful, if anything, than she did before, from the exceeding fairness of her skin, and her hair in wild profusion flowing down her shoulders, and was none the worse for the shock; and Frederick felt the most blessed and happy lot that could betide to any one in this present life had fallen to him, when he clasped the hand of her who promised to be his bride.

BRADY'S FOUR ACRES OF BOG.

BY FELIX M'CABE.

III.

ARTHUR'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH DABBY BRADY.

WHILE Arthur Fosbery remained some time at the stile, doubtful whether to proceed to Carra or go back to Fairy Lawn, Katty Phillips had made her way to a secluded little summer-house, and there, shutting the door, repeated to herself Arthur's words: "There is one comfort, you shall not be troubled with me again." As if I should consider it a trouble—I who have always looked upon Arthur as a brother." Those bright eyes which looked indignantly at him are now moist with tears. She tries to control her feelings, stamping her little foot on the ground, as in a half-sobbing manner she repeats his words: "You are very young, Katty, and when I return, perhaps——" No! Arthur Fosbery is something more than a brother. Poor artless Katty, lay that unction to your soul; it will act as a sweet balm to your troubled spirit, and shower forth its halcyon influence over the little heart which now throbs so violently. But if you allow us impartial mortals to look into that closed chamber, we shall there see the first dawn of love casting its mystic rays over the name above all names—the name of Arthur.

Long before Katty could venture out of seclusion, Arthur was far on his way to Carra. As he tried to get through the portion of the bog where no one was working, he heard a voice in a deep cutting quite close to him:

"Yarra, good morrow to yer honor, Masther Arthur." And, looking down, he saw a man standing in about three feet of water, digging the peat from the bottom, a woman a short distance off forming the peat or turf into sods, resembling a brick in shape.

The man with some little difficulty, and with the prompt assistance of his wife, managed to get on the bank, and then, cap in hand, and pulling a tuft of hair which hung over his forehead, came up to Arthur.

"Faith, it is us as is glad to see yer honor."

The woman during this time washed her hands, placed her hair beneath a red handkerchief she wore round her head, and kneeling before the pool of water, gave a final look at herself before the only looking-glass that Brady ever used. She came up to Arthur, and made a courtesy before him.

"Faith, Masther Arthur, it war only this blessed morning that Darby and myself war a talking of yer honor!"

"Indeed! Mrs. Brady."

"And right glad we are to see you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brady," said Arthur.

"We hope it ain't true that yer honor is a going to forin parts?" said Darby.

"It is true, Brady. I hope to leave to-morrow."

"Faith, it is us that's sorry to hear it. The d—l a one of the owld stock will be left in the country at all afther a bit. It is nothing but dunghills rising and castles a falling. But the Lord speed yer honor where ere ye go."

"Thank you, Brady."

"'Tis now a score years an tin since yer honor's father—the havins be his bed!—gave me the cabin and cabbage-garden and the bit of bog, and, faith, all the rint he asked for it was an owld guinea a year; and then, when he found as how we war hard up during the famine, he let us cut a little turf on the bog, and never as much as charged us. Oh! Darby Brady will never forget the name of Fosbery, and small blame to him, as I says to yer honor's father when I got on this bit a bog. Faith, the only companions I had war the snipe and ducks; for to live on it a poor boy would want to be wubfuted. But look at it now, yer honour! Faith, you'd drive yer coach-and-four over it, and no mistake."

"Are you not allowed now to cut turf?" said Arthur.

"The duckins a sod, yer honor. Yer father was lade low on the Thursday, and after the funeral some spalpeen or other came to the cabin.

"'Are you Misther Brady?' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'with submission to you, I am the very man, though, faix, they call me Darby, and herself here Biddy,' says I.

"'Well, Misther Brady,' says he 'what rent do ye pay for the house?'

"'Rent,' says I, 'did ye say? Why, the duckins a much rent I ere paid.'

"'Ye have this house?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'and a winny bit of garden likewise.'

"'Anything else, Misther Brady?' says he.

"'Faix, the d—l a thing,' says I, 'only the owld sow.'

"'I don't mane that,' says he. 'This pig is your own property.'

"'And do you mane to till me that the cabin and little bit of garden ain't mine, day ye? An' I here nine-and-twenty years last Martinmas?'

" ' Well, Mистер Brady, I won't be after arguing the pint with you,' says he.

" ' Faith,' says I, ' ye had better not, or by the piper tha' played afore Moses I lay the sine of my 'ands on ye.'

" With this, yer honor, he pulled out a bit of writing, saying something about a notice, when Biddy, yer honor—look at her now, as innocent as if buther would not melt in her mouth—ran at him, and after giving it to him, as she called it, shut the door in his face, calling him a pale, sallow-looking murtherer."

" Well, Brady," said Arthur, " you were served with the notice, of course?"

" Why, yes, yer honor; that spalpeen went to the peelers, and the sargent axed Father Moulony to advise me. Faith, yer honor, if it war not for his raverance, I'd make it a sore business to the skamers."

" Well, what shall you do now, Brady, as you have received the notice? You will be obliged to leave," said Arthur, " and you had much better leave quietly."

" Yer honor, that same is the hardest of all. I would leave the best dinner of bacon and cabbage I ever sat down to to get a fair howld of him. I should go to Americka, but her ladyship from the great house and the young miss came over and towld me that when I left I could get a house from them and a bit of garden. Yarra, Masther Arthur, it did me heart good to see them quality come and sit in our bit of a cabin, an' make as free with us as if we were quality like themselves. Faith, there is nobody like the owld stock, when all is said and done."

" Well, Brady," said Arthur, " I am very glad you are about to get a house and garden from Mr. Phillips."

" Thank yer honor. But her ladyship says to me, ' Now, Brady, you must leave quietly;' and I thinks to myself, ' Well, one round with the blackgard won't make a difference;' but when her young ladyship was a going, she says, says she, ' Now, Brady, mamma will take yer word that you will leave in pace.' ' Ah, bedad, says I to myself, ' it is all up now. I must lave the scoulder to do as he likes.' "

" Yarra! Darby, acoushla. Can't ye rise a hand to him at all at all?" said Biddy Brady, who was all this time listening most attentively to her lord's narrative.

" Faith, the d—l a hand agrah, machree. I would not offend her ladyship for the world."

" Good-bye, Mrs. Brady," said Arthur, reaching his hand to Biddy.

" Don't go yet, yer honor," said Darby. " There is a little spirits in the bottle here. We must drink yer health, and long life to ye."

Mrs. Brady produced the bottle, which was handed to Arthur.

"Now, yer honor, ye must have a little to make ye stout for the road," said Darby, who helped himself to some in an egg-shell, which on all occasions answered the purpose of a wine-glass. He held the shell before him, and, bowing to Arthur, said, "Here is Fosbery above burd, and the burd above it, and that you may never die or lave this world until ye come into yer property, Masther Arthur. Now, Biddy, in throath, ye must have a little drop to wish the young masther godspeed."

Biddy shook her head.

"Now, Darby, don't ax me; ye knows well enough I never takes it, avic."

"Just a toothful, alannah," said Darby, coming up to her in a very coaxing manner.

"Well, I will on account of the masther," said Biddy. "Then here is long life to yer honor, and a good wife to ye, and, wherever she comes from, may she be worthy of the owld stock."

Arthur thanked them for their very kind wishes, and walked in the direction of Carra.

From a point of equity and justice there may be something more than a sentimental grievance in Darby Brady's case. As he stated he lived in the cabin and bit of garden for twenty-nine years on the "Conacre" principle; he was also allowed a portion of bog partly under water, the rendezvous of snipe and wild-duck, and before his late landlord's death, Darby proudly pointed out to him that he could now drive his carriage-and-four through it. He was as proud of this piece of land in his way as an architect of his building, a patentee of his invention. He laid out on it the only capital he had—his labour; his thoughts were as keen as a householder, who might build a cottage and pay ground-rent, on being told to leave the piece of ground on which his house was built, or an inventor who found his handicraft copied by others.

Darby was a tall, muscular man, he could handle the spade with dexterity, but the shillelah was his coat of arms in his younger days. Darby Brady, or "Darby Bawn," was at one time the great leader of the "Two year olds;" he received the nickname of "Bawn" from the manner in which he could handle his kippeene of a stick; the said kippeene, being still preserved in the family, lies neglected on the hob, having flourished in as many bloody tournaments as the lance of Ivanhoe, and would, in all probability, be called into requisition again if it were not for the timely intervention of Mrs. Phillips. It is now many years since Darby Bawn created a sensation at a fair; those purely Hibernian faction fights are getting every day less frequent, and have been carried on without his co-operation for years. He was now known as the most peaceful

in the parish; it was only when he went to those fairs that his pugnacious qualities came to the surface under the influence of a strong supply of whisky. The more evil-disposed of the "Two year olds" were well aware that Darby would not fight unless tipsy, and were sure to meet him, as he entered the fair-green to enter a tent, to spend a half-crown, to meet with

A friend, and for love knock him down.

Peter Johnson, who is well known at every fair as the "all-sort" man, or the "sugar-stick" man, as he calls out his pepper-mint and pimento drops, good for cough, or cold, or pain in the stomach, greets Darby as he passes:

"Success to you, Darby, avic, and that ye may win the day!"

Nancy Carey, another regular attendant at every fair, calls:

"Glory to Brady and the 'Two year owlds,'" while with the same shrill voice you hear her ask all passers by "to come over here, and buy a pair of suspenders, a rack, or a comb, or a prayer-book; two pipes and a cover for a halfpenny; come over here, boys, and let me sell you something, my harties. Now, then, what can I be after getting ye?" This was addressed to a son of the soil, who took a longing look at the various and sundry articles on Nancy's table. "Will ye buy a prayer-book?" She always tried to fill up the spiritual wants of her customers before venturing further. When that failed, she would try, particularly with the colleens, a looking-glass. Now Nancy would say, "See your purty face, the duckins a purtier ever looked in glass afore. Not a word of a lie in it; faith, it is yourself, my darlint, that looks as like the strawberry smothered in crame."

After this the bargain was generally closed, Nancy placing a little on for her own ability as a vendor.

"I want to buy those pair of gallows," said the party, who looked all over the stand.

"Now, then, do you want to buy them? I let you have them at ninepence-halfpenny, and duckins a farding less. See ye here," said Nancy, holding up the suspenders, "they cost myself the very money, but as it is yourself as is there, why, let us have your handsil in the name of the Lord!"

This announcement was received with no little astonishment by the rustic, who was about to pass on, but Nancy had served too long an apprenticeship to her business, or, as she said, was too long "out in the cowl'd" to allow an offer to pass her, if possible.

"What are they worth ye, now then? Can't ye make an offer?"

"Why, I thought myself as how you were going to sell them, like all the rest, for a ha'penny."

The pleasant aspect of Nancy's countenance was now changed, as she looked with supreme scorn on the young man before her.

"Yarra, go along out of that, ye raging Roosshin; ye should stay at home with your mother and milk the ducks. The gallas ye want ain't spun yet. It is a timber gallas that would suit your complaint, you common varmint." And again her shrill voice is heard, "Come over here, my harties, and buy a pair of suspenders, a rack, or a comb, or a prayer-book; two pipes and a cover for a ha'penny."

Darby Brady was known to all the frequenters of the fair; old Tom, who was called "Tom Moore," being the great vendor of Moore's Almanacks—the said almanacks were the only correct ones, having a correct likeness of the venerable Moore on the cover of each—was as familiar with Darby Bawn's countenance as he was with the correct likeness of his venerable patron.

"Ye'll give it 'um to-day; faith, an' sure you will now, Darby," said old Tom. "I see by the look on ye ye'll clare the fair, or I am a Dutchman."

Such were the adulations Darby received as he entered the fair; the "Two year old boys" were on the look-out for their champion; and we might say that on those occasions the combined influence of blarney and whisky exercised such power over him and many other kind husbands, tender fathers, and quiet inoffensive men, as to make one doubt the existence of anything save cruelty, brutality, and vice.

It has been the happy privilege of one great and good man to remove the cause which, like a corroding ulcer, was fast sapping the mental and physical constitution of his countrymen, and, like the upas tree, scattering desolation and poverty all round it. He was the man to convert despair to hope, and waft that hope to heaven. Darby Brady, with many others, received the "pledge," and became an associate, with some of his four year old enemies, in the band of temperance. He seldom, if ever, was seen at the fairs now-a-days. Old Tom Moore forgot the tall, powerful man, and Nancy Carey, who heard Darby was dead, prayed for some rest for his soul in the next world as it had not much in this.

"In throath, he was the darlint, with his shillelah in the middle of a fair-green; it did me heart good to see how they would run from him like rabbits into a burrow."

Many years after Darby was thrown into a state of excitement in consequence of a letter which he received from his brother in America, enclosing him ten pounds, and offering to pay his passage out. Ten pounds was a large sum for Darby, and after two or three days' consultation it was decided that he should go to the fair and buy some pigs, but the excitement was too much. He came home to his wife according to the Donnybrook fashion.

And then in the evening as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows.

Next morning he was obliged to appear before the stipendiary magistrate. The Rev. Mr. Langden, the Protestant clergyman, and the Rev. Mr. Maloney, the Catholic clergyman, gave Darby a very good character; and after a very severe reprimand he was allowed to depart. This reprimand made an indelible impression on Darby Brady. He will tell you to this day that he was never in court but one time; and as long as he lives he will never forget all he did that one blessed night, for the peeler who took him towld the magistrate that he charged him with—

“Bait, battering, and abusing, kicking, knocking down, and otherwise ill using, contrary to Queen Victoria and the statute.”

Such is Darby Brady, whom we now see working so hard to supply his little cabin with turf for the winter. He is very wroth with those who are about to deprive him of what he calls his “little spot of land” after his long possession. As Mrs. Phillips has come to the rescue, we shall have an opportunity of seeing Darby now and then turn up in this narrative.

Arthur Fosbery left Carra for Dublin the following morning, and wending his way along the Northwall, arrived at the Holyhead packet station, where he booked for London. Arthur was still ill at ease before the vessel left the quay. He paced up and down trying to collect his thoughts; his parting with Katty was now foremost in his thoughts; he was leaving his native country, perhaps for the last time, and leaving one still dearer to him than everything else. It was not the first time that Arthur crossed the Channel, but how different was this to his former journeys! Previously, he left as the cheerful youth going back to his companions, full of strange exploits, and ready to tell them to his more immediate school friends without a care for the future. But since that short time, what an age for him! Though but a boy, he has been driven by force into man's estate; his father's death poured a heap of troubles on every side of him, which compelled him to look the world in the face. He was no longer Arthur Fosbery of Boydsville, heir to his father's property; the vicissitudes of fortune came with quick succession, and he was not found wanting.

All those matters were now thrown aside; Arthur had but one absorbing thought, the young lady who ran from him so abruptly. He asked himself over and over again, had he said anything to account for her annoyance? Why should she run away in such a manner? But, after all, perhaps it is for the better. Had she remained I might have said something to her. Would that be honourable, he asked himself, he that was treated as a kind friend at Fairy Lawn, in whom they placed the most implicit confidence?

Was he, a pauper in every sense of the word, to gain the affections of one so young, so artless, and so trusting, and with such brilliant prospects before her?

"No; the world may tell me I am poor, but no man shall tell me I am not a gentleman."

He spoke out the last sentence in such an audible manner, that several of his fellow-passengers stared at him as *non compos*.

Arthur being now aware that he was creating a little scene for the cabin-passengers, went on deck. The aspect of affairs on the deck of a Northwall steamer is not very cheering. On one side the poor frightened cattle, moaning with every surge of the rocking sea, is presented to your view; while on the other the Irish labourers with their wives and children, with no other covering save the broad canopy of heaven, are huddled together to protect one another from the cold midnight breeze which sweeps along the deck. Arthur now mingled with those poor people. He heard one little girl ask her mother for a drink.

"Do, mammy, I am so hungry and thirsty."

"Let her have a drop of this spirits here," said a labourer, handing the child a small bottle; "it is it that will warm her little stumac."

"No, thank you," said the mother, taking the bottle from the child and handing it to the owner. "We shall be very soon at Holyhead."

"Begar, then, you won't be in Holyhead these two hours; and, thunder and turf, I knows it ain't fit for the like of that colleen, but when all fruit fails, I says welcome haws. I knows the same spirits is the downright runation to myself—faith, it's my greatest innimy, but I'll tell ye what it is now, misthress, as far as loving my innimies, I ain't at all amiss with a drop of whisky."

"I am much obliged to you," said the woman; "but when the stewardess comes on deck I shall ask her for a little water for my little girl."

"Bedad," said the labourer, "I have only a half-crown, and as far as it goes she is welcome to the best in the house."

"You are very kind," said the woman; "but I think my child will wait."

"Oh no, mammy, we had no tea or dinner, and you said as how we would git it in the ship."

"Faith," said the man, "you must have your ta, or there ain't a Corker in Cork," as he stood up to see about it.

Arthur heard the conversation, and as the man was about to depart tapped him on the shoulder, saying,

"I beg your pardon, but if you would allow me to see the stewardess I should feel obliged."

The man stood for an instant and looked at Arthur, recognising him, with the quick perception of his race, when they meet with what they call a "real gentleman."

"Faith, sur, it is not the likes of me that will stop your goodness."

"Well, my good man," said Arthur, "you will want the little money you have, and allow me to arrange with the stewardess."

"There it is," said he, tossing up the said half-crown in the air; "be all the goats in Kerry, I could not show another one if it war to make a lord on me this blessed and holy night."

Arthur a little time before was deploring his poverty, not that he feared making his way in the world, nor had a dread of entering it with only a few pounds in his pocket, but it was, as he was sometimes inclined to think, the one and only thing to stand between him and the dearest object of his heart. If Katty Phillips was by his side, what a blank would be filled up! How cheerfully he would go forth and surmount all difficulties, making an imaginary throne for this idol of his heart, on whose altar all his trials and troubles would be offered up as sweet incense, and

Though to such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.

When Arthur returned again from the steward's room, where he left the child and mother doing justice to the meal before them, he found his generous friend dancing within a space of a foot and a half, as he whistled the air of the "Rakes of Mallow."

"I ask your pardon, sur, but faith it is so cowl'd, a body must try something to keep it out."

The appearance of the labourer before him had a very salutary effect. Here was a man as happy as a prince, with a very light purse and a still lighter heart, "and here am I," said Arthur, "with a dozen ways of earning a living to his one, tired of life, and selfish enough to wish that my rough lot would be shared by one so tender as Katty Phillips, reared in affluence, with everything to her hand that money can procure."

"You have been over to Holyhead before, my man?" said Arthur.

"Yes, sur, this is my third turn."

"You get better wages, I suppose?"

"Well, we do and we don't. Faith, that's the only way I can put it to you. But I'll tell you what it is, sur, the money we earns goes badly."

"Perhaps you spend your earnings foolishly."

"Well, sur, I won't be after telling you a lie, but it is us that does."

"You do the same at home."

"Lord bless your heart and soul, no, sir; a crown-piece would

pay for all the drink I have from year's end to year's end, but if we comes into this country as good as gowld, it's the one name we all gets—'Paddies.' Bedad, he is a foolish dog that, when he gets a bad name, does not keep up his character. When I went to schoul, sur, the mather, when he went out for a bit, always bate the scholars, thinking they would dasarve it afore he came back again; and bedad, sur, they just did, and small blame to them, the creeturs, for there ain't no use in bein' bate for nothing."

Arthur parted from his generous fellow-traveller at Holyhead, having given him at the refreshment-room another opportunity of taking his "great inimy" to his bosom, and arrived at Euston-square station late in the evening, where he was met by his college friend George Cantell. After the first greeting was over between the two friends, George gave his father's message:

"The governor desires me to tell you that he would be glad if you would take up your residence with us in Twickenham while you are in town."

Arthur smiled at the idea of going to Twickenham.

"Well, my dear fellow," said his friend, "we will try and make it as pleasant as we can for you."

"I have no doubt you would," said Arthur, laughing.

"What is the matter, Fosbery? That laugh of yours seems rather forced."

"Nothing. I was only laughing at an idea."

"Indeed?" said his friend. "I thought from your last letter you gave up the ideal world altogether."

"So I have; but as to the first step in the real I am as yet undecided."

"Well, old man," said George Cantell, "sink that for the present. We shall have plenty of time to talk about those matters. Tell us something of Dunhurst. How is old Sheepshanks?"

Arthur took no heed of his friend's question, but, calling a cab, told the driver to set them down at the Strand, near the corner of Cato-street.

"Then you are not going to come with me to Twickenham?"

"No."

"Why?"

"For the very reason I mentioned to you, that I had given up the ideal world."

"Don't talk such nonsense," said Cantell, who seemed to be quite at sea as far as Arthur's motives were concerned. "You are, as usual, a kind of incomprehensible mystery."

"'Tis a fact, I assure you," said Arthur, who thought that he was not over and above polite to his friend.

"Well, the fact is, Fosbery, the governor will be greatly disappointed, and tell me that I put my foot in it."

"No, he will not. Just tell him I am very much obliged for his kind invitation, but I can't accept it."

"Perhaps there are some friends in town?"

"No, George; I have no friend in London but you. I have come for a certain purpose, and, by accepting your offer, should commence at the wrong end."

"What are you going to do?" said George Cantell, evidently annoyed that his friend should be so perverse."

"Well, my dear fellow, that is the very identical question I have been asking myself for the last fortnight. If you would only solve it for me, you would be conferring a great benefit on the only living representative of the Fosberys. I have turned my attention to America, Canada, New Zealand, and a variety of other places, too numerous to mention."

"Then you don't intend remaining in England?"

"No; that is out of the question."

The two gentlemen now arrived at a very humble house in a very quiet street in the Strand, where Arthur told his friend "he would be very happy to see him, whenever he would do him the honour of having a look at the lion in his den."

It was decided next morning that Mr. Cantell should call on Arthur, and try to induce him to come out to dinner, and, as Arthur was turning over the *Times*, he was introduced, with his son, into the dingy parlour.

"Now, Mr. Fosbery," said that gentleman, "we have come to see the lion in his den, and to take him by storm."

"You have certainly taken him by storm, sir," said Arthur. "I did not expect the pleasure of so early a visit, but I am not the less pleased to see my visitors."

After some persuasion, Arthur was induced to go to Twickenham, and the two Cantells were to put their heads together to see and get rid of him out of the country as quick as possible. George Cantell talked over old times with his friend, made inquiries about their mutual friend Regan, and other college companions. In the evening there was sure to be a discussion on some subject; George Cantell, going to the English bar, was always in his element when people differed from him. He told Arthur that for their debating society he was about to get up an Irish grievance. "By the way, old fellow, you could give me a wrinkle."

"There is no necessity of getting it up. You people at this side of the Channel know all those grievances by instinct. I should get up something out of the common," said Arthur. "For

instance, the best means of civilising the South-Sea Islanders, or converting the Mormons."

"Well," said his friend, "that may do very well, but you see it would give rise to no discussion; but in the case of an Irish grievance, every man in the room has his own method cut and dry, and ready for use. We should lose that display in the House of Commons, if Providence did not send something of the kind now and then. You see Othello's occupation would vanish."

Arthur Fosbery had no wish to enter into an argument with his friend; but George Cantell knew if there was anything likely to bring Arthur out of his shell it was a thing of this kind, when he could give a Roland for an Oliver.

"If those Irish grievances do no other good," said Arthur, "they keep up the temperature of the House of Commons, so as to prevent some of the old fellows from hibernating. They also act as a safety-valve for the eloquence of your society, as you say every man has a cut-and-dry plan ready to make Ireland prosperous. It is a kind of political Aunt Sally. No matter how wide of the mark one may aim, he is sure to be surpassed by some one else. You may be induced to consider them providential, but I question whether some of our statesmen of the present day look upon them as such, considering, when they point out to other powers the secret rights and privileges of nationalities, they are politely told to look to their own never-ending Irish grievances. But, strange to say, they don't seem to see them. It reminds one of a Scotchman's definition of metaphysics—a man, not understanding himself, writing to another man who does not understand him."

George Cantell remembered his friend's happy knack of turning things into ridicule, if he could not meet them by facts or argument.

"You don't seem to have set aside that masked battery of ridicule yet, Arthur," said his friend. "I thought perhaps you might leave it as a legacy to old Sheepshanks."

Arthur laughed.

"I ought to, no doubt, considering that he was the first to call it into requisition."

"I think," said Mr. Cantell, "that George should keep his long-winded arguments for the walls of their meeting-room. This debating society may be very well in its way, but I confess I can't see why the members should give their fathers and mothers a benefit so often. I should feel much obliged to the conscript fathers who regulate it, if they would confine their more ambitious members to a certain limit."

George Cantell said "that a number of the more ambitious

members, like himself, looked upon the woolsack as only a matter of time. I shall buy an estate in Connaught by that time, throw law to the dogs, and live as long as old Parr, and become as popular as his pills."

This announcement was only one of the many things he would do when he arrived at that much-coveted woolsack. His father was now so accustomed to hear his lively son come out in the original, that he took very little notice of his remarks. It was decided that Arthur should make the first step in the morning. He was to go to the firm of Raikes and Co., and see if they would accept him as a clerk for Barbadoes. Arthur was very glad to make a start; he would go to Barbadoes, or, as he told Mr. Cantell, anywhere else; it made no difference to him.

PASSING TO PARADISE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

The sun was slowly descending,
Like a wearied pilgrim, to rest;
Amber clouds, while a glory lending,
Rich curtains dropped over the west.

The birds low vespers were singing,
Hushed Nature seemed kneeling in prayer;
And soft distant bells were ringing,
Like angel-sighs on the air.

They opened the casement, sweet whiteness
Half burying it—jasmine and rose;
She would view the sun in its brightness,
Ere her eyes for ever should close.

They lifted her up on her pillow,
The young girl languid and weak;
Life ebbd and flowed like a billow,
But sickness wrote death on her cheek.

The once lovely girl merry-hearted,
Laughing lips, and long, glossy hair—
Oh, all her rich bloom had departed,
For sunshine a shadow lay there.

She gazed on her garden's sweet flowers,
And drank for the last time their breath;
She thought of the happy gone hours,
Yet feared not the angel of death.

She looked on the fields hedged with thorn,
There never to ramble again,
And she heard the bee wind his horn,
And the chirp of the blithe busy wren.

From these would her spirit be parted;
Dear Nature might gladden no more,
Yet was she not sorrowful-hearted,
Brighter scenes lay in glory before.

She clasped her fair hands in devotion,
Thinking now of the angels on high;
Joy spake in her bosom's soft motion,
Hope flashed in her soul-beaming eye.

And she gazed on the sun in warm splendour,
Just sinking behind the flushed hill,
And his beams, all trembling and tender,
Lit her features so lovely and still.

Her arms to that glory extending,
Her spirit to rapture seemed given;
In those clouds all colours were blending,
Till they looked gleaming door-ways to heaven.

And thus breathing prayers, faintly smiling,
Like the sunset whose hues faded fast,
Blessing mourners, their sorrows beguiling,
That sweet one to paradise passed.

WHAT ONE CAN HIT UPON.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THERE was a young man who was studying to be a poet; he wished to be one by Easter, to marry, and to live by his poetry, and he thought he had hit on a good thing, but he had not hit on a good thing. He was born too late, everything had been taken up before he came into the world, every subject had been written on.

"How fortunate the men were who were born a thousand years ago!" he exclaimed; "their verses were sure to become immortal! How fortunate were even they who were born only one hundred years ago, there was then something to write poetry about; now poetry is exhausted in this world, on what subject can I write?"

He reflected upon this until he became quite ill, poor wretched man; no doctor could do anything for him, but perhaps the wise woman might. She lived in a small house near the gate of the field; she locked her door against those who drove or rode by; she locked up more perhaps than the door, for she was wiser than the doctor, who drove in his own carriage, and paid the tax levied on people of good rank.

"I must go to her," said the young man.

The house in which she lived was very small yet neat, but it was dreary to look at; there was not a single tree nor flower to be seen; a beehive stood before the door, very useful; there was a little plot of ground with potatoes, also very useful, and a ditch where was a blackthorn-bush, which had blossomed and borne berries; they were astringent if tasted before the frost set in.

"What I see here represents, as it were, our non-poetic times," thought the young man; and that was, at any rate, an idea—a grain of gold he had found at the wise old woman's door.

"Write it down," she said, "crumbs are also bread. I know what has brought you here; you can't hit upon anything to write, and yet you wish to be a poet."

"Everything is written about," he replied; "our time is not like the olden time."

"No, that it is not," said the old crone. "In the old times, witches, as they called wise women, were burned, and poets went

about with empty stomachs and out at elbows. The times are very good—much better than they used to be. But you do not perceive it; you are not sharp enough in your hearing, and scarcely ever read your prayers at night. There are plenty of subjects still for poetry and romances, if one can write them. You can cull them from the fruits and the vegetables of the earth, you can also draw them from murmuring streams or still waters, but you must understand how to do it, and you must know how to seize a sunbeam. Try now my spectacles, put my ear-trumpet in your ear, then pray to our Lord, and leave off thinking of yourself.”

The last injunction was very difficult for him to obey, much more so than the old woman could have imagined.

He put on the spectacles and arranged the ear-trumpet, and then stood quite still in the midst of the potato-ground. She put into his hand a large potato; a sound came from it, it was a song, the words of which gave the history of the potato, very interesting—an every-day story, not in ten volumes, but in ten lines.

And what did the potato sing?

It sang of itself and its family; of the arrival of its family in Europe; of all the mistakes and annoyances they had to endure before they were, as now, considered a greater blessing than a lump of gold.

“By orders from the king, some of us were sent to the authorities of every town with intimation of our remarkable usefulness, but nobody believed it, for they did not know then how to plant us. One dug a hole and cast about half a bushel of potatoes in it; another stuck a potato here and there in the ground, and expected that it would grow up like a tree, from which they could gather potatoes. There came up some green things with flowers, and a kind of watery fruit, but they all withered. No one thought of what was below in the ground—the fertile potato! Yes, we have been much tried, and suffered a great deal—that is to say, our forefathers, but it is all one now!”

“Yes,” said the old woman, “and now look at the blackthorn.”

“We also,” said the blackthorn, “have near kindred in the potato’s original country, but further to the north than where they grew. There came Norwegians from Norway, they steered westward through fog and through storm to an unknown land, where, behind the ice and snow, they found herbs and vegetables, and bushes with dark blue berries like the fruit of vines; their berries became like ripe grapes, and so do ours; and the country was named Viinland, Grönland, or Slaaenland.”

“That is quite a romantic story,” said the young man.

"Yes, but come with me," said the wise woman.

And she took him to the beehive. He looked into it. What life and bustle were there! Bees were standing in all directions agitating their wings to create a current of air throughout the whole large fabric; that was their duty. Then came bees from without, who were born with baskets on their legs; they brought the pollen, the flower-dust, which was shaken out and sifted, and made into honey and wax. They flew in and out; the queen-bee wished also to fly out, but then they must all have gone with her, and the time had not yet come for that; however, she insisted upon flying, so they bit her majesty's wings, and she was obliged to remain in the hive.

"Come up here now," said the old crone, "and look at the highway, where folks can be seen."

"What a swarming multitude was yonder!" exclaimed the young man. "What a humming and buzzing! Stories upon stories might be found there? I shall return to it."

"No, go forward," said the old woman; "go into a crowd of human beings, have eyes for them, ears for them, and a heart to feel for them. Then you will soon find subjects; but before you go give me back my spectacles and my ear-trumpet."

And she took them both from him.

"Now I see nothing," exclaimed the young man, "now I hear nothing more!"

"Well, you won't become a poet by Easter," said the wise woman.

"But when shall I, then?" he asked.

"Neither by Easter nor by Whitsuntide. You are not fit for one."

"What shall I do, then, to make my living by poetry?"

"You can manage that by Shrovetide. Cut up poets; to cut up their writings is to cut up themselves. Stick at nothing; criticise, condemn, and you will make enough to maintain yourself and a wife."

"What one can hit upon!" exclaimed the young man.

And he set to cutting up every other poet, as he could not be a poet himself.

We heard the story from the wise old woman herself.

VALE AND CITY.

XXVIII.

The Vale.

I SHALL begin with that by which your letter ends: How is la belle France to get rid of "the old man of the sea" who has settled himself on her shoulders? A question that I cannot answer. I leave its solution to Time, "the whirligig that always brings in its revenges," as we know from good authority. Let us rest in the hope that the declaration gives us, and, after I have said a few words more in reference to this part of your letter, we will dismiss the subject, leaving it to the solver, just named, of all the hard problems in the progress of civilisation.

What you say of the elder Bonaparte strikes me as just. Now that we can look back on his whole career, and can see also a further development of his course by his nephew, we have a means of judging denied to those of his own days, who were dazzled by his great deeds and softened by the retributive justice of his fall. We are neither dazzled nor softened, and some of us could look even with indignation on his calm, impassive face. You say well, that that face, so full of intellect, is almost wanting in what is human—for intellect itself he did not use humanly. "As steel sharpeneth steel," such is the intercourse of mind with mind, and men are happy in it. But he wished only to be the hammer on the anvil, giving to the iron the form he wanted for his own purposes. All very well in a rude age, when the true Thor wields the hammer! But what if a false Thor got hold of it, in no rude age, and after he has duly assured himself that no firm metal will be offered to his stroke but only what is softly malleable? As false to his own power of mind I look on him, whenever he left his true realm, the field of battle. He could not leave any legacy of that power; but he has left a fatal legacy of the falseness that was in him, and to one more astute than himself, if less audacious in falsehood.

Your observation on the calm face of the elder Bonaparte recalled to my mind something that occurred to me at an impressionable moment, so that I could not forget it. I occupied a room in which hung a half-length, life-size engraving of him. It was over a door, exactly opposite a window, closely shaded by the hanging branches of a tree nailed to the wall of the house, and at a little distance ran a thick, high hedge of evergreens—all these

things external caused at times a certain degree of gloom in my chamber, which was far from disagreeable to me. Going into it one evening, my step was arrested at the door by the sight of a phantom that might have made a bolder heart than mine feel awe-struck. It looked at me from the window, whether within or without, I could not tell. The lower part of the form was lost in the flickering shadows of the bushes above, which appeared something white, like the foldings of a shroud over the breast, and above them was the face, pale, solemn, unearthly, with steady eyes fixed on me. It was surrounded by a misty light within an arching frame of branches. If I were awe-struck on finding this phantom in my room in the dusk of twilight, I was not horror-struck. Did I then see the thing in which I did not believe, and yet which I acknowledged might be, although I believed it not? Did I see a ghost? I advanced a step—the phantom receded; another step—it was gone.

I turned, and instantly discovered what had brought it there. By some peculiar effect of the lights outside and inside the apartment, Napoleon's portrait had been reflected in that ghost-like way in the window. The cunning of nature performed this freak to try my nerves. I never could reproduce the phantom by any arrangement of lights and shadows. What appeared to me the upper portion of a shroud, was the white facing of his artillery officer's coat. Why did the phantom not strike me with horror? I think it was from that want in the expression of the face to which you allude—the want of the emotional, the impassioned, the humane, or human. This was no dead friend of mine to move me with the sad longing of the past—no dead enemy of mine to stir in me a dread horror—horror being the strongest feeling of human sympathy and antipathy combined. So that you see, even a ghost, to make a due impression on us, must be human too.

But you may ask, How was it that I did not feel my flesh to creep, as Job felt his, when a spirit passed before him? Because, after the first moment of awe, I saw there only that which represented to me the stony silence of a great intelligence, untouched by mortal, as by immortal life.

Yet, withal, when you spoke of him as wanting in what was human, you forgot how full of *human meannesses* he was. His fears of a woman's pen and of a woman's tongue—of Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier—of a poor German student's writings. His contempt for all patriotic feeling in handing over Venice to Austria, and leaving Poland worse than he found her. His paltry love of show—not of the show in "the big wars that make ambition virtue," but of the tedious formality, the tawdry

glitter of court ceremonial, of which those born in the purple soon become weary. He caused a Bourbon to be shot, and all of that race might have met the same fate had they crossed the path of his ambition, yet had he the petty vanity to talk of cousinship with it through his second wife. And his crowning meanness was his fraternising with those whom he himself declared to be effete sovereigns, stupid emperors and kings—giving them that hand of his whose strength and power came solely from the valour and faith of republican soldiers. What! after all our speculations on him, have we brought him down to the level of vulgar tyrants? I fear so. Another question: Did France attain to her highest point in civilisation under Louis XIV.—is she now to re-enact the empire of Constantine—and is Paris to be the Byzantium of these days, falling a prey successively to a foreign military leader, or to a domestic intriguer? In the game of cross-purposes that we are looking on and taking part in, we find ourselves always stopped short by a question to which we can give no answer; or, if you found an answer to this last question of mine, and found it in the affirmative, then I should make another: What had become of your belief in Mirabeau's prophecy that the Revolution of '89 was destined to become an European revolution? But if you reply in the negative, and you do not think that France is beginning the downward course of the lower Greek Empire, then I shall think you are hopeful, in spite of the present lowering clouds that hang over her. Should this latter supposition be the true one, I ask, then, what gives the silver lining to these clouds? Whence come the rays of hope you catch between them? You will have left Paris before you can reply to this question, or to any questions of mine, and when next you take up your pen in my service, they will be forgotten in the "fresh fields and pastures new" of the morrow. Well, I shall forgive you if you do forget the old field of Paris, over which we have both wandered, if you let me hear soon of a new one. I do not yet know whither you are going in search of summer and fair weather, but good luck attend you!

XXIX.

The City, Dresden.

NOT to fresh fields and pastures new have I yet come, my dear friend, so can you be contented with a little of a twice-told tale? But I am scarcely disposed to say that I am looking on a twice-beheld scene since I came here, all is so changed from the winter garb in which I saw it to the bloom and greenery of approaching

summer. If this town cannot boast of much that is grand in architecture—nothing that interests deeply from its antiquity—it has at least nothing of meanness, nothing of the decrepitude of a failing civilisation in its aspect. Except in very exceptionally bad weather, it always looks cheerful at this season, and the slopes of its gardens are as enticing as their ponds are in the skating time of winter. Healthy young people have, indeed, much to induce them to like Dresden. Why do I say *healthy*? Because for the delicate the heat of summer and the cold of winter would be too trying here. There are also such excellent aids to education in schools with first-rate professors. In what I have just said, I have had in view the strangers who bring their families to this place—Russians, English, Americans—to many of whom it offers an agreeable and a not expensive place of residence.

Visitors of the three wandering nations are beginning to return hither, after having been frightened away by the disturbances in Germany which followed the French Revolution of '48. Things seem settling down into their former state—only, perhaps, for the great fatherland, what Goethe called its “police providence,” will have a more watchful eye over it than formerly, if that be possible. Coming from England to a foreign country, one naturally turns to the public prints, the journals, to have some idea of the condition of mind, the state of feeling, of the people among whom we are. I gave you a notion of the miserable stuff put before us in Paris. I shall not attempt to do so with regard to the miserable stuff in Dresden papers; it is too dull. Literary rubbish in France is turned out in such a light, off-hand way, that you feel as if its writer were laughing at his attempt to cajole you and enjoying it. Here, with a heavy hand and a heavy heart, the editor of a paper, tears bedewing his spectacles, places before you his nonsense and his lies; they prove too much for your patience, as they are not even ludicrous. We asked for the most liberal newspaper published here. We got some numbers of it, but could not wade through them, though their sheet is of a size that would be absurd for its smallness in any town of England. It happened that we were afterwards introduced to its editor, and being well convinced that in his secret soul his sympathies must be with us in political matters, we thought we might venture, a little too frankly it may have been, to rally him on the difference between his conceptions and ours of what is liberal. We were sorry that we had done so. The poor man's face twitched, his lip trembled, and he could only say that he had suffered enough for his liberality. We found that he had been imprisoned more than once for some of his mild hints that government might be in the wrong.

He cannot have taken any active part in the rising in Dresden

four years ago, otherwise he would not be here now; he would be where so many sons of its bourgeoisie are—in the United States. I am told that there is scarcely one respectable family in the town that has not some of its members in voluntary exile on the other side of the Atlantic, whilst many have to mourn sons and brothers slain in the streets on the barricades. The thunder so close to us, rolling over our heads from France in '48 and '49, made us almost insensible to the echoes from other parts of Europe, of storms by no means petty ones. Here, in Dresden streets, there were more than three days' fighting; the king and the royal family fled to a fortress on one of the rocks in the Saxon Switzerland; some of the more fantastical of the old nobility pretended to be in dread of democracy, and passed a pleasant picnic-ing sort of time, disguised as peasants, in that same Saxon Switzerland; and there was more slaughter in the city, more dead bodies were cast into the Elbe, than either victors or vanquished care to speak of now. It is only in a whisper that these things are told to strangers by any citizen of the town.

One can scarcely think, on regarding the physique of this people, whether of the military or of the non-military class, that they could have had pluck enough for four days' fighting. But, after all, it was not Saxons who beat Saxons. It was the Prussians who came and, in a very high-handed, bloody manner, settled the affair for the King of Saxony. Are we sure that it was for that sovereign? May it not be that it was as much for the sovereign of Prussia? I find that although the Austrians are better liked, *personally*, as I may say, than the Prussians, yet is there in the Saxon mind a secret conviction that the latter are destined to become masters of Saxony. Perhaps for *are destined*, I should write *are destining themselves* to that mastership. But how? That I cannot say. Although the two royal houses are closely connected by marriages, there are not such ties of blood between them as could make a Protestant prince of Prussia heir to the Catholic king of Saxony.

But the people of Saxony are Protestants. Now, were I a German Protestant, nothing would please me better than the union of all the Protestants of my country under one government, leaving the Catholic Germans all under a Catholic head. Even Goethe, careless as he was of all creeds, expressed his conviction that the great question between the two churches, left only more entangled at the end of the Thirty Years' War, had yet to be unravelled by his countrymen. It has to be unravelled; and there are many, with more patriotic feeling than he ever possessed, who would rejoice to see it done, would fight in the old good cause of Luther; but at this moment of strong reaction in all governments against

what is liberal, hope has deserted all parties. With folded hands, "We wait," they say. Yes, they must wait!

I am glad that I have not in this letter to enter on the vulgar subject, which you dislike, of lodgings and boarding-houses. We are in an hotel in the old market-place. Do not, my dear madam, allow your imagination to run riot among fish-women and apple-stalls, and suppose that we are in low quarters. Here lodged two great emperors—Peter, whom the world called "the great," and Napoleon, whom France called "le grand." Does this bit of information make you in your mind's eye regard our position with a certain degree of respect? I fear not, for I know you to be such an anti-imperialist, and you have indoctrinated me with some of your ideas of that kind. Well! as to Peter, I hold that he had something, if not *great*, yet imperially *big*, in his character worthy of great respect from barbarians, and I look not reverentially, but curiously at the house which he once occupied. The other emperor came also hither from Russia, where he had left his devoted army to perish in the snow. It was there that he is said to have made that attempt at a good saying or a witticism, "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Looking selfishly and solely at the actual as it affected him, he could utter these words. But had there been in his heart any feeling of regret for the sons of France, whom he had led so far from their homes to die in blood and famine on the desolate plains of Russia, he could not so have spoken. A more humane soul than his—if any humane soul could have been in such circumstances—would have turned prophetic, and have said, "From the portentous to the penal there is but a step." Portentous was his entry into Moscow, rapidly followed the penalty. Your ghost of him, with its calm white face, haunts me sometimes, yet would I rather see it than the living face of his nephew.

In return, however, for your ghost story, I can give you one of a saintly kind, concerning a little those two Bonapartes, lately given me on good German authority—Catholic authority, I ought to add. When the tomb of Charlemagne was opened at Aix-la-Chapelle, his bones were found enveloped in Roman vestments, his double crown of France and Germany was on his brow, his pilgrim's wallet lay by his side, as well as his good sword Joyeuse, with which he could cleave in two a knight cased in complete steel. His feet rested on the buckler of solid gold given to him by Pope Leo, and around his neck was suspended the talisman that made him ever victorious, and which was formed of a piece of the true cross, sent to him by the Empress Irene. It was enclosed in an emerald attached to a large chain of golden links. The burghers of Aix-la-Chapelle presented it to Napoleon when he

entered their town. One day, in playful mood, he threw it over the neck of Queen Hortense, declaring that he wore it on his breast at the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, and that Charlemagne had worn it for nine years. It is said that from that day until the day of her death the Duchess de Saint-Leu never separated from the relic.

Who wears it now? Will Pio Nono bestow a double blessing on it? Could it still make an emperor victorious in battle? That it could—the right emperor!—the man who had the power of victory in himself. After all, the genius for organising armies and gaining battles seems so direct a road to empire since the days of Nimrod, that men yield to it with an instinctive, natural loyalty. Alas! that this feeling should so often betray them to the loss of their liberties. Call up your ghost again, and ask him why the great leader so seldom has shown any loyalty of feeling to those whom he led? How is it that their very devotion to him has, as it were, made him despise them? But here I must end. We are making plans for some excursions. Perhaps I may write to you before you reply to this letter.

All good spirits attend you!

XXX.

The City, Prague.

YES! to fresh fields and pastures new I now bring you. You have never visited this place, which I had not before visited. But its newness consists in its *ancientness*. I use that word advisedly instead of antiquity. The latter word might bring to mind something connected with great *classical* cities that have perished and are perishing. Prague is altogether different from them, and as different from anything that we are accustomed to see in modern and comfortable England. Yet, at this moment, when I look out of my window on this summer-day, I think that the more modernised of my country people, that always increasing crowd of them, who are so eager to leave home towns for foreign ones, who bring to the business of travel only their eyes and ears, and are quite indifferent to historic associations, I think that even they, careless of the old, the mediæval, might find much to please them and to detain them in Prague. From the serenest of skies the sunlight falls on the pretty little islands of the Moldau. These islands are gardens with pleasant shades, places of amusement and refreshment, and at certain hours excellent music is to be heard there. If all that could not tempt John Bull and his wife to take up their abode here, I am sure their daughters would feel inclined

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to linger among the white Austrian uniforms meeting the eye everywhere. They are worn, too, by most agreeable, gentlemanly-looking men. All that will not tempt you.

Well, then, let me tell you of another place of resort, a large park-like garden, a little out of the town, called the Baum-Garten. It is most charming, and there you find good restaurants, where you can dine well and cheaply, as we did, enjoy a lovely view, and listen to good music. You are sitting under your tree, and think you have as good a view as we had, and that the singing of the birds is better than any German band, and as for the dinner you care nothing about it. Since that is the case let me tell you of an extempore acquaintance that we made there, an old gentleman, who told us that he came to that garden every day to dine and to read English for an hour. He was very fond of English novels, those of Pulver more particularly. We disclaimed all knowledge of that author. He pulled a volume from his pocket and showed the title-page. There we read Bulwer. We begged his pardon, acknowledged our error, not attempting to initiate him into the pronouncing our B and W. A young friend of ours in Dresden, we often heard teasing his mother to read Boats, whom we discovered to be Boz (Dickens). The fame of those two novelists has travelled not on the wings of the wind, but on those of the German press. With how many German novelists has our press made us acquainted with? It is true that the Germans acknowledge themselves to be inferior to us in the novel, but that hardly accounts for English indifference to the good ones that they have.

What a wonderful world of dreamland, inhabited by visionary beings performing acts in fantastic imitation of humanity, is that which lies beside the real world in the great kingdom of fiction—the kingdom of the novel! A triple kingdom it is now—England, France, and Germany blended into one by translations, and by the general knowledge each has of the other's tongue. This floating, flickering realm of imagination, too near us to be poetry, too unstable to be life, this *fata Morgana* that in a misty sky gives us back the realities of earth, seems a constant attendant on a certain development of the social state. Does it not indicate that the garrulity of old age, the decrepitude that would like to sit still and be childishly amused, is coming on that social state? I fear it, for I learn that the Chinese are more prolific in tales and novels than we are.

But how far have I wandered from our English-novel reading friend! We walked back to the town with him in the cool of the evening. He informed us that he was a physician, but that he had given up practice. He told us this just after we had

observed a young girl in passing seize his hand and kiss it. He seemed to draw away his hand, and not to desire this act of homage, from his former patient—if such she had been—at least, we inferred so much, from his gratuitous information about himself. After this we remarked that the hands of men were kissed by women. The men were priests, be it known to you! We knew them by their garb. Now, you are quite disgusted. Yes, we will bid our old doctor good-night! and hurry back to our hotel, passing wonderful old edifices of the great lords and princes of feudal times—passing many great barracks filled with soldiers—passing many gaily-lighted cafés filled with gallant officers—passing the dark, barred monastery and nunnery ever and anon—passing the bridges leading temptingly to the island gardens—passing, what would have greater temptation for many ladies, the lighted shops, like fairy palaces of many-coloured gems of the famous Bohemian glass of this place. And, as we go, what are the sounds? The roll of drum, the bugle-call, the tinkling of a convent bell, the deeper toned one of a church, and the music of the bands in the gardens rising and floating above all. Surely it must be agreeable to live in a town of this size, which one can take in as a whole, and not to receive slowly in parts as one does London or Paris?—a town, too, in which is to be found all that is interesting in historic recollections, with all that is cheerful in modern life. I must think of that until to-morrow; so now, good night!

I have slightly introduced you to New Prague, let me ask you to turn with me to-day to the old town. I am not going to describe to you Wallenstein's palace, in which he kept a court that excited the jealousy of his emperor, and caused him to be murdered. There we saw stuffed, erect on its four legs, the roan charger on which he rode in the battle in which Gustavus Adolphus fell. As a good Protestant, I turned away with loathing from that spectacle. I am not going to lead you through other palaces to the crowning imperial one of enormous size on the hill rising high above the town, on which stands also the cathedral. I am not going to bid you follow me through the vast mass of buildings, colleges, monasteries, churches, forming almost a town themselves, that all belonged to the Jesuits in the days of their power, but from which they were expelled. Of all these things you can read a great deal more than I should like to write in any guide-book, with details given that, if they had not escaped my observation, might escape my recollection.

Instead of all that about old Prague, I shall ask you to recal to yourself that about four centuries ago it was the scene of just such a human tempest as that which began in Paris in 1788. Here, long and fiercely it raged, and with results as sanguinary and

terrible during its course as any that were witnessed in the greater capital at the end of the last century. Here, too, the Hôtel de Ville was the centre of the commotion; from one of its upper windows an imperial messenger was pitched out by the angry burghers. From it were issued, by those who ruled there, furious, revengeful, fatal commands, to obey which men died on the battle-field. And for what was all this? For freedom of conscience, hardly for freedom of thought; for men to be at liberty, on some certain points, to worship God as seemed right to them. There was no fighting as yet for civil rights; the idea that men should be equal before the law had not begun to dawn on the understanding of the citizen; that was to come at a later period. But he said then, let me have my *mind* freed from tyranny, let me have some controlling power there if nowhere else. And so the Bohemians fought for this one desire of theirs valiantly, obstinately. They conquered, they were conquered; again they were victorious, again they were vanquished. They were slain in thousands; they went into exile in thousands; and that for which they fought with such passionate earnestness was trodden out in their blood in Bohemia, was banished from its borders with those who had to shelter their heads in other lands.

On such things one cannot but reflect in Prague, and if one finds not there the attractions of classical antiquity which achieved great deeds and left their impress on ruins, there is to be found what should be even dearer to us, inasmuch as Christianity and liberty should be dearer than any ancient forms of civilisation. But the great struggle in which Bohemia had to succumb to brute force and priestly power, she has yet to undertake again, that she feels in her heart of hearts, though she has once more sat down still as a stone to wait for a better time to begin the contest than was that of her last attempt—an attempt not made so long ago, for here also in 1848 the echoes gave back what was so loudly proclaimed in Paris, and the old walls resounded with the fatal word Freedom! An unfortunate circumstance precipitated the outbreak. Whether the slaughter were more or less from the rising of the people without any preconcerted plan, is a point very difficult to determine—a point, too, on which we could not get any one to speak. Those were sanguinary days here, that have left bitter feelings in the heart of the conquered, because their conquerors are always before their eyes in their white uniforms. But all is very quiet now, and to the passing stranger Prague seems to offer only the prospect of a pleasant—nay, a very gay place of sojourn.

We are returning to Dresden, where I shall hope to find a letter from you. In the mean time, dear friend, adieu!

THE DREAM PAINTER.

BY DR. J. E. CARPENTER.

BOOK I.

III.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

It was not always that Geraldine was thus fettered in her motions; sometimes she would pass the interval which elapsed between the hour for leaving the school and the time for dressing for dinner in a walk through the paths and avenues which skirted the town, and so, making a *détour*, reach her residence through the byways; but these walks were not always solitary, for Leopold, who had some control over the order of giving his lessons, always contrived to give Geraldine's last, and that over, he was at liberty to depart.

Once or twice he had waited for her, and walking by her side, they had opportunities for sharing each other's conversation, but it had seldom been of so personal a character as that we have just detailed. It was, therefore, a considerable annoyance to Leopold to find that the means of continuing it had thus been abruptly put an end to; but there was to be a dinner-party at the Werner's that day, and both her parents were anxious that Geraldine should be in good time for her toilet, and should look her best. Giving her hand to Leopold, to the great horror and astonishment of the governess, she briefly thanked him for his lesson, uttered some commonplace remark about her progress, real or imaginary, and bade him good-day.

Leopold, on his part, took his solitary way; but he felt heated and stifled. He could not return to his home and shut himself up in his little studio; he must have air, exercise, and he wandered away up the hill-side and through the vines. Then he descended the hill and still went on, by the margin of the river, far away from the sound of human habitation, till he arrived at the ruins of an old castle. Then he flung himself down upon a bank covered with moss and lichen, his arm resting on a fallen pillar, and began to ruminate upon all that had fallen from the lips of the fair being who had enchanted him.

"Some day, perhaps"—they were her last words before they were interrupted that he was repeating—"some day, perhaps, you will know all about me." What could she mean by those words,

if not that their future fate was in some way inevitably linked together? And yet they might only allude to his evident curiosity to know something more about her, something that should convince him that though she had succeeded in drawing from him the story of his life, there were reasons, which she could not at present impart, for the reticence on her side. But then, thought he, if her stay at Bonn is likely to be limited, what reason would she have to imagine that they would ever meet again? Did she wish that they might do so?—was it a hint for him to find out whither they might go, and to follow them? It mattered little to him where he should reside when the time arrived for him to take his departure—he could pursue his studies as well in one place as in another. Did she really wish, then, that they should not be separated? These and a thousand similar thoughts rushed through his mind; but they were answered by more gloomy ones, and in vain he endeavoured to glean any hope from what he had so recently seen and heard.

She liked him? Yes! but only as “the other girls” liked him; she had laughed to scorn, as it seemed to him, his confusion when she had addressed him as Leopold; and then, her regrets that she could not assist him by those worldly means to which she had alluded, what were they but so many insults to his love? Did they not assert the superiority and proclaim the distance that she considered to exist between her station and his own? Yes! it was evident that she only regarded him in his true position! And what right had he to think it could be otherwise? She would soon pass away from him for ever, and then she would be the dream of his future as she was now the thrall, the spell, of his present existence.

Had Leopold mixed at all with the world, he would never have committed the indiscretion of falling in love with one of his own pupils. The world would have told him that though such marriages as that he contemplated have happened, it has generally been when an artful and designing man has employed the advantage of his intellect to overawe the reason of a trusting and unsuspecting woman.

The more he weighed the words, and recalled every look of the fair young creature who had entranced him, the more gloomy and desponding he became.

At last, wearied with his walk, and exhausted from having had no repast since the morning, for even lovers must eat and drink, if it be only in secret, he fell into a state of dreamy lethargy, which soon resolved itself into a slumber, disturbed but deep.

Sleep thus fell heavy on the eyes of the young artist, but for the mind there was no repose. The old ruin by the Rhine was to him

a ruin no longer, the crumbling walls had disappeared, the long grass, shrubs, and wild flowers that choked the entrance faded from his eyes, the red beam of the setting sun had ceased to cast its chequered light through the rents and fissures of the broken battlements; and, in the place of all this, there arose a princely hall, lit by a thousand blazing tapers, and tables spread with costly viands, and fruit and flowers, and crystal beakers, filled with ruby wine, ranged along the floor. Servants in rich liveries were waiting upon courtly guests. Minstrels, playing upon strange instruments, were ranged in a spacious gallery, and, at the end of this hall, a dais covered with rich velvets, behind which was glittering tapestry emblazoned with shields and other armorial devices, and in the centre there stood a throne of state. Presently the guests seemed to rise, the music to grow louder, and the voices to deepen into a grand choral strain. Then, as the company separated right and left, Leopold saw upon the throne a figure, radiant with loveliness, which he recognised as that of Geraldine. But why was he there? In his dream he thought that he attempted to rush forward to do her homage like the rest, but he was held back by unseen hands, though he felt the pressure of their grasp as he vainly struggled to release himself. And then, in his dream, he thought to cry to her to aid him; he felt that he was speaking, that his tongue and his lips performed the functions proper to them in performing the office of articulation, but that from them there issued no articulate sound—only a sort of invisible speech that, dying upon his lips, was heard only by himself, and yet was not dumbness. And yet she heeded him not, she saw him not, and then the thought came to him, still in his dream, that she, the mistress of all that seeming wealth and splendour, taking a flowing wine-cup from the hands of an attendant page, pressed it to her lips, and breathed one word, "Leopold!" And then the guests, filling their crystal wine-cups, all drank and cried "Leopold!" And "Leopold! Leopold!" seemed to echo and re-echo through that spacious hall, and still to her and to them he was invisible!

Without doubt, the unseen hands which held Leopold so fast was the fluted masonry of the stony pillow upon which he rested, and the scene itself the result of the train of thought in which he was indulging when nature asserted her rights, and wafted his weary spirit to the land of dreams.

How long his dream continued, what other shapes it resolved itself into, it is needless to inquire; he was awakened by one of those strong efforts to speak, which all those who have experienced nightmare will readily understand, and then, uttering at last a loud cry, which scared the birds now roosting in the ruins, and caused a rush of wings to mingle with its echoes, he rolled heavily

on his side and struck his head against a block of fallen masonry, fortunately for him covered with moss, like the broken column against which he had been reclining. The blow, however, was sufficiently severe to stupefy him in his still half-dreaming state, and it was some time before he recovered entire consciousness.

When, at length, he came to his senses, a very different scene awaited his gaze to that he had beheld on first entering the ruined castle.

The sun had long gone down behind the western hills, and the moon was now shedding her pale beam over the fair bosom of the Rhine, and lighting with "a pale sepulchral light" the dilapidated dwelling, so picturesque, and yet so solemn, which, first his fancy, and then his utter weariness, had so long held him prisoner.

The scene around him was not cheering, but it was strangely in harmony with his feelings.

Rousing himself by an effort, he sat up and listened; presently he thought he heard the dip of oars in the distance, and then, as the sound grew nearer, a song, which he recognised as one he had heard the vine-dressers sing in chorus, was wafted down the tide.

Come! sing we of the Rhine land,
The beautiful, the fine land,
The mighty, mighty wine land,
The mother of the free!
The vines are young and tender,
The grapes are green and slender,
But in autumn, boys, they'll render
Good wine for you and me!
And for all love the wine land,
The beautiful, the fine land,
The mighty, mighty Rhine land,
The mother of the free!

Nearer and nearer came the sound. There was no mistaking it now; it was the voice of Johaan, the vine-dresser's son, who had, doubtless, come in search of him.

After a few strokes of the oars, which took the place of what a musician would call so many bars rest, and which Johaan took in order to regain his breath—for whatever poets write about boat songs, when the singers are the rowers also, it is generally singing under difficulties—the song proceeded:

Each tender shoot caressing,
The bine now neatly dressing,
Our care they'll soon be blessing,
In autumn we shall see
The grapes that court the crushing,
From mighty wine vats gushing,
Till in the goblets blushing
They glad all Germanie;

And all who love the wine land,
The beautiful, the fine land,
The mighty, mighty Rhine land,
The mother of the free!

Finding himself very stiff in the limbs and rather cramped, for the night dews had begun to fall, Leopold was rather pleased to find this welcome succour; he, therefore, made his way out of the ruin towards the river-side. By this time the boat was within hail, and though faint of voice from his exhaustion and long fasting, he contrived to make himself heard, and in a few minutes, propelled by the strong arm of Johaan, it was close under the shore.

"At last, master," said Johaan, "I have found you. I was just going to bed when the Fraulein Bertha came and inquired if I had seen you, for she thought you might have gone out to make another picture of the moonlight, and then I should not have been there to answer her; but, as I had not seen you, she became alarmed, and asked me to go in search of you. I told her you were sure to be safe somewhere, so I went to all the places I could think of, and at last I remembered this. We came here last summer, but it is a long pull, and I thought I would sing some song that you knew, so that if you were anywhere along the river you would hear me, and I was right it seems. Come, master, jump into the boat, the tide is in our favour going back, and I shan't be long pulling you home, with the stream."

Leopold was not exactly in a position to jump in, but he managed, by steadying himself with the oar which Johaan put out to him, while with the other hand he kept the boat fast by means of his boat-hook, to scramble in. Johaan then pushed her off, swung her round to the tide, and commenced rowing her homewards.

"The fact is, Johaan," said Leopold, volunteering an explanation when they had proceeded a little distance, "I went out for a long walk, got tired, sat down in the ruins, and fell fast asleep, and that is the full history of my little adventure; but I am very glad you found me, for it would have been rather a longer walk by the river-side and over the hill than I should have cared to have taken at this time of night."

"And a dangerous one, too," replied the superstitious peasant; "for Carl, the boatman, says that when he has been out the water late at night, he has heard sounds come from the hills that he is quite sure were not those of human voices, and he has seen lights in the old castles and forms passing to and fro within them, as if the old owners had come to revisit them and were holding revel there, and that for any one to disturb them in their midnight witchery would be certain death."

"Nonsense," said Leopold; "these are only the stupid tales the boatmen invent to gull their fares, the travellers. Of course the moonbeams light up the ruins, and the creeping plants and the trees move with every gust of wind, and the wind itself, singing up old chimney places and through narrow chambers, choked with leaves and stems, makes unearthly noises that seem like sounds of lamentation, and sometimes even like human beings crying in their agony."

"But, master," said Johaan, looking round cautiously, and lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "don't you believe in these Rhine spirits?"

"I haven't thought much about them," replied Leopold, evasively. "I hope there is rest after death, for we shall need it; it comes to us so seldom while we sojourn here."

Finding the young artist little disposed to be communicative, Johaan rowed on in silence, and the attention of both was soon arrested by a bright reflection cast upon the water, and which was caused by the interior illumination of one of the residences near the banks, which became more thickly clustered as they neared the town.

Within that château all seemed mirth and gaiety, light streamed from the windows, music floated from within, and the forms of dancers could be distinctly seen, moving in rapid but measured time.

Just as the boat came opposite the spot a light form glided into one of the balconies, followed by several cavaliers, and a peal of merry laughter reached the ears of the solitary voyagers on the Rhine.

It was the place occupied by the Werners. Leopold recognised instantly the form of Geraldine. He stood up in the boat by an involuntary movement; then he sat down again, covered his face with his hands, and murmured, "Home—home."

In about a quarter of an hour afterwards they reached the landing-stage from whence Johaan had taken the boat, and pressing a small coin upon his faithful attendant, Leopold took leave of him and proceeded to his house, where he found his sister Bertha awaiting him, his father and mother having long since retired for the night.

The penetrating eyes of his sister were not long in discovering that something unusual had happened to him, but she accepted his explanation, the same he had given to Johaan, for she saw that he needed repose, and doubted not that in due time—for they had few secrets from each other—the cause of his unusual absence would be satisfactorily explained.

She pressed him to take some refreshment, but in vain; all she

could induce him to partake of was a cup of Rhine wine, which she heated and spiced, and which was successful in bringing back a portion of its colour into his pale face.

Leopold ascended to his chamber, lit his meerschaum, and again began to ruminate over the events of the day.

The apparition of Geraldine in the balcony, her ringing laugh still in his ears, were subjects not likely to reassure him. We will leave him, therefore, to brood upon his melancholy, and retrace our steps to the gay party of which we had a glance while following the fortunes of the young artist in his lonely boat.

IV.]

THE WERNERS AT HOME.

It was indeed Geraldine who, heated by the dance, in which she was a joyous participator, threw open the window and came to breathe the refreshing air that a light breeze had cooled, and that had now began to clear away the blue mist that at early evening hung low on the surface of the water.

She was instantly followed by several of the younger guests, who brought shawls and wraps for her to put on, remonstrated with her on the imprudence of inhaling the night air, and paid her a number of other little attentions proper to and usual on such occasions.

"See," said one, "there is a boat out at this hour! Some lonely lover disappointed of an assignation with his lady-love, and returning alone."

"Or some poor devil of an artist studying a night effect. Pity we cannot have him up here and give him a glass of champagne," added another.

"Here's a health to you, herr loiterer, and a pleasant voyage home," shouted a third, retiring into the saloon and returning instantly with a brimming glass with which to go through the ceremony he had indicated, and in which he was joined by the others.

Leopold's boat was too distant for him to hear the fun they were making of him, but the laugh in which they all joined clearly indicated to him that he was the subject of their mirth. As we have seen, he rose in the boat, but instantly sat down again, and it was that involuntary movement that caused him to be recognised by Geraldine.

"Let us go in," she said, drawing her shawl closely round her shoulders, for she felt the blood rush from her cheeks, and a cold

shiver run through her heart—"let us go in—this night-air chills me."

But as the others were returning, she stepped back for an instant, took a rose from her bosom, and flung it, unperceived, towards the river.

This action was unnoticed by Leopold; indeed, there was not light enough for him to have seen so small an object as a rose at the distance there was between them; it was only by the figure that each had recognised the other, and then without being able to know if they were recognised in return.

Was it a piece of heartless coquetry on the part of Geraldine, or had it a meaning—that flinging away of the emblem of true love to waste and wither on the silent shore?

Whatever might have been the services exacted by Geraldine from her younger admirers, there was one who emulated them all, and who paid her throughout the evening the most unwearied attention. This was the Baron Rosenthal, a fine, hale old man, as we have said, verging upon sixty, though his ample beard, without a grey hair, and his florid complexion, heightened by his devotion to the chase, and, it must be added, owing something to the bottle—above all, his upright form and steady gait—made him appear at least ten years younger.

True, he did not dance, but he sat by her side when she sung, he turned over the leaves of her music-book, and he even sung himself to her accompaniment, and he sung well, too. Geraldine seemed to take a particular delight in keeping him in good humour; she smiled graciously when he called her his "little pet bird," and told him she thought he must be a very domesticated old gentleman to abjure play, which seemed to be almost the sole recreation of most of her father's visitors.

The fact was the baron had that day made Geraldine what he called a little present; but it was one of those little presents which very few women can resist, for it consisted of diamonds. It was a brooch comprising some twenty brilliants of the first water, to which was attached a pendant heart, composed of a single pearl, and also set round with smaller stones, "part of a suite," he said, "which had always been worn by the Baronesses of Rosenthal, and no portion of which had ever before been out of the family."

This was a tolerably broad hint for the Werners, and by the acceptance of such a gift, Geraldine unwillingly seemed to acknowledge that she was not unwilling to be bound to the baron by ties certainly stronger than those of friendship. What the conversation was that continued so long and so earnestly, and yet in so low a tone, between the baron and the mother of Geraldine, while the younger guests were enjoying the excitement of the dance, and

the elder ones, in an ante-room which opened into the large drawing-room or principal saloon, were engaged in play, we are not at present prepared to say; certain it is, that when the lady arose from it she appeared to be radiant and happy.

The happiest and merriest of parties must break up at last; even the most inveterate gamblers must stake their last venture and play their last card. It was not the policy of Werner to pluck his pigeons at one fell swoop, and then to fly off to other quarries; he could not submit to the fatigue of constantly forming fresh connexions; besides, he desired to keep up a certain appearance of respectability under the cloak of hospitality. Thus all the guests at the château were not his victims; they were permitted to lose and win to one another. Still, if his guests had been sufficiently commercial to take stock among themselves, which they were not, it is more than probable that a not very satisfactory balance-sheet would have been obtained.

Above all things, Werner was a strenuous advocate for early hours; he could not, as the host, determine the precise hour at which to turn out his guests, but he gave hints, and he also gave way when they proposed to continue their play, though he was self-denying enough to leave off himself—if it suited his purpose.

On this occasion the party, which had been of a more miscellaneous character than usual, prolonged the festivities beyond the ordinary hour, but as the morning light began to put out those wax-lights which had not performed that operation for themselves, by burning down into their sockets, the last guests at last departed, and the host and hostess were left to themselves.

Then it was that Werner poured out the contents of a Burgundy bottle into a capacious goblet, drank it off at a draught, felt considerably refreshed, and told his daughter jocosely, though not exactly in the words of the reverend author of the "*Ingoldsby Legends*," that it was "an hour when all good little girls should be in bed;" an assertion to which Geraldine consented the more readily, since she had exceeded by some hours those at which young ladies of her age—at least, those who are not compelled to toil through the severities of a London season—are accustomed to take their beauty sleep.

"At last," said Werner, left alone with his wife, and taking from his pocket a letter which a servant had brought to him in the course of the evening, the envelope of which he had not had an opportunity of breaking, though he had recognised the handwriting.

"Is it the letter you expected from Paris?" asked Madame Werner.

We call her "*madame*," for she so described herself on her

visiting-card, while her husband left his proper designation to be guessed, having his engraved "Gerald Werner" only.

"Yes," said her husband, "it is from Pollio; he promised to find out the movements of the count for me and to let me know. He has been as good as his word."

"Count Basil is in Paris, then?" pursued Madame Werner. "Then your mind is at rest upon that score?"

"On the contrary," replied Werner, "for though he is in Paris at this moment, he talks of leaving for Baden, and then of coming here."

"He will come too late," said Madame Werner, smiling.

"Well, yes," answered her husband, imagining he had divined her meaning, "I hope he will arrive too late. We must lose no time in getting away from here, and yet I am loth to go, for I like the place and the people. They are not over rich truly, but I will have no more partners, no confederates, run no risks, and, above all, with such a man as Count Basil; he plays far too desperate a game for me."

This was very plain English, and, it must be told, when Werner and his wife held these little confidential communications, they did converse in very plain English.

"He would not find many opportunities here," said Madame Werner; "besides, we need not invite him."

"What?" exclaimed Werner, "shake off the count! Get rid of the man who has been your—well, mixed up with you in certain little transactions? Ah, you don't know him!"

"But he really is a count, you ascertained that."

"Yes, beyond all doubt, but 'landless, landless, landless Greagalach,' as the song says."

"Landless, but with expectations of inheriting an estate producing several thousands a year," continued Madame Werner.

"You were satisfied of that?"

"Beyond the possibility of a doubt, and still I will not trust him."

"Dependent, you said," pursued Madame Werner, still reminding her husband of a former conference between them, "on the death of two maiden aunts, the youngest near seventy."

"Consequently, they will never die!"

"Consequently, they will soon die!"

"Pshaw! maiden ladies, over seventy, especially when a nephew is hourly praying that he may have to go in mourning for them, never do die. He has insured his life in half the offices in London for the purpose of raising money; he is paying fabulous sums for interest; and yet they don't, they won't die. He told me so himself."

"Sooner or later it must come," observed Madame Werner, who, contrary to her husband, whose nature was nervous and excitable, was always cool and collected.

"I tell you," answered Werner, with some asperity, "that if he had a hundred thousand pounds to-morrow, in five years he would be without a shilling. I know him. In the first place, he is so infatuated with play that, with a fortune, in spite of all he knows, he would run a tilt against all the banks in Germany. He actually did break a bank once, and lost every stiver again before the end of a fortnight! Ah, there was a chance! In the next place, he is a roué and a duellist, and, above all, a marked man. I doubt if he will be permitted to remain in Baden, unless, indeed, he has managed to feather his nest in Paris. In that case the excellent police of that delightful resort do not exercise too strict a surveillance over its visitors. But I know what you are driving at, Charlotte; you think Geraldine might attract him, and that he might make honourable proposals to her——"

"And what do you think?" interrupted his wife, calmly.

"That he would make infamous ones," replied Werner, in an accent of strong indignation. "He is, as you say, a count, and though we can point among our own relations to titles as dignified—but what am I saying?—to titles that are not degraded as his is, he would no more mind sacrificing us to gratify a transient passion, for he is incapable of feeling a pure one, than he would mind ruining the spooneiest young spendthrift that ever got into his clutches."

"Then you think that——"

"That he is utterly devoid of conscience."

Madame Werner cast her eyes towards the cards that lay scattered on the table in the ante-room. This involuntary action did not escape the observation of her husband.

"Well, Charlotte," he said, hesitating, "you know I have a conscience; besides, I have already paid dearly for the skill and power I now possess."

This was the old argument of the gambler circumstanced as Gerald was; ruined himself, he assumed a sort of prescriptive right to aid in the ruin of others. And yet there is no retaliation in this, no overreaching those who have overreached, no playing of knave against knave, but a piling up of victims, an adding of fresh innocents as a holocaust to the guilty.

This argument has been used as a sort of palliative to the conscience of many gentlemen of position connected with the British turf, who would scorn to take a mean or dirty advantage in any ordinary business matter; who would horsewhip you if you had even suggested that they could be guilty of cheating at cards, and

yet in what consists the difference between making a horse safe and playing a sure card, literally?

"It is you who take the responsibility, not I," answered Madame Werner, jesuitically, in her turn; "but I wanted to ascertain in what light you would regard the Count Basil, supposing that he came here."

"I have already told you," replied Werner, "that I would avoid him as I would a pest; and for this reason I think we had better shift our quarters."

"Not yet," said his wife, calmly; "it would be a mistake to do so, the giving away of a chance that may never occur again."

"I do not understand you."

"Listen, then, I will explain. Pure and innocent, you fear that Geraldine may some day, by some unforeseen accident, come to know more than it is convenient or desirable that she should know."

"You put it very delicately, Charlotte," interrupted Gerald; "it is for that reason I wish to get away from here before Count Basil arrives. He would not scruple to use what knowledge he has of me as a means of compassing his ends."

"It would be scandalous—abominable! But have no fear on that point. Were Geraldine once well married and settled away from us, it would be a great cause of anxiety removed."

"Assuredly."

"You cannot but have remarked," continued Madame Werner, "the very pointed attention that the Baron Rosenthal has paid her from almost the first day we had the honour of including that nobleman among our friends."

"The Baron Rosenthal hasn't been very profitable to me," remarked Werner, shrugging his shoulders.

"And it is very fortunate it has been so," rejoined his wife.

Werner rubbed his fingers over his eyes and took a chair, for he was beginning to feel very sleepy.

"The baron," continued the prudent mother, "is a widower; he is older than Geraldine, certainly, but then he has an excellent constitution; he is a young man compared with many young men that you and I know."

Werner began to open his eyes.

"You observed," continued his wife, "the brooch of brilliants that Geraldine wore to-night?"

"I did, and wondered at it. I thought, Charlotte, that you had parted with your last diamonds long ago."

Madame Werner sighed. Her husband was right, she had parted with them on an occasion they had both too good cause to remember.

"They were not mine; you know it," she replied, in a tone of mingled reproach and anger. "They were a present to her, to-day, from the baron."

The countenance of Werner brightened up.

"And they are worth——" he proceeded to say, but his wife interrupted him.

"No matter what they are worth; *they* are not mine, they are Geraldine's, and it will be her own fault if she has not as many more of them as her heart can desire."

"Ha!" said Gerald, "I see where you are now; if Geraldine could catch the baron—if he could be heard to say anything that we could construe into a proposition——"

Madame Werner smiled triumphantly.

"But he has proposed," she said, looking steadfastly at her husband to see the effect this announcement would produce.

"Ha!"

"Yes! he has proposed—to me."

"To you!—the devil!" exclaimed Werner, rising.

"He proposed to me, this evening, for the hand of Geraldine."

"But," urged her husband, "he will expect a dowry—settlement—how are we to get over that?"

"I explained to him," replied Madame Werner, coolly, "our present position. I told him who our connexions were, and the expectations we had from them——"

"I am glad you explained the expectations," interrupted Werner, with a bitter laugh.

"The baron," pursued his wife, "is a true gentleman, but he is a man of the world also. He told me, ingenuously, that, at his age, he could not expect to meet with youth and beauty and a fortune also—nor did he desire it. I promised to make the offer known to you to-night; and, if you give your consent, to-morrow he will address himself to Geraldine."

"There is certainly a great difference in their age," said Werner, musing.

"She will the sooner be a widow," pleaded the calculating mother—"a rich widow and a baroness; Geraldine may then make any match she pleases, and we," she added, pointing to the deserted card-table with a look of profound contempt—"we, through her, may be enabled to resume our proper position among those haughty relations of ours who now scorn and despise us."

"But, Charlotte," replied her husband, "on the part of Geraldine, it will be a sacrifice; do you think that she will consent to make it?"

"A sacrifice! to reign like a queen! to have horses, and carriages, and servants at her command! A sacrifice! when her

heart is wholly disengaged? Geraldine has always been dutiful and obedient; besides, I will prepare her for the interview."

"If it could take place before Count Basil arrives——"

"An old man has no object in delaying the bridal ceremony when he has once made up his mind; on the contrary, he has every reason to hasten it. We may fairly reckon upon a month before the appearance of the man you seem to dread, and, Geraldine once married, we will take our departure as soon as you like."

The last argument seemed to satisfy Werner, for he took his wife's hand, drew her towards him, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead, saying merely:

"Charlotte, you are a very clever woman."

What further passed between Werner and his wife has no relation to this story; when she left the room he went to the card-table, gathered the cards together, faces upwards, selected some twenty or thirty, tore them into small pieces, mixed them together in a heap, and left them in the centre of the table for the servants to clear away in the morning.

Why did Werner, thoroughly tired and worn out as he was, take the trouble to do this? We will explain.

The reader has doubtless heard all about clogged or loaded dice, and of the various other means resorted to by professional gamblers to entrap the unwary, but he may not have heard that there are playing-cards so manufactured as to afford the initiated operator an equal certainty of winning, and that with a greater facility and certainty; for the prepared dice must be shifted by sleight of hand, and only used by the manipulator, whereas the prepared cards can be used harmlessly against him by his opponent. They are constructed after this fashion: the ends of certain cards, say the aces and kings, are made to overlap, in the least perceptible degree, the rest of the pack, so that in cutting them lengthways with a delicate finger, and after a little practice, the aces, or long cards, can be so secured as to be dropped, rather than dealt, into the dealer's hand, or into his partner's, thus securing for him and his partner, if the game be a four-handed one, a certain and positive advantage; the bets or stakes being equal, this advantage will be immediately perceived.

These cards are enclosed in the genuine wrappers of the best makers, got off the genuine packs by the application of damp or steam, and fastened uninjured round the prepared packs.

Gerald Werner never commenced play with any pack of cards but a new one, and this he took care to push carelessly towards one of his guests that he might open it; suspicion was thus instantly disarmed. Once open, Gerald would immediately give the

cards a shuffle, the discrepancy in length was undetected, and a smart rap on the table with the ends of the cards, when it came to his turn to deal, brought them into the condition necessary for him to operate upon them.

This was the reason why Gerald Werner did not let the used cards go down into the servants' room to furnish means of amusement for the domestics; they had tried several times to make up a perfect pack, but had never been able to do so. As to the new ones, they were kept in a little cabinet, the key of which Werner always carried in his waistcoat-pocket.

A very skilful operator may effect all that Werner did with his prepared cards by the ordinary ones, but it would require an amount of dexterity, and, moreover, a gift of drawing the attention of the lookers-on always from the dealer's hand, by those means known to the professors of legerdemain, which he did not possess. The narrator has seen the aces, kings, and queens, any card named, in fact, by the company, placed in any of the four hands that they required them; and this was repeated over and over again, whilst the means which accomplished the feat defied detection.

The resolve he made at this exhibition of skill was never to play at cards in a strange company with strangers, and he gives this little episode to his readers for just what it is worth.

Previous to the commencement of the conference between Werner and his wife, Geraldine, as we have seen, retired to her chamber. Dare we invade the sanctity of a maiden's bower, and follow her there?

Geraldine did not immediately retire to rest, but she let loose the wealth of golden curls that had been confined by the wreath, formed of small vine-leaves in green and silver, that she had worn during the evening, and let them flow unrestrained over her shoulders; then she unfastened the clasp that had held the ribbon that confined her waist, and interfered, we regret to say, with her respiration; finally, she took from her rich lace collar the diamond ornament that had secured it, the gift of the Baron Rosenthal.

Drawing a chair to her toilet-table, she sat down before it, and proceeded with admiring eyes to examine the glittering trinket.

After gazing on it for a few minutes she placed it carefully in its morocco case, but in putting by the latter she exposed to view another present that she had received only a few days before. Its value was very trifling compared with the costly gift of the baron, but it awoke in her bosom an emotion that, now that she was alone, she had no necessity to control. This gift was simply a water-colour drawing, a moonlight sketch "on the Rhine," that Leopold had finished expressly for, and presented to her; it was,

in fact, a view of the school-house from the river, which she wished to keep as a memento of the place, and which she had requested him to make for her. To this request Leopold had not attached any interest, it was so simple and so natural that she should wish to preserve some such remembrance of her residence at Bonn, without its having any reference to the artist who had executed it.

"Poor fellow!" she said, taking up the sketch and laying down the morocco case, "with all his talent, to be wasting it here in a small German town! I wonder if I might venture to ask the baron to assist him? I must make him some recompense for this drawing, but how to do it? If I offer him money he will feel hurt, he is so sensitive, so nervous, and yet how pleased he seemed to be when I expressed a wish that I were rich and could assist him. Poor Leopold! Leopold again! Why do I call him Leopold in spite of myself? How foolish I was this afternoon to be so thoughtless. What must he have thought? Yea, I really do like him very much; but what an idle, what a foolish dream! I know my father would give us nothing, and I should only drag him down lower still into the depths of poverty. Ah, why am I not rich and free, free to follow the dictates of my own heart and conscience? I hope I have not said anything to make him think—I know I am very silly."

All these were thoughts rather than articulate sounds, but they spoke to Geraldine's heart as distinctly as the words would have fallen upon her ear breathed by the lips of another.

"Ah, old school!" she said, pettishly, looking at the sketch, "I wish I had never seen you! No, I don't—no, I don't," she added, quickly, as her eyes again reverted to Leopold's drawing.

Placing the picture in the cabinet in her room, she was proceeding to add the morocco case to the same safe keeping, but she could not resist opening it again to have one more look at her newly-acquired treasure.

"Upon my word, baron, you are a very generous man, but how dared I to accept it? I am sure I never should have done so if mamma had not looked consent. I wonder how much it is worth? A fabulous sum! I wish he had given it to Leopold. Ridiculous idea!—give a man a brooch—and part of the jewels of his former baroness! It must be fine to be a baroness, and have jewels like these. Ah, if I were a baroness, how I would patronise my young artist! What a fine man the baron is!—how profoundly polite—and he never plays at cards, too. I hate cards. Poor papa, I wonder how he can waste so much time over them—but then, he doesn't hunt, like the baron; he doesn't care for music, like the baron; he must have some amusement. I wonder how old the baron is."

This, and much more that we need not repeat, comprised the second soliloquy of Geraldine before she finally proceeded to lay her head upon the pillow, and seek the repose of which she was so much in need, but a strange mingling of the baron and the artist haunted her dreams. It seemed to her that she had passed into a fairy palace, where she reigned a queen, and that a prince, radiant with jewels, in whose features she recognised those of the baron, came and demanded her hand in marriage. Then she seemed to pass into a country new and strange to her, and the form of the baron changed into another, hideous and yet fascinating, whose eye held her by a spell, and from whose presence she endeavoured, but vainly, to fly. And then the face of her persecutor seemed lit up with a look of mocking triumph, and his outstretched arm pointed to an object on the floor, and Geraldine, gazing on it with horror, recognised the prostrate form of Leopold Sternemberg, bleeding and lifeless at her feet. And then—oblivion—she thought that she swooned, but it was exhausted nature that had come to her relief, and she fell into a profound slumber.

STRAY THOUGHTS AND SHORT ESSAYS.

III.

HIGH POLISH.

THERE seems to be something in the intercourse practised in highly polished society which enervates the character and cramps the intellect. It tends to destroy individuality, and to reduce men to the same level of character, sentiment, and language. It has its formulæ of speaking for most occasions, and for expressing common ideas, formulæ almost as fixed as those of algebra; so that the use of them often shows the society in which a man has lived. It is calculated to check in young people the free play of intellect, the healthy development of mind, and all generous warmth and sensibility. It tends to destroy genuineness of character, and induces hypocrisy and all forms of social diplomacy. In its atmosphere there is a certain "asphyxiation" of mind and feeling. It discourages all earnestness, as causing a sort of jar in the well-oiled machine of social life. It enforces Talleyrand's instruction, "point de zèle." Hence it leads men to affect a calm indifference in all matters of interest and importance—an affectation which naturally

ends in the reality which it has simulated. Speaking of soldiers, whose hearts are purposely steeled against soft sensibilities, De Vigny says: "On se fait effort pour dissimuler le sentiment divin de la compassion, sans songer qu'à force d'enfermer un bon sentiment, on étouffe le prisonnier." This sentiment may be applied to the effects of over-civilisation in repressing the manifestation of good impulses, and in producing a certain hardness of character. One may have observed the ineffective manner in which men of the highest polish often address a multitude, though the immediate purpose of their speaking be a good one: heart must here speak to heart, or nothing is done. Nothing, however, of what is now said applies to true courtesy, the offspring of good nature and good sense, "the benevolence in trifles" of Burke, the "honouring all men" of St. Paul, the *φιλοφροσύνη* of St. Peter.

WANT OF SYMPATHY ALLIED TO CONTEMPT.

He who does not sympathise in an emotion displayed in his presence, usually despises the person who displays it. The expression of a feeling which finds no response in the hearers' minds is one of the commonest occasions of derision.

CONDESCENDING MANNERS.

Extreme courtesy on the part of the great towards inferiors is the result either of great pride or of great humility.

RICH AND POOR.

The higher classes, in consulting the good of the classes beneath them, are apt to treat them very much as children, or as if their own nature and feelings were different from those of the poor. They act towards them as if they themselves were not under the same common conditions of humanity, and would not, if they were in the same place as the poor, act as the poor do. They treat them as children, as if the poor were incompetent to judge of the proper conduct expedient to be pursued under their circumstances, and were unacquainted with their own interest. They fancy that if they had their way in directing them, they should make them so perfectly happy, as if the conditions of their existence were not mainly fixed by the natural order of things and the design of Divine Providence, were not the natural and necessary result of the workings of human interests and passions in society: as if it were possible materially and permanently to alter the condition of a class which has always been, relatively to other classes, much the same, and always will be. They treat them often as children, in leading them too much to depend upon their superiors, to depend

in a manner and degree which can never be justified in fact, and which, when the expectation so caused fails, provoke, in the reaction, feelings of disappointment and resentment towards the rich.

Again, they often much mistake the happiness and the miseries of those who are commonly called poor. No man is really poor, but, according to Louis Blanc's definition of poverty, the man who, when he rises in the morning, knows not whether or whence he shall obtain his dinner that day. The artisan or labourer in health, and with regular employment, and receiving wages adequate to the comfortable maintenance of himself and his family, is not a poor man. Yet the rich are apt to think and speak of those whose circumstances are such as if they were miserable beings. They as little realise their true position as did the amiable and ignorant Marie Antoinette, who, when the poor of Paris were clamouring for bread, exclaimed, "Poor people! Why do they call out for bread, when they might buy such nice cakes at a halfpenny each?" Yet the position of the industrious workman or labourer is a very happy one. A remarkable testimony to this fact is borne in the instructive and amusing "*Autobiography of John Brown*," the Cambridge livery-stable keeper, who relates with modesty his own rise from the condition of a journeyman shoemaker to such affluence as enabled him to bring his aged parents to his house in a carriage of his own. Who that has read Paley's *Natural Theology* will forget his estimate of the happiness of the healthy labourer, bringing home every week the produce of his toil? The rich, from habit, come to regard their superfluities as necessities of existence, and the want of them as absolute misery. Of this notion an amusing example was given in the piteous exclamation of a man who had been reduced from affluent to moderate circumstances: "How am I to do with one carriage both for winter and summer?" The rich constantly err in supposing that the misery of those who are in really distressed circumstances chiefly consists in the want of material comforts. The shame and degradation of distress is overlooked in this supposition. Their neighbours' eyes are the chief source of the pangs of the distressed. The consciousness of these eyes will deter many an habitué from attendance at Divine worship. The miseries of sentiment and imagination assert their supremacy, even in the poorest, over those of our animal nature. The Roman satirist was right:

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit.

Which old Samuel, whose own sensitiveness had doubtless often taught him the truth of this remark, has turned into these vigorous lines:

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure none so bitter as a scornful jest.

And how often is this feeling of shame galled by the rich when they even wish "to be kind to the poor," more even than by a haughty distance of behaviour! By their patronising, condescending language they often give a pain at least equivalent to the pleasure which is caused by the accompanying shilling or promised blanket. Sometimes the poor refuse such kindness; oftener they accept the gift, but in their hearts curse the giver.

In extending kindness to the poor, the rich should ever bear in mind the value of true courtesy, which is equally removed from rough and abrupt manners, and from affected complaisance. Its value was remarkably illustrated by the example of the great Duke of Marlborough, of whom, as a distributor of patronage, it was commonly said, "that it was better to be refused a favour by him than to have it granted by many others."

Again, the well-meant conduct of the rich in regard to the education of the poor in this country is often unreasonable and irritating, especially in blaming them for not keeping their children at school, when they are able to earn wages and contribute towards the family expenses. What rich man, reduced to poverty, would not gladly allow his children, if possible, to double his own slender income by their work, supposing such work to be suitable to their social rank?

In dealing aright with the poor, we all know that it is necessary to sympathise with their feelings; but we must discriminate between the feelings which they share with all other men, and the feelings which are superinduced by their peculiar circumstances. In other words, we must realise the effect of their circumstances in modifying their feelings; for, as the rich have their factitious feelings, so have the poor theirs. Their feelings in some respects are much blunted, and less sensitive, and sometimes are strangely different from those of the richer classes. For example, their sorrow is less lasting for the loss of near relatives; they have no shrinking from the mention of death; they are pleased to be reminded of their sorrows; it is no compliment to tell them they are looking well, rather to compassionate them if they are in ill health. Again, they like a more direct and exciting mode of religious teaching and exhortation than the more refined classes. It is, therefore, an error in many cases for richer people to judge of the feelings of the poor by their own. On the other hand, to treat them as without the ordinary feelings of men, shows, of course, great folly or great harshness. There is much pride usually joined with poverty. "As proud as a beggar" is a common expression. The most sensitive of persons are those in distressed circumstances;

they sometimes take offence and resent it deeply, where rich people would hardly notice it or quickly forget it. Often, too, they take offence from causes purely imaginary. Keble, in the earlier days of his ministry, serving a church at a distance from his residence, used to dine with a cottager, paying a small remuneration for his Sunday fare. On one occasion, the simple entertainment consisting of herrings and potatoes, he observed "that the herrings gave a relish to the potatoes." The remark gave offence when repeated among the cottagers, and was misconstrued into meaning that herrings and potatoes were quite good enough for a poor man's dinner! Considerable tact is requisite in dealing with the poor.

"One-half of the world," says the proverb, "knows not how the other half lives;" and yet this ignorance on the part of the rich is often accompanied with much real benevolence towards the poor. It is simply this ignorance that gives rise to the many errors and misconceptions into which the rich fall in their well-meant behaviour towards their inferiors, and which are often set down to insolence or indifference. And this ignorance is very much owing to the habit, to which the richer and more refined are prone, of "hiding themselves from their own flesh," shrinking from the sight of misery merely as a disturbance of the smooth flow of their own sensations, or shunning apprehended insults to their self-respect.

It is only by intercourse with them that the rich can gain an intelligent sympathy in the feelings of the poor, and learn to surmount the acknowledged "difficulty of doing good." It is one of the misunderstandings arising from the ignorance in question to suppose that persons of the humbler classes are likely to take undue advantage of converse with their superiors, and trench upon the separating line of social demarcation. The poor have generally too much respect for themselves, as well as for their betters, to forget the distinction which divides them. In fact, one will, generally speaking, find in them, especially when their confidence has been gained, much of what we call good breeding—respectfulness without servility, gratefulness without adulation, and ease of manner without familiarity; in short, that honest courtesy

Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended.

Even when it is found wanting, its absence will be too rare to deter those who desire to promote their welfare from cultivating their converse, with a view to understanding their character and condition.

MODERN LIGHTS; OR, THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

By THOMAS HERBERT NOYES.

COULD we believe that the arts and sciences of civilisation had been elaborated at a purely normal rate during the present generation, it would be difficult to understand how our Aryan race had failed to reach long since a far higher standard of development. It would be as difficult to foresee an ultimate limit to that development. But, having regard to the past, we cannot but fear that our pace has been of late too good to last.

We know pretty well that our race has not attained its present standard of civilisation and science by an uninterrupted process of gradual improvement, for history has recorded the obliteration of some of its most highly civilised communities, and we have reason to believe that many arts and sciences which contributed to their rise perished with them.

In days when the records of progress could only be enrolled on rare and costly manuscripts of papyrus and vellum, or handed down by oral tradition, it was easy to retrograde. Such a catastrophe as the total destruction by fire of the celebrated Alexandrian Library may alone have sufficed to annihilate much of the accumulated wisdom and experience of past generations, and retard by many centuries the progress of the world.

And, if we travel beyond the domain of historical records, archaeologists adduce further proof that races of uncertain origin, but possessing in very remote periods a high standard of civilisation, have been, long ages ago, utterly superseded, and notably in Yucatan and other regions of South America, by races of far lower attainments, who allowed the arts and sciences of their predecessors to perish irretrievably, unless, indeed, they were to be recovered by ourselves in these latter days as original inventions! But setting the consideration of such catastrophes aside, history teaches us that the march of civilisation is intermittent rather than constant—that it is subject to alternating phases of progress and crystallisation, if not of retrogression, and the knowledge of a fact so pregnant with considerations of encouragement and warning is sufficient to preclude us from indulging in any presumptuous self-sufficiency or overweening anticipations.

Improbable as it would seem, it may even be just possible that “there is nothing new under the sun,” for irrespective of

The worlds which have been hurled,
First out of, and then back again to chaos,
The superstratum which will overlay us,*

our historical period is now pretty conclusively proved to be but a small fraction of the countless ages during which man has continuously existed on this globe, and, in spite of the evidence we have of primæval ages of stone and bronze, which argues a very general inferiority of the then inhabitants of our most civilised regions, there may, for all we know, be relics of ruined civilisations, more ancient still, embalmed, for the information of future antiquaries, in submerged continents in the lower depths of ocean. It would be scarcely more astonishing than the lately ascertained fact, that representatives of the stone age are coeval with ourselves in the persons of certain unreclaimed savages who still inhabit some remote islands of the Pacific.

We, however, rather incline to the belief that the march of civilisation, if somewhat intermittent, as well as partial, has been, on the whole, progressive, and that in the future it can hardly ever again cease to be so, inasmuch as the multiplication and now almost universal distribution of the records of knowledge, by the agency of printing, has practically insured its stability, and would seem to render it impossible that any catastrophe short of the utter destruction of the human race could ever again deprive it of the benefits resulting from the accumulated wisdom and experience of its ancestors.

For this reason one may almost doubt if we are destined ever again to experience a phase of retrogression; but our progress will probably be still, as heretofore, somewhat spasmodic and intermittent.

Moreover, it would be hard to believe, and much more so to prove, that at any former epoch there had been in all departments of human knowledge an advance so rapid and remarkable—an overthrow of the time-honoured barriers which prejudice has opposed to progress, both in the intellectual and material world, so complete as that in which it is still our privilege to participate.

It has been in our days, and, so far as we can judge, for the first time in the world's history, that our mountains have been pierced and our valleys spanned by a network of marvellous highways of iron, designed to catch the traffic of the world—that the Titan steam, more potent than the bottled Djin of the Arabian Nights, has been broken in and harnessed to our chariots and our ships—that the rays of the sun have been pressed into the service of the camera, and set to delineate at our pleasure and with absolute

* Byron.

accuracy every object they illuminate, whether in the domains of nature or art, while tamed lightning has been made to circle the globe at our bidding, freighted with the burden of our swift-winged thoughts.

For us mechanical invention has become systematic rather than casual, and so prolific, that machinery adapted to every variety of labour has attained a pitch of power and precision which, if not miraculous, would not long since have been deemed so, and has multiplied a hundredfold the productive power of manual labour. For us the law of storms has been laid down, and it would be hard to deny our pretensions to have brought the winds and waves into subjection, and to have won a decisive battle over both time and space.

It is for us that geology has now first probed the dark chambers of the earth, while chemistry has explored the air, and, aided by the spectroscope, has analysed not only light, but the very fountains of light. It is for us that astronomy has weighed the stars and peopled the planets, aye, and studded the remotest regions of space with solar systems, beside whose marvellous grandeur our own dwindles into insignificance; for, though the vastness of our own sun transcends the powers of our imagination, Sirius, to cite a solitary illustration, has been proved to be a luminary some two thousand times as large. In our time, too, while startled ecclesiastics are giving a tardy and reluctant consent to the critical revision of the sacred writings on which the superstructure of our faith has been built, heathen mythology has yielded to the microscope of philosophy marvellous evidence of the purity of primeval faith in the common Father of Heaven, and many a misunderstood myth has given up its allegory and contributed unexpected testimony to the wit and wisdom, if not to the piety, of primeval sages. It was but yesterday that all the many contemporary religions of the world were at length summoned to the crucible of a philosopher, to whose judicial mind the bitterness of controversy—the “odium theologicum”—is unknown, and who, undeterred by the clamour of those who would fain refuse to acknowledge even a substratum of truth in any other faith than their own, has undertaken to introduce among the ranks of the sciences their latest born—the new science of religion. Its professors, guided by the torch of reason, and for the first time, impartially investigating and comparing the independent efforts of the diverse nations of the world to penetrate the mysteries of Heaven, and their several pretensions to natural and supernatural revelation, may be expected to prove the most successful apostles of toleration, and the most trustworthy champions of eternal truths.

Reason, the supreme gift of the Creator to us His humble representatives on this His little outlying vineyard, to us, whom we are assured He has deigned to create in his own image, after his own likeness—reason, I say, would seem never before to have been provided with such magnificent appliances wherewith to decipher the marvellous pages of God's own most authentic book, wherewith to translate the eternal laws of the universe from the mysterious language in which He has been pleased to enshrine them. What wonder, then, that she should now claim to be allowed the free use of these noble gifts, and seek to emancipate herself at last from the fetters imposed upon her by the jealousy and the vested interests of ignorance and presumption, of prejudice and superstition, and that we should expect from her emancipation greater triumphs than humanity has ever yet achieved. "Oh, the presumption of human reason!" says orthodoxy; but are we too sanguine? Can it be true that at any former period, within or beyond the range of history, we have reached a pinnacle as high as that at which we have now arrived, and yet relapsed into a state of ignorance and retrogression? We cannot believe it. Just as torpid winter follows teeming autumn, to be itself succeeded by spring-time and harvest, so periods of abnormal activity and exceptional progress—eras of grand genius and discovery—have been constantly succeeded by periods of comparative stagnation, in which the seed that has been sown has given little sign of life, and yet preserved its vitality. To such a wintry period we seem to have succeeded, and to the ensuing spring, with its freshening showers, its vivifying sunshine, and its exuberant fertility, we can but liken our own time. So, if we may hardly dare expect to maintain our present rate of progress, we may at least hope that the seed we are sowing will long continue to fructify, and that our successors will not exhaust the granaries we have filled before new seasons of seed-time and harvest come round again.

If we may argue from the past to the future, the ultimate fruit of such great discoveries as we have enumerated will not be harvested for centuries. The grand invention of printing, to which we have referred, marked an epoch, analogous to our own, when the spring-tide of knowledge first sent its huge waves flowing over the benighted world. But it has taken full four centuries to open the eyes of the world to the full efficiency of its new engine, the press, and to move its rulers to turn the flood of knowledge into the wilderness of wilful ignorance, and guide its fertilising rills through the barren plains of pauperdom! It is even too true. We are but now turning our attention to the elementary education of the masses, four hundred years after being provided with such unparalleled facilities for the diffusion of knowledge!

And, again, how much less have we as yet harvested the ripe fruits of the Reformation, the first fruitful tree which sprang from the seed sown by the press. It had taken a whole century to develop from the germ into a perfect plant—into the tree of knowledge, which was to be a standing witness to truth, and to attest the liberation of the free thought of the Saxon from the trammels of that Roman corporation whose fraudulent pretensions to inspiration and infallible authority gagged Galileo, and proved that it lacked only the power not the will to suppress all new revelations of eternal truths which had any tendency to tell against them. And we have dwelt for three centuries under the shadow of its branches, and yet do not seem to care to gather its fruit and eat, that our eyes may be opened!

The fact is that our hands are tied. The fact is that when our liberators broke the fetters of Rome, they unwittingly forged new chains for their fellows, which gall us still. That they did so unwittingly, acting with perfect good faith and in the cause of truth, is clear. They have put on record undeniable evidence of it, for, believing the Bible, as it then stood, to be the perfect word of God, the sole revelation of his truth, they honestly inserted, among the thirty-nine articles of faith which they framed, a clause (Art. 6), which provided that nothing in those articles contained should be held obligatory upon the consciences of Christian men, to be believed as an article of faith and necessary to salvation, if it could not be proved by that word of inspiration, well contented that every word of their own code and their own ritual should stand or fall by that supreme test!

Is it not, then, abundantly clear that they would not have closed their eyes against modern lights, or framed any article of faith, whose claim to infallibility could be legitimately impugned? They erred, where they erred, in ignorance, craving for truth; they would have been the first to break the fetters of their own forging had their eyes been opened to see what we see. Alas, that so many of their successors, our pastors and masters, should have been among those blind who resolutely refuse to see, being bound, under heavy recognisances, to use none other than the semi-opaque glasses of their forefathers. And these are they who have inherited from the champions of truth the custody of the keys of our fetters—the fetters we find so galling, for we have outgrown them. We can no longer brook that such terms as “Free-thinker,” “Rationalist,” should be now-a-days in Protestant England terms of reproach, because large classes of the population have been again brought to glory in their chains and blindly to adore a mythical mistress, a mystical entity or nonentity, for whose daring dogmas, too rashly promulgated in her name by fallible

men, there is claimed a virtual infallibility, differing only in degree from that which is self-arrogated by unscrupulous Rome!

Have we not seen but recently the names of some of the most distinguished men among our Ultramontanes, men whose eloquence and enthusiasm have won for them an influence extending far beyond the range of their own immediate partisans, attached to a public address to the Primate of all England, vouching their concurrence in the frightful fulminations of that unchristian creed which disfigures our Christian Liturgy, in so far as they apply to all who having had the privilege of sitting at their feet, refuse to recognise in their teaching the infallible accents of divine inspiration?

But reason refuses to recognise as truth the dogmas which will not bear the full blaze of her torch, and cannot hold their own without the buttresses of ecclesiastical commination! Rome, in despair, if not in the agonies of dissolution, is vainly striving to reforge the fetters which even her own children are rapidly wrenching off. Those who are behind the scenes—those who can read the signs of the times, and see how completely she has lost her hold on the ruling spirits, if not on the whole male population of her principal strongholds, know that she must ignominiously fail. The most enlightened and influential of her prelates have been outvoted in her council, and have protested in vain against her effete policy; but well they know that their flocks can no longer be so imprisoned in the fold, and that they are daily escaping to the green pastures of knowledge and the fresh flowers of reason, the existence of which their crafty gaolers can no longer conceal from them. They have light enough to see that she is forging her own death-warrant.

But the Church of England, disregarding alike the fears of her timid Conservatives and the shrieks of her Ultramontanes—the party of retrogression, who would take their stand, too, on effete ecclesiastical traditions—has, fortunately for her own future, taken other measures to meet the crisis, and has made up her mind at the eleventh hour to a concession to the spirit of the age. For the most far-sighted of her prelates, better seconded than those of Rome, having become alive to the danger of damming up the current of intellectual activity, and alienating the spirit of free inquiry, and the folly of relying on the fragile reed of prescription and the authoritative dogmatism of the past, have now, as we have seen, prevailed on the convocation of the province of Canterbury to offer once more a somewhat tardy and reluctant homage to the cause of reason and truth, and take energetic steps for effecting a thorough revision of the text and translation of the Bible, which is the basis of her faith; and, wisely determining to take the lead

where they would have been constrained to follow, they have even moved so far on the path of conciliation as to call in the aid of some illustrious scholars beyond the pale of the Church. And thus, under promising auspices, the first grand step is officially taken on the road to that new reformation which we may perhaps deem to have been inaugurated by the Ritual Commission, and which alone can by any possibility enable the Church of England to maintain her hold on the hearts and minds of the people, and give her a chance of recovering what she has lost by her obstinate persistence in the old paths. For she cannot afford to forget that it was *as a champion of truth as opposed to dogmatism that she established her hold upon us*, and that in proportion as she ceases to be so regarded she will lose it. It is mainly, we believe, on this account that she is so rapidly losing what she is now so zealously striving to maintain and recover—her control over the education of the middle and lower classes—a control which it is hardly to be desired she should regain, except on the condition of abjuring many of her old traditions.

She has made a move in the right direction; but when one remembers how, but recently, one of her eminent dignitaries publicly stigmatised as “moral lepers” two still more eminent representatives of phases of opinion held by large numbers of his co-religionists; and how another eminent ecclesiastic, the leader of his school of thought, imputed to the present Bishop of Exeter the ruin of countless souls, because he too, forsooth, had vindicated to some extent the liberty of conscience and advocated liberal views; and how, still more recently, a prelate, so illustrious for eloquence and talent as his lordship of Winchester, paid such homage to error as to proclaim that the outcry for unsectarian religious education was “a cheat” and a delusion, one feels that the simple-minded champions of the cause of truth have indeed an arduous task before them.

We say that the Bishop of Winchester, in this speech of his to the assembled patrons of Canon Woodard’s new Middle-Class Church College, at Ardingly, on the 13th of June, did homage to error, inasmuch as we conceive that it is the substratum of truth underlying the dogmatism of all sects and all creeds which makes the whole world kin, and that it is their superstructure of error which constitutes *sectarianism*, which sets the whole world by the ears; and to proclaim that religion cannot exist without sectarianism, is simply to affirm that truth cannot exist without falsehood—a view which may, indeed, be too consistent with observed facts under the conditions to which humanity has been brought by blind guides with large vested interests in the propagation of error, but which, repugnant as it is to all principle, should hardly be in-

sisted on by a great intellect as a necessary condition of things for all time as against the apostles of truth and progress, who seek to elevate humanity and purify its creeds by the elimination of error. Would the fires of Smithfield ever have blazed, or the Sicilian vespers have become a byword, or the memory of St. Bartholomew a scandal to humanity, if no superstructure of error had ever been reared on the basis of truth which underlies Christianity? Assuredly not. And if it were impossible to sweep away one without the other, one would almost prefer that both should fall together, when one remembers what have been the fruits of their unholy alliance; and, with such humiliating evidence that the embers of the bigotry which led to these atrocities are still smouldering among us, we may well be forgiven if we avow our belief that men are still to be found in this Protestant land who, if they only possessed the power, would not lack the will to fasten their opponents to the stake and burn their bodies for the glory of God and the good of souls. If they consistently carried out the principles they avow to their legitimate conclusion, they could not do otherwise.

Surely, then, it is a matter of primary importance to sap the foundations of the horrible bigotry which holds that the profession and promulgation of a belief other than our own may imperil immortal souls—a creed which affords such ample justification for every phase of intolerance and persecution, that the “Odium theologicum” has come to be an expression for the most implacable rancour that can embitter the heart of man. Surely unsectarian religious education, whether practicable or impracticable at present, is a most noble aim, as being our solitary chance of eliminating from the minds of the rising generation the seeds of discord, which the vested interests of innumerable sects tend to foster and propagate with such mischievous activity.

Surely it is no violation of the principles of toleration for the State to refuse to foster these divisions, or to recognise as a legitimate vested interest the claims continually advanced by the pastors of the various sects to the possession of all the stray lambs of their flocks; such, for instance, as the claim to have orphans brought up by the State in the nominal creed of parents who have made no provision for their education at all, and given no proof of any interest in the question. For, though we would not have the State interfere with the free exercise of parental authority, we think that where it stands, *in loco parentis*, it should be free to exercise a parent’s unfettered discretion in the interest of broad truth rather than of narrow sectarianism.

For if we investigate the foundation of the religious tenets of the great masses of mankind, we cannot but recognise the fact that

the great majority are in blissful ignorance of the distinctive peculiarities of the creeds to which they have given a nominal adhesion, and of the nice points on which their teachers are at issue among each other or with their neighbours.

Men for the most part simply inherit their faith from their forefathers accepting, unquestioned, the teaching of their parents to whatever sect or creed they may happen to belong; or, in the not uncommon absence of parental instruction, accepting with facile docility the creed of the first teacher under whose influence they may come. We are inclined to the belief that a large proportion of nominal Protestants are altogether innocent of any knowledge of the cardinal principles of their creed, and that the merest accidents of birth, personal influence, and worldly interest have determined the creed of others; and that it is mainly among small educated minorities that conscientious and deeply-rooted differences really prevail, and, if this be so, it must be admitted that we have every facility for the inauguration of a new régime.

Truth now, and not orthodoxy, should be our aim—truth, which is so unblushingly invoked and so religiously ignored by the promulgators and professors of every creed in the world. Time it is that orthodoxy should come to be recognised as pride, dogma as arrogance, reason as humility—reason which, undeterred by difficulties, undaunted by dangers and rebuffs, is content to toil hopefully up the rugged and devious watercourses which seam the mountains of truth, whose inaccessible pinnacles are lost among the clouds.

Dogma and orthodoxy do but take their stand upon some miserable mole-hill, which they miscall mountain, and cry "Lo! we are on the summit; there is no other mountain than ours for you, my children!" But reason relying on her own telescope and her own Alpenstock will never be contented to depend on the dim eyes and feeble staff of orthodoxy. She sees the golden mountains of truth afar off, and, while life lasts, she cries "Excelsior!" Her cry for truth is gone up from the west and re-echoes even from the east. Dogmatism is shaken, and orthodoxy is dethroned. The ancient royal seats of learning on the Isis and the Cam have thrown open their gates to heterodoxy, and opened their arms to reason. Their Saxon philosopher applies the touchstone of science to the ancient mythologies and primeval languages, and elicits the fact that the pure worship of the Father of Heaven was by no means of old confined to a single insignificant Syrian tribe. He drinks deep draughts from the sacred fountains of Ind, and, diving deep into Vedic and Buddhist theology, proves that they instil a faith and inculcate a morality which may vie with that of Christianity itself. The Brahmin comes from the far East to seek for truth among the troubled waters of Protestantism, and hears

that Buddha, under the name of St. Josaphat, has been long since exalted, and by Rome herself, to a place in the calendar of Christian saints!

From the far East, too, the King of Siam, a learned student of western literature, has just now appeared on the field with a remarkable review of the comparative merits of Buddhism and other creeds! A faithful soldier of truth, he refuses to accept any new superstition, while he avows his readiness to weed out his old ones by the light of the knowledge he has gained from the West. He does homage to the morality of the Christian Code, but sees no reason to exchange it for Buddhas, who was evidently one of the most formidable antagonists of irrational bigotry and a sincere champion of reason and truth.*

Men begin to realise the fact, and act on the principle, that truth is the only link by which the various families of the human race can be knit together, and that it is not as yet the exclusive heritage of any one of them.

We begin to perceive that no delusion, however consecrated by the sanction of antiquity and the pious prejudices of our forefathers and our fellows, can by any possibility advance its professors on the road to heaven, and that no time-honoured creed should be exempted from honest criticism from a mistaken tenderness for the foibles of the faithful. If there be in any creed or dogma an element of truth, the challenge of reason will not ultimately overthrow it; and if any of the countless creeds professed by man can really help his soul heavenwards, all its virtue must be concentrated in that element of truth which it is the aim of reason to elicit and confirm. The extraneous elements of fallacy and delusion, against which alone she declares war, cannot be otherwise than mischievous, if there be any virtue in truth; for, by common consent, truth is the only ladder by which we can any of us hope to climb to heaven, however else we may all get there in default of it. What folly, then, to pretend to a monopoly of it, and delude ourselves by the idea that nine-tenths of mankind have not yet got one foot on the ladder, because we may chance to have climbed over their heads! It is a long way to the top, and those who get the best start do not always reach it first. We may never get there ourselves, but if we should happen to be wafted to heaven without it, it will certainly not be on the wings of error, nor by any prowess of our own; we shall all have an even start from the gates of the grave.

Time it is we ceased to live in a fool's paradise, or commend it

* His enlightened views are embodied in a work by one of his ministers, translated by H. Alabaster, and just published by Trübner, under the title of "*The Modern Buddhist*," a work we heartily commend to the consideration of all lovers of truth.

to our neighbours. It is true that there are still many timid hearts who fear, and many hard heads who object, to say or do anything to disturb the faith in which their neighbours are born and bred, and in which they are, or seem to be, content, and so go on preaching more than they believe, exactly on the same principle by which the Greek priests at Jerusalem justify to Protestants the annual Easter Miracle of the Sacred Fire which is said to fall from heaven to kindle their patriarch's torch in the Holy Sepulchre; viz. that if they confessed to the time-honoured imposture they would so utterly forfeit the confidence of their flocks as to impair their faith in the other dogmas of their creed—*Proh Pudor!* We blame them, but we live in a glass house. How many good Protestants at home act on this principle, forgetful that the dogma which needs the prop of falsehood can have no pretensions to truth—forgetful that their own orthodox creed does not sanction the Jesuitical license to commit present evil for the sake of ultimate good and uphold faith by fiction?

Time it is we began freely to recognise the fact that, although it may have been worldly wisdom to preach the duty of simple faith to the masses, and good policy in the interest of a fallible hierarchy not to define it too accurately, it were a hard matter to vindicate its claim to be regarded as a virtue by a rational being—by the honest and independent worshipper of truth—till it has been much more strictly defined. As it is, it daily leads countless flocks astray, for it is inculcated as forcibly by the professors of the most unorthodox creeds as by those of the orthodox. It is invariably strained by all far beyond its proper sphere, for it should be almost entirely restricted to the demesnes which lie confessedly beyond the reach of reason—too often most wrongfully characterised as “human reason,” as if all reason were not divine as being the free gift of the Creator; nay, rather, we should say, the most precious trust committed by the God of Heaven to His most highly favoured creatures.

We read that the question “What is truth?” was asked very pointedly some eighteen hundred years ago of one whom we have been taught to believe well able to answer it. But he did not answer it, and it has never to this day received any categorical or comprehensive answer. We have a right to ask an equally pertinent question when the obligation of faith is insisted on. What is faith? The Churchman will tell us that it is “a free assent to and unfeigned belief in the Word of God as interpreted by his Church”—that is to say, “in the dogmas of his Church.” This definition will satisfy the believer in an infallible Church, but will hardly satisfy even the average Protestant who has his doubts as to what the Church actually is, and who utterly disbelieves in the infallibility of any of the clerical representatives of that mystical

corporation who have at various times jointly and severally undertaken to promulgate the said dogmas in her name. We must, therefore, turn to his view of the correct definition. He believes faith to be "a free assent to and unfeigned belief in the revealed Word of God." "But," says the man of thought and reflection, "what is the revealed Word of God? Is it simply and solely the book which we call the Bible, the whole book and nothing but the book?" And are we constrained to accept it, and every word of it, together with all its interpolations, known and unknown; all errors of copyists and translators, proved and unproved; all errors in matters of fact, history, natural history, and science, as "inspired truth," simply because certain fallible forefathers of ours have, in the name of the Church, pronounced them so to be; and are we to ignore all the counter-evidence which has accrued to us from all quarters on these subjects, because it was never submitted to their consideration, and take this book, as it stands, to be the be all and end all of revelation? No, it cannot be. Reason refuses to rest satisfied with this definition, involving as it does such consequences as these. And our Church has now at length placed on record an official admission of the soundness of her plea.

But is it, then, impossible to frame a definition of faith, regarded as a virtue to be inculcated as of general obligation, which will command general acceptance? We think not. Faith, in this sense, seems to us to be properly defined as "*a free assent to and unfeigned belief in the truths unveiled to us by the God of truth.*" Now, here is a definition we can all accept unflinchingly, and while accepting it, acknowledge it an obligation righteously enjoined upon us all. Now, we have no longer a vague injunction capable of being so perverted as to serve the purpose of every impostor under the sun, but one which contains something like a satisfactory touchstone whereby to limit and define the obligations imposed upon us, for it contains an admission that whatever can be proved to be untrue can never have been revealed to us by the God of truth. Any unsound dogma alleged to be so revealed must have been originated by an impostor, and can have no claims on our assent. Now, then, reason is liberated from her fetters, and need no longer fear to trespass on the domains of faith.

Now we have a definition which will no longer bring science and religion into collision. We have every right to consider scientific truths, which are the Creator's laws, to be revelations from Him who has given us intellect to discover step by step the laws which He has himself prescribed for the government of the universe, the wonderful consistence and harmony of which have been demonstrated by each successive revelation vouchsafed to us; for what is revelation? Reason and science do not coin truth, they simply withdraw the veil which has hitherto concealed it

from our eyes, and that is "revelation." Faith, after all, is simply the hearty acceptance of an uncontroverted truth, authoritatively revealed to us, and the fact of its being uncontroverted is good evidence (that it has been so revealed or rather unveiled to us. Moreover, the truth of the fact unveiled is a necessary condition of its revelation, inasmuch as truth is a reality which, like a statue, can be veiled or unveiled, whereas falsehood is but a phantom which can have no existence except in man's imagination, where it originates, and therefore cannot be unveiled or revealed by any such infallible authority as could alone have a right to impose on us an act of faith at its mere dictation. A child is taught to accept the multiplication table as a matter of faith, because it is true, long before he understands its truth; but if he were taught by an idiotic parent that $2 \times 2 = 6$, he would be under no possible obligation to believe it for the rest of his life.

The advanced mathematician is content to accept formulas which have been discovered by his predecessors, and of which the truth has been so demonstrated as to command the universal assent of mathematicians, and he will continue to have faith in them till they are proved to be erroneous. But this faith of his would not prevent his applying the test of personal investigation to any one of them that came to be impugned. He would esteem personal investigation in that event a duty, and conduct it with an unbiassed desire to detect error and confirm truth. The very originator of the formula impugned would court such investigation if he still believed in it. Why should not a theologian who advances a dogma in the name of truth do the same? All dogmatists profess to invoke truth, but when they deprecate objections, protest against investigation, and inveigh against reason under the pseudonym "rationalism," they prove that the impostor, prejudice, has deceived them by personating truth, and that it is not really truth which holds the place of honour in their hearts.

But we must carry our critical investigation further, for he who glories most of all in the captivating but fallacious names of "Churchman" and "Catholic" will be slow to yield a willing assent to the position we assume. It would cut away too many of the stays to which he has been accustomed to cling. He would probably try to turn our flank, and, truly affirming that the infinite must be beyond the apprehension of the finite, charge us untruly with refusing to believe anything that our finite reason cannot apprehend. That would indeed be an illogical piece of arrogance. But reason is neither illogical nor arrogant. We may have sincere faith in the existence and energy of the Creator of the universe without apprehending the conditions of His existence or the mode of His energising. Why, the very reason which we are taunted with relying on, proves to us, by each successive revelation it

achieves, the existence of countless truths behind the veil. Reason simply says to the theologian, "Do not dogmatise on matters which are not revealed, or at least condescend to prove the fact of the revelation which I challenge." The theologian replies, "We ask you to take our dogma and its revelation for granted on the authority of our Church." Reason asks for a definition of that same convenient but ambiguous word, "Church," but that is scarcely forthcoming: sooth to say, it is still a matter of controversy. And our theologian will ultimately rely on "inspiration." Do you not believe in "inspiration"? Well, here we have another subject of controversy which has arisen, like the last, and so many similar questions, from the imperfections of language, and the vague use and abuse of ambiguous terms, and which may be most easily disposed of by tracing out its origin, and strictly defining every term used in the argument.

Our Churchman will no doubt readily admit that the term "inspiration," as applied to a human being, means "that such an one has been specially imbued with the holy spirit of truth," whereby a superhuman faculty is bestowed on him of unveiling the secrets of futurity or the secrets of nature. In common parlance, "God's truth," as being only known to Him and through Him. What is this but, in other words, that the Creator has been pleased to confer on this highly favoured creature a keenness of intellectual vision beyond his fellows which enables him to enlighten them as to matters of which, but for him, they would have remained in profound ignorance?

Now, in this sense, any eminent philosopher, like Newton or Faraday, whose genius has unveiled, *for the first time*, some remarkable law of the universe, is inspired too. And every intellectual giant who enables the human race to take a visible step in advance is "inspired." Assuredly he is so. His "heaven-born genius," to use a popular but significant expression, is the instrument whereby God himself first unveils to us certain absolute truths. God's truth has made itself manifest in him. And what more can be claimed for the "inspired" men of old—the spirit and power of prophecy in the sense of foretelling events? Well, that is a power undoubtedly possessed and exercised by the astronomer, who is able to foretell with absolute precision certain celestial phenomena, such as comets and eclipses, &c., and by other men of science as to other phenomena, when the laws on which they depend have been ascertained and defined. But with regard to other sublunary events, the occurrence of which is brought about by causes not yet strictly defined, and not dependent on any known law, a power—claimed, indeed, of old by certain heathen oracles, and by charlatans and enthusiasts in all ages and among all people to this day, but generally believed to have been altogether non-

existent since the Christian era, and before that period to have been confined exclusively to certain Hebrew seers—as to the interpretation of whose dark sayings, by the way, controversialists have been disputing ever since.

But, it being granted that some of their prophecies were apparently fulfilled in a very remarkable manner, is it not open to us to ask this question: "If certain of our forefathers, claiming to speak in the name of 'the Church,' had not some centuries ago pronounced the books of the Old Testament—which were, in fact, the state papers of the Hebrew race, to be the inspired Word of God, and constituted them with, certain additions, our Holy Bible, should we now, with all the facts before us, which were before them, supplemented by all the counter evidence that has been since produced, and a thorough knowledge of the hyperbolical phraseology of the Eastern languages in which they were written, pronounce the same verdict if the said books were now for the first time brought under our notice without such sanction and prestige?" We think not. We doubt if we should in such case claim for these Hebrew statesmen, poets, philosophers, and divines, a higher measure of the spirit of truth than has been accorded to other kings of men.

The sacred books of India have inspired feelings of veneration as intense among far greater multitudes for many more centuries. Hitherto we have simply ignored them. But if we all knew and believed them to be worthy of the high praise claimed for them, not only by their diligent student, our great Oriental philosopher, but also by all the great European Orientalists, viz. that they are not unworthy of the veneration they have inspired and the influence they have exercised over so large a section of the human race, should we, for all that, be inclined to accord to their authors the credit of a peculiar inspiration such as that which is claimed for the Hebrew seers? Assuredly not—any more than we allow it to Mahomet or Aristotle. Our divines would mostly consider the very suggestion a profanity! But where is the distinction? It would seem to lie simply and solely in the self-assertion of "the Church," or rather of the councils which claimed to declare its oracles.

Then we think our question has elicited an answer which justifies us in concluding that the word "inspiration" has been wrested by a pious fraud from its simple meaning, and introduced into ecclesiastical jargon with a secondary meaning to which it has no clear title; and that common candour, not to say common sense, must admit that the divine spirit of truth, which confers the power of recognising, and the privilege of unveiling God's unrevealed truth, is one and the same spirit, whether it be vouchsafed to the philosopher or the prophet, the priest or the king, the Hebrew or the Christian; and that as between the Hebrew prophet and the

Christian prophet, or between Christian and Christian or Hebrew and Hebrew, it is only a question of the measure in which that spirit has been vouchsafed, a question of degree and not of kind. Truth is one and the same truth, whether it be applied to past, present, or future—whether to philosophy, religion, or nature, in heaven or in earth, and it can only be by our Creator's permission that we are privileged to penetrate behind the veil which He has drawn over it in any department of the universe.

Truth, then, righteously takes precedence of dogma; and reason, her outrider, may, in her interest, most righteously override dogma, if she presume to exceed the limits assigned her, and yet not encroach on the province of legitimate faith which is co-extensive with truth.

It is a bastard faith, the fruit of such false definitions as we have considered, that has set the world by the ears—a bastard faith which is the child of ambition and fraud, the parent of ignorance, arrogance, and all uncharitableness, and the foster-mother of sectarianism; while rational religion, which is, in the highest sense, revealed religion—ready as she is and willing to discard at the shortest summons, and without compunction, every vested interest but that of truth, for whom she entertains such deep filial affection—is the real foster-mother of humility, charity, and virtue, though passion and prejudice have conspired to depreciate her by converting her chief title to respect into a term of reproach, and branding her professors with odium in the eyes of the orthodox by wrongfully taunting them with presumption, and contemptuously dismissing them with the designation of rationalists!

Our practical conclusions then are:

1. That unsectarian education is not the delusion and the snare which it is proclaimed to be, but a most legitimate object to contend for—one whose realisation cannot but be productive of immense advantage in harmonising the discordant elements of the religious world, and facilitating the reunion of whose advantages we hear so much from its chief antagonists. It would, in principle, be simply identical with the well-devised scheme of national education in Ireland so zealously promoted years ago by Archbishop Whately, who never ceased to lament its practical failure, which he attributed, as we have heard from his own lips, simply and solely to the suicidal policy of his own short-sighted clergy. And,

2. That the fond fear of “unsettling” the faith of the people by any tampering with existing creeds, or by any thoroughly honest revision of the Scriptures and the Ritual, is a most untenable reason for resisting or delaying the further reformation of the Church of England, which truth imperatively demands, and which cannot but be among the first fruits of popularising the study of “the Science of Religion.”

THE NEW SCHOOL OF ENGLISH COMEDY.

WITH the exception of comedy, the various kinds of dramatic production are essentially susceptible of definition. Tragedy depicting the stronger passions of man, and yielding, as a climax of a harrowing plot, death, or some catastrophe only less terrible. The historical play, taking the ready-made and gorgeously apparelled characters of history and permitting them to hasten through their ready-made and usually terrific experiences. Farce provoking mirth at the expense of probability, nay, defying possibility itself, and counting one absurd situation to exceed in value many witticisms. Burlesque contenting itself with exactly answering to the definition recently given by one competent to form an opinion—"something with a good deal of silk stocking in it." Comedy alone appears to defy the definer. Undoubtedly quite a number of definitions might be drawn up, all more or less ingenious, and all more or less descriptive. And on one or two points, which most comedies possess in common, such definition would touch with admirable precision. But in a hundred other matters any general description whatever must, from the very necessity of the case, fail ignominiously. Just consider how inclusive your definition must be. It must include Shakspeare and Sheridan; Molière and Goldsmith; Congreve and Robertson. It must describe (no matter how roughly) "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The School for Scandal;" "Le Tartuffe" and "The Good-natured Man." Coming down to our own time, it must speak with precise phrase of Mr. Robertson's "School," and of the "Frou-Frou" of those French collaborateurs whose names at this moment we are happy to forget. We have said that definitions might be drawn up. In point of fact, however, definitions to a considerable extent have been elaborated. We are reminded that comedy had an existence at a time when Britons were wandering through their native forests "mit nodings on." And that Cicero defines it as "*Imitationem vite, speculum consuetudinis, imaginem veritatis.*" An admirable definition it is, too, only its terms equally describe kinds of dramatic workmanship other than comedy. In the writer of a tragedy, for instance, or in the author of one of those nondescript productions yclept simply dramas, which partake of the qualities both of tragedy and of comedy, or, what is quite as likely, which partake of the qualities of neither one nor the other, we would infallibly look for

the attempted achievement of this *imitatio vite*, this *speculum consuetudinis*,* this *imago veritatis*.

In the deplorable but evidently inevitable absence of a descriptive sentence which may be universally adopted, it is competent for each of us to evolve some necessarily lame substitute for himself. The unwritten drama of existence—the play which Shakespeare talks about, in which every son of Adam enters now and exits anon—the scenes, incidents, and conversations which constitute that exciting but strictly legitimate piece called Life, in which some of us perform with considerable ability, but most of us with only a moderate amount of genius indeed, and an equally moderate concession of wages at the week's end—these real scenes, incidents, and so forth, are not tragedies as a rule, are not farces, are most certainly not burlesques; they are comedies. And the man who transcribes them most truthfully and freshly writes the best comedy. Not a mere transcript, of course. Touched here and there with the light of fancy; vivified and beautified by something in the warp and weft which is nature, but superior to the bulk of human nature. We will best describe what in our view comedy is, by calling it in this connexion the drama of society. That such a definition breaks down utterly if accepted as inclusive will instantly appear at the mention of the greatest of all dramatists—Shakespeare. It describes the “Comedy of Errors,” for example, about as accurately as it describes the “Tragedy of King Richard III.” We can only say that exceptions will occur to the best regulated definitions; how much more to the least maturely considered? If, however, we take a general survey (providing liberal margins for the comedies of Shakespeare and for the comedies of lesser men, his followers) of the comedies produced from Ben Jonson's time down to the time of Sheridan, and from that period on to the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy, we will find that their authors have drawn their materials from the most adjacent and, at the same time, most fruitful field. That is to say, they have attempted to paint the society in which they moved, and of which they formed parts—now pandering to its vices, now cynically laughing at them, and anon affecting to lash them with unquestionable vigour, but less certain sincerity.

Apropos of this same lash, which was so liberally, as we are informed by certain modern critics, laid across the unresisting shoulders of our great-great-grandfathers—is there any foundation for the fond legend? It seems such an uncommonly good joke to

* Neatly rendered by a Cambridge essayist in an Essay on Molière as “local colouring.”

picture those naughty old ancestors of ours—the senile roués, the young bloods, and those whited sepulchres of the female persuasion, religiously resorting to the play-house for the express purpose of submitting to the wounds inflicted with the lacerating thong wielded by Congreve say, or Wycherley, or that other stern moralist and eminent preacher, Farquhar. Good joke, quotha! Aye, marry it *would* be a good joke, only there's no truth in it. People didn't and people don't go to theatres to be lashed. When Tartuffe, for instance, sees that miserable namesake of his practising his miserable wiles on the French stage, bless you, he never for a moment thinks it's meant for him, although really in one or two things it exactly fits monsieur who sits in the next box but two. Joseph Surface, often as he has seen the "School for Scandal," has never once thought that the lash was knotted for his respectable shoulders; on the contrary, he has always thought that it was expressly contrived with a view to the reformation of Sir Anthony Absolute, whose character, as we all know, is portrayed in quite another play.

But this is not our point. What we wish to state is this, that far from the lash being used by the older dramatists, and particularly by the comic dramatists of the Restoration, as they are called, for the correction and rebuke of vice, the very contrary is the fact. The sooner people get out of their heads the monstrous error that the filth which pervades the works of most of those who wrote after Shakspeare and before Goldsmith is quite excusable, because introduced as a salutary method of castigation, the sooner will people be able to regard with more earnest appreciation the early promise of a school of comedy in which humour is unaccompanied by indecency, in which the flash of wit is undimmed by the suggestion of filth, and in which a society, at all events decorous, may see itself reflected upon a stage without the repeated necessity for blushing at its own degradation. In those good old times—by this time-honoured phrase we wish to indicate the above-mentioned period of the Restoration—a vicious court, and a society corrupted by that court, would necessarily (at a time, too, when an author's success depended not on the applause of the many but upon the approval of the few) produce a corrupt drama. This morsel of modern moonshine about the lash is as historically untrue as it is morally impossible. And the fashion of writing filthy words as being next to licentiousness, and wit the essential thing in a comedy, did not cease with Wycherley and Vanbrugh, and Congreve and Farquhar.

Wit died—to be revived presently—and sentiment dropped silly tears over the grave of humour, but the indecent word flourished. Why, there was Nicholas Rowe, friend of Addison and first intelligent editor of Shakspeare. Well, Mr. Rowe could

write elegant and moving, if to our mind somewhat dreary tragedies. Tennyson himself might read the tragedy of the "Lady Jane Grey" without a single shudder. But mark Nicholas as he urges his wild career in the service of the comic muse. He lacks the natural ability to construct a licentious plot. Having been born dull he cannot impart wit into his composition. But the dirty word serves its turn to him. He falls among the miry ways, and grovels in them as if he were quite used to it. We have been wont to consider ourselves somewhat catholic, certainly by no means squeamish, in matters of literature. We hold that wit covereth a multitude of shady double entendres. But indecency without even the poor justification of humour! Bah! Go to, Nicholas! Posterity is ashamed of thee, thou nasty old man! Oh, Nicholas, take that dirt pie of thine and pitch it into the waters of oblivion there to dissolve. Or, stay, spare thyself the trouble, the years have done it for thee, and the present generation knoweth neither of thy comedy nor of thee. I suppose that if I were to go out now, and walk from the Marble Arch to Mudie's—termini which include, I believe, the entire length of Oxford-street—I would not meet a solitary being who could plead guilty to a perusal of Rowe's comedy of "The Biter." If I do meet such an one, and the peruser makes himself known to me, he may have my copy, which was "Printed for W. Feales, at Rowe's Head, the corner of Essex-street, in the Strand, 1733," and which I bought at a stall in Tottenham-court-road for fourpence.

Exactly fifty years after the ashes of Mr. Rowe had been piously laid in Westminster Abbey, an Irish gentleman was applying his mind to the gorgeous adornment of chambers in the Temple, upon the occupancy of which he had just entered. In these decorations blue moreen is the leading feature. There was a quality of Orientalism in the dye. It was pregnant with memories of blue skies and unfoggy air. A shining table composed of the dark timber from distant Honduras imparts a flavour of the far West into the general effect. A great number of very great men are to sit at that table by-and-bye, proving themselves at times by no means incapable of Bacchus. Now, when it is mentioned that this Irish gentleman (like many another Irish gentleman both then and since) had hitherto (much oppressed by duns), been content with abodes much less pretentious than these chambers in Brick-court, Middle Temple, and with furniture much less aspiring than this of mahogany and blue moreen, you will naturally conclude that this Irish gentleman had suddenly become—or rather, my most acute reader, you have already divined that the individual was none other than Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, and that at this moment he was splendidly disbursing

"near five hundred pounds," which a comedy called the "*Good-natured Man*" had brought him. He himself, possibly, was too careless to estimate the importance of the work accomplished by him at that time. The great fact for him in connexion with the play was that he had got "near five hundred pounds" for it, and could indulge in blue moreen to an indefinite extent. But it was important nevertheless. It was the inauguration of a new school of comedy. After the wretched period of licentious art there had come the still more miserable period during which scented pocket-handkerchiefs and senseless sentimentality reigned supreme. With neither of these schools had the kindly honest heart of Oliver Goldsmith a particle of sympathy. His dislike took the legitimate expression of rivalry. He wrote his two inimitable plays, drove vigorous vice and sickly sentimentality from the stage, and prepared the way for the finest English comedy ever written (in our definition of the word, viz. the drama of society), the "*School for Scandal*" of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The period dating from Sheridan's time down to our own is strangely and uninvitingly barren. Colman the younger, Foote, Douglas Jerrold, Lord Lytton (the last unquestionably in respect of his play entitled "*Money*"), these are almost the only names that one comes upon; and of these only the first two threw themselves especially and heartily into the work, although the third possessed most genius for it. Hazlitt, in one of his admirable, thoughtful, and brilliant essays, bitterly deplores the decay of the art, and attempts to found an ingenious argument upon a fallacious hypothesis. One principal cause of the alleged decay he states thus:

"It is because so many excellent comedies have been written that there are none such written at present. Comedy naturally wears itself out—destroys the very food on which it lives; and by constantly and successfully exposing the follies and weaknesses of mankind to ridicule, in the end leaves itself nothing worth laughing at."

One might with equal justice say that poetry wears itself out—destroys the food she lives upon (because the only destruction admissible here—though one can see how the matter would be urged by an adherent of Hazlitt—is the destruction in use). But it is not so. Nature changes her aspect; art heaps up new treasures; science discovers hidden ones; and philosophy invades fresh domains of thought, so that there may always be material for the poet's song. In the same way humanity changes in outward semblance, and society year after year presents an infinite variety; some yet undiscovered trait of character is laid bare, some capability for vice discovered, and some heretofore undreamt-of virtue seen, so that there may always be material for the author's comedy.

Nor do we think that Hazlitt—he was too good a critic and too honest a man—had he lived now, would adhere to his heresy. For the most complete and triumphant reply to a charge of No Comedy is this: that a new school of comedy has within the last few years sprung up; that it is as distinctly a school as any of those to which allusion has been made; that it is vigorous and unique—two essentials, we think, in any new thing demanding a share of public favour and attention at this advanced hour in the history of the planet.

While of this new school there was but one illustrator, and he to all intents the founder of it, one would feel reluctant to dub it “school” at all. But when there appears an intelligent follower, who is a disciple without being a servile imitator, hesitation gives way to confidence. The half-dozen comedies written by Mr. Robertson, and the one written by Mr. Albery and produced within the last few months at the Vaudeville Theatre, are evidences in favour of our belief that there are brilliant triumphs yet in store for the admirers of this branch of dramatic production, and in favour of the theory that change of time and fashion set no limits to the dramatist, but rather open up to him inviting fields for observation and reproduction.

The working out of this last thought will afford at once the description and the *raison d’être* of the new school.

The popular poet, we are informed, is he who, more than any contemporary singer, catches the spirit of the age, and reflects in epic or lyric the time in which he lives. The recognition of this principle is also at the bottom of success in the dramatic art. But particularly in that branch of it under present consideration. And every age—nay, every generation—differing from its predecessor, will crown him with the most abundant wreaths who seizes the largest number of distinguishing traits, dishing them up with a due regard to the prevailing tone of society. Hazlitt nursed a pet delusion on this point with infinite tenderness. He believed that in his time there was no such thing as a *character* worthy of enshrinement in comedy. That modern progress had moulded us and polished us into so many animate dolls, all possessing so strong a family likeness, that no dramatist could distinguish between the actors in the immense and uninteresting mass. He looks back wistfully—one almost catches the echo of a sigh breathed from the complaining page—to those delightful days when the templar was about town; when the wit shone at court and was brilliant in coffee-houses; when the man of pleasure *was* a man of pleasure, knowing neither stint nor surfeit; when the knight, the squire, the lover, and the miser played their respective parts in tented field, in lady’s bower, or in suitably squalid garret. He seems to think (and we own to a sentimental and kindly sympathy with the feel-

ing) that the paint and the powder, the sword and the small-clothes, the enormous hoops and the unbending stays, were things without which comedy is not comedy.

"A mistress," he says, "was an angel concealed behind whale-bone, flounces, and brocade. What an undertaking to penetrate through the disguise! What an impulse must it give to the blood, what a keenness to the invention, what a volubility to the tongue! 'Mr. Smirke, you are a brisk man,' was then the most significant commendation. But now-a-days—a woman can be *but undressed!*"

The feeling and spirit prompting such a sentence is altogether admirable. But the inference sought to be drawn is unfair to society, and unjust to those to whom are entrusted its affairs millinery. To our thinking, it would be quite as just to say that now-a-days conversation cannot be carried on because we have ceased to make use of those venerable expletives which so liberally adorned the dialogue of our forefathers: "'Oons," "Fore Gad," "Gad's life," "A plague on't," &c. No! the spirit of true comedy is confined neither to time nor place. Its existence is not dependent on the retention of an obsolete oath, nor on the addition of a buckle to my lord's shoe, nor to a flounce more or less in my lady's dress. And this we take to be the especial praise of the new school, that it has discovered in modern society, and in those phases of modern society which are most familiar, character as susceptible of interesting and amusing treatment as were the templars, wits, and fine ladies of other days.

It would be an interesting and grateful task for us to take a rapid survey of Mr. Robertson's comedies, pointing out to what extent he has availed himself of the plentiful materials at his command. For the accomplishment of this task we have not now time or space at disposal. The next best thing for us will be to glance hastily at the two comedies representing our new school of comedy at present holding the stage. They are Mr. Robertson's "M.P.," and Mr. Albery's "Two Roses." Less carefully written than most of his works, and almost utterly wanting in the matter of plot, "M.P." presents at the same time, as far as character and dialogue are concerned, a not unfair example of its species. There is an old English gentleman ruined by unlucky turf speculations, and moving manfully about an estate which in a day or two will cease to be his. He bears his trouble stoutly, shows himself strictly honourable in all his dealings, resents with considerable emphasis all ill-considered suspicion, and displays in himself a type of character rare but real. Opposed to him is the vulgar and intolerable parvenu. The man from the North. The individual who used to be pushed down our throats at school as a bright and shining example, and who has been constituted the hero of a hundred im-

proving tales. At last we have him in all his odious self-esteem and untamable brutishness. "The haund of an honest maun, sir! who has raised himsel' from the lowest rung o' the ladder to a moderate competence and honest independence." Saying which, he shoves his hand for inspection under Dunscombe's nose, who, adjusting his glasses, replies, "Yes, yes! Permit me to congratulate you on your—hand." Two other gentlemen, an aristocratic M.P. of small parliamentary experience, and a young gentleman who has a taste for the stage, not at all joined in by his father, the afore-mentioned old English gentleman, on the verge of bankruptcy. "When Shakspeare painted an amateur," says this father, "he made him the most detestable character in his play—Bottom." "Ah," replies the son, "see how he rewards him; he makes Titania fall in love with him." "No, sir! First of all he converted him into a donkey. He elevated him in the scale of being—from the sphere of an amateur actor into that of a donkey." The ladies of the comedy also possess features recognisable at a glance. Cecilia Dunscombe, with double eyeglass, gorgeous wardrobe, the latest thing in chignons, and a confirmed taste for Mill's Subjection of Women and cigarettes of the fragrant Turkish weed. Opposed to her we have a little Quakeress unused to the world's queer ways, but somewhat inclined toward conversion to them. In these characters we have the entire of the *dramatis personæ* of "M.P."

The newspaper critics, in notices which Mr. Albery will always have reason gratefully to remember, have in one or two instances adopted a rather patronising tone, and spoken largely of the promise which "The Two Roses" enfolds. It does far more than yield promise. It affords admirable workmanship—genuine and unmistakable performance. It would be difficult at a short notice to instance any more triumphant manipulation of a character than that afforded in the handling of Digby Grant, Esq., in the first act of "The Two Roses." We say the first act, because we regard it as especially the most finished and admirable in a comedy which throughout yields unmistakable evidence of dramatic power. All the skill of the author has been lavished on this Digby Grant, Esq. Meanest of the mean, he sponges in poverty and is ungrateful. Raised to unexpected affluence, he pays by "a little cheque" each of those to whom he and his daughters have become indebted. Again reduced to his normal condition, he swallows the leek with an unruffled countenance. Of the other characters we will not speak now. Those interested in current dramatic literature look forward with some degree of expectancy toward the author's next production.

But we must say something—be it ever so inadequate—concerning the literature of this New School of English Comedy;

the style of the writing, and the tone of the teaching. The style may be described as natural, crisp, and lively. It sparkles, but never dazzles. It is quietly humorous, and wears on the surface now and then a waif or stray of wit. It has nothing (or next to nothing) in common with the dialogue of Sheridan. *Great*, is no epithet wherewithal to qualify it. Now Sheridan is great. He almost overpowers one. It sometimes requires an effort to keep up with him. Every line tells, and is weighty with wit. Weighty but *not* weighty. Every repartee is as pointed as a stiletto, and glitters like one. He hath frequent recourse also to the figure of irony. A figure of speech which has assuredly died the death. I'faith, a modern audience would scarcely understand it. And yet in the senate and in the court-house, in the play-house and in the pulpit, irony has done good service in its time. Let us drop a tear over its tomb. It has departed with the flounces and the furbelows. Has dropped out of life with the "Sdeath, mans" and the "'Fore Gad, madams." *Requiescat in pace.*

The distinguishing feature in the tone of the new comedy we will endeavour to put as precisely as may be. It is, in fine, the tone of society. Equally opposed to sentiment and cynicism in large doses administered separately, it permits, nevertheless, a judicious and happy admixture of both. A bantering spirit born of a something called common sense is traceable through the great bulk of ordinary conversation. This is not lost sight of by the new school. And whenever Sentiment seems in danger of making a fool of himself, up comes Cynicism and whispers an audible rebuke. An instance or two of this in the drama we will notice anon. Meantime, hearken to an evidence of its existence in real life as witnessed by the present scribe very recently. Walking in the Strand yesterday evening there was borne to my ear a sound of the military tread of many feet, accompanied by strains of rather husky vocal melody. Presently there passed me, on their way to Charing-cross, *en route* for the seat of war, about forty Prussians tramping two and two. Now one would imagine that this was a somewhat inspiring sight—warriors gladly progressing toward possible glory, and very probable annihilation, singing the songs of "Vaterland" along the streets of a foreign capital. I regret to say, however, that the feelings aroused by this display of patriotic ardour were quite the reverse of the expected one. The British public as represented in the Strand by shopkeepers, barristers hastening to the Temple, omnibus cads, nymphs of the pavement, and that portion of the British youth which gains a precarious subsistence by disposing of copies of the *Echo* at a halfpenny each, seemed rather inclined to laugh at the spectacle and to chaff the performers. Indeed, one juvenile in the fusee trade seemed to find the fearfully-made trousers, the won-

derfully-constructed hat, and the imperturbable but fierce aspect of the heroes quite irresistible, and having brought himself by a series of cleverly executed "cart-wheels" into line with the detachment, incontinently "fell in" and shouted at the top of his voice a song, the concluding words of which tell us concerning some faithless lover, that

She married a furriner that played the flageolet
In the middle of a German band.

It would be quite useless to stay here and discuss the question whether or not this gives evidence of a healthy state of public feeling. We have to do merely with the fact. And with the fact only has the dramatist to do. In our new comedies banter is constantly introduced as the corrective for sentiment. "Love is a species of lunacy, of which marriage is the strait-waistcoat," says one of the characters in "School." In the same play, when a schoolgirl implores her lover, an officer of foot, to tell her of the battles, sieges, murders, &c., through which he has passed, the lover demurs, on which the young lady quotes Othello as an authority. "Othello was a nigger, and didn't mind bragging," is the retort. And again, when some one is arguing against the advisability of admitting women to the franchise on the ground of their notorious corruptibility, the same good-natured cynic retorts, "I quite agree with you there. If woman were admitted to electoral privileges she would sell her vote for the price of a new chignon; man is the nobler animal, and has the exclusive privilege of selling his vote *for beer!*" We have instanced sufficiently. Sentiment exists, and love scenes of more or less tenderness are introduced, but the humorous corrective is liberally used. Freed from the intense rigour of its application in the original connexion, one might suggest as the motto for the new school of comedy Sir Peter Teazle's hasty interruption of Joseph Surface, "Oh, d—n your sentiments!"

Some portion at least of the task undertaken by us has been accomplished. A few of the characteristics of what we have made bold to regard as a new school of English comedy have been pointed out. There are others equally distinctive and equally interesting. But a great deal of what has to be said or can be said on the subject, is embraced in the statement that Mr. Robertson and his followers attempt to give expression to the more marked characteristics of modern society. And in doing this they are accomplishing what, up to the present, has not been done. "*La littérature est l'expression la plus vraie de la société.*" Of dramatic literature this is or ought to be especially and completely true, holding good of the oldest and of the latest born, applying with equal truth to the productions of Aristophanes and of Albery.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

LOTHAIR.*

IN our paper entitled "Carlyle and Disraeli," which appeared last month, an observant reader might have remarked an incidental reference to "the volumes before us," and might thereby have inferred that it was our intention to bestow a few words upon Mr. Disraeli's latest novel.

The birth of "Lothair" into the literary world is in every respect an event of the last importance. First and foremost, "Lothair" is a medium through which a large mind endeavours to convey some of its thoughts to the world; secondly, it is charged with a specific purpose; and, thirdly, it is a contribution to the literature of the day.

We can fancy that Mr. Disraeli gazes with a good deal of complacent pride on this the latest child of his genius. To us there is something wonderfully interesting, though not surprising, in Mr. Disraeli reverting to the three volume novel as a medium of utterance. He has realised the dream of his youthful ambition; he has been Prime Minister of Great Britain; and it would not be unreasonable to suppose that he might look back to the time when he amused the world with his sparkling romances as to a period of his life which had had its own special ends and uses, but which had passed away for ever.

Nay, shallow and artificial people might even fancy that he would consider it as beneath the dignity of the statesman to descend to such a frivolous employment as writing fictions for the circulating libraries. Mr. Disraeli's nature has a simplicity, a unity, and a consistency which is very beautiful. He becomes an ex-premier; the outward symbol of that greatness, the weight of which he has worn "lightly as a flower," has for a time—we trust it is only for a time—to be doffed; and the triumphant politician woos once more his ancient love—literature. In a kind of way it makes one think of Cincinnatus returning to his plough.

Then, too, the very publication of a book like "Lothair" argues a wonderful freshness and vigour in the author's heart. "Age does not wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety." How delicious the reflection must be to Mr. Disraeli himself. We can imagine him casting his eye over the pleasing retrospect of years. He gains an early reputation as an airy and brilliant novelist. He enters parliament without interest or connexion, and in the face of the bitterest prejudices. He is howled down in his maiden speech. He bides his time, and speaks to be listened to. He denounces a treacherous minister in immortal philippics. He

* Lothair. By the Right Honourable B. Disraeli, M.P. Longmans.

repairs a shattered party, and leads it often to victory. He executes one of the most consummate political coups ever known.

After more than thirty years of political toil and warfare his ambition is crowned; he wears the blue ribbon; "and here I am," we can hear him saying to himself, "a sexagenarian, but with my affections and sympathies as young and green as ever. I can still be playful over the way in which two lovely damsels emancipate themselves from Presbyterian thralldom. I can still paint pretty and tender scenes of maidens hiding their heads in their lovers' breasts."

Dr. Johnson was fond of saying that there was no book printed which did not contain something worth reading. In these days of unlimited tract distribution and universal novel-writing old Samuel's dictum may be questionable; but of this there can be little doubt, that there is no book written by a master-mind which ought not to be impartially examined, and which will not afford enjoyment of some kind.

"*Lothair*" comes within this category: it is the work of an essentially supreme mind, and being so, we wish to examine it, not with the superficial flippancy of the critic in *Macmillan*, nor with the feeble spite of the critic in *Blackwood*, but *con amore*, and with a sincere desire to understand, if possible, its nature and its intention.

Viewed as a work of art, "*Lothair*" yields an exquisite pleasure, for most of the conditions of true art are complied with: the design is complete and apparent; the proportions are just; the general symmetry is good; the colouring is deep and effective; and there broods over the whole that tender magic which, alike in a picture or a book, speaks to the mind of that mysterious faculty which we name Genius.

The design of a work of art is the most essential fact about it, because it represents the spirit of the artist and contains the soul of the work itself.

What is the design of "*Lothair*"? Bunyan represents Pope and Pagan as two helpless old giants sitting at the end of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and biting their thumbs in malignant impotency at the pilgrims who pass by. "But," adds the allegorist, "it is thought by some that the Pope will one day revive and do more mischief than ever." It would seem by "*Lothair*" that the giant has revived with a vengeance, and can do a good deal more than impotently bite his thumbs; and we suppose that the motto, "*Nôsse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis*," has particular reference to the resuscitation. In short, the main purpose of "*Lothair*" is to make us, the enlightened and self-satisfied denizens of the nineteenth century, aware of the prevailing power of the papacy, and especially to warn the youthful patriciate of Great Britain against the craft and subtily of Jesuit priests. And if the book be care-

fully examined from all points, it will be found that the design has been successfully worked out.

But we believe that there is also a secondary purpose in "Lothair," almost of as much importance as the primary and main one, and from which as useful a moral may be drawn.

Both the purpose and the lesson may be found in the character of the hero, and, rightly interpreted, we think the voice speaks on this wise: "Not young noblemen only, but young men generally, if you happen to have very susceptible and impressionable natures—beware! Try to become acquainted with your nature; cultivate self-knowledge; in a word, know yourselves. Encourage, stimulate, foster by all means every impulse towards 'whatsoever things are pure, and honest, and lovely, and of good report,' but at the same time endeavour to temper impulse with judgment, to attain to a complete mastery over self, and so to a soundness and completeness of character."

If this be, indeed, one of the utterances of the "*Nōsse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis*," nay, if it were the sole utterance, why then the world in general, mindful of past utterances of a similar character from the same author, and coupling them with the present one, owes Mr. Disraeli a debt of gratitude; and "Lothair" has not been written in vain.

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn"—such will be found in "Lothair." Would that this could be said of every work of fiction. Mr. Disraeli has ever been an educator. To instruct ignorance, to expand and elevate the intellect, in a word, to develop and glorify the better parts of human nature, to en-throne the angel above the brute—this seems to have been and to be Mr. Disraeli's great object, whether in his relations with the political party which he leads, or in the works of imagination which he has from time to time given to the world.

"Lothair" is as didactic as "*Romola*," but superior to "*Romola*," because more widely and variously didactic, and because the name of its author has for a series of years been a great power in Europe. The subject of the education of the lower classes is at this moment occasioning universal interest; but it does seem to us that there are thousands among the upper classes—those formally educated and by courtesy called so—who are to all intents and purposes as much in want of education (though of a different sort) as Hodge and his family. To such persons, Mr. Disraeli, and writers like Mr. Disraeli, are schoolmasters, and novels like "Lothair" are their pleasant text-books. Were there more of such voluntary teachers, with the Education Bill passed and set in operation, Britain, we think, might before long be able to boast, from John o' Groats to the Land's End, an enlightened, a wise, an understanding people.

THE DEATH-WORKS AT ESSEN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

On the iron-bound plains of Essen, in the Rhineland famed in
 story,
 Where the grey ore and the coal had slept unknown for ages
 hoary,
 Now leap they forth exultingly, as warriors to the battle,
 To follow Death in carnage, and to speed the cannon's rattle.

Here, 'midst the sweltering furnaces, the Fire-King reigns su-
 premely,
 A Cyclop host around him, men of gait and brow unseemly ;
 Of giant frame and sinew, rough-limb'd, and swarthy features,
 Scorch'd and blister'd 'till they scarcely bear the trace of human
 creatures.

Shifting 'midst the lightning flashes, and the fiery embers daring,
 Quick they draw the red-hot vessels, with the molten iron glaring,
 Bubbling fiercely, as in anger, while the vapour rises dimly,
 And covers with a steaming cloud the shadows dark and grimly.

Freed from air, the iron settles, then, in masses square and
 rounded,
 Beneath the Titan hammers they are crush'd, and stretch'd, and
 pounded:
 The mighty strokes fall thundering, and distant echoes waken—
 With a burst of wild artillery, the earth around seems shaken.

Now cast the ponderous cannon, see, the gaping furnace ready:
 Lay the monster in its lurid couch, with grapplings, firm and
 steady:
 Soon to wake and thirst for slaughter, and to mow the war-ranks
 deeper,
 With the Fire-King for its sponsor, and King Death the grisly
 reaper!

Bring forth the hissing dragon! Soon a hundred arms are
moving
To a rude unearthly chorus, as the weight their strength is
proving;
From its flaming den it rises—fast and thick the sparks are fly-
ing—
And beneath the hammer, helplessly, the glowing mass is lying.

Forges night and day are blazing, for the work seems never-
ending,
Night and day the blast is roaring, harsh and husky voices blend-
ing,
A cloud hangs looming over, like a pall o'er life and motion,
A shroud that death is weaving from the seething molten ocean!

Weary-footed, tender-hearted! ye have here no rest nor quarter,
Essen toils, for half the world is mad, and ripe for blood and
slaughter;
Kings are waiting for the iron throats that speak in sounds of
thunder,
And Death is yearning greedily for legions rent asunder.

Woe to manhood in its noble prime! to youth in life's beginning!
Woe to the cannon's utterance when the fatal balls are spinning!
Woe in the homes made desolate to gild ambitious folly,
To the hearts crush'd deep in agony by feud and strife unholy!

LETTER FROM COBLENTZ.

Coblentz, Sunday, July, 1870.

HERE I am in the very midst of war—a war in which twenty-four hours since I could not believe. It is true, that for the last four days we have had telegrams of alternately an alarming and of a quieting kind handed round at the breakfast-table and at the tea-table, but still we laid the flattering unction to our souls of the quieting telegrams, and allowed the others to go for nothing. We ate, drank, and were merry. We went out to see all the sights that were to be seen. One of these sights was very reassuring to the timid. It was the appearance on that most beautiful of all promenades, the Rhine-walk, of the king and queen of Prussia. The walk was crowded, and the royal pair were so cordially greeted by all present, were cheered so heartily, that we English felt as we do when Queen Victoria is cheered, as if everything must give way before that.

The party of whom I speak as rejoicing in witnessing the demonstration of Prussian loyalty, consists of a score of persons assembled in a boarding-house, who are either patients, or the relatives of patients, under a certain oculist of great repute here. They, with only two exceptions, a Frenchman and a German, are English. The sufferers from their eyes very peremptorily refused to believe that there was any chance of their being turned out of the town whilst their cure was not yet completed. Most of the old ladies—readers of the *Times*—put their faith in the Emperor of the French, he was so clever, such a friend to England, had managed the French so *nicely*—that, in fact, a man like him, so very wise, would never do a thing so very foolish as go to war with Prussia, and so on. Thursday, the day we saw the king and queen, this kind of talk prevailed. Friday our German landlord and landlady looked serious, and were silent. Saturday they met us in the morning with:

“You must all go! War is declared. The French have already crossed the frontiers, they are between Mainz and Treves.”

“But our doctor?” was the response to this. “We cannot leave him.”

“He will have to go also. He must join his regiment.”

“He is not the surgeon to a regiment.”

“He is, first of all things, as every Prussian is, a soldier. Being a surgeon, too, he must go.”

"He can buy himself out—he can get a substitute."

"No—impossible!"

Very hard this for the English mind to realise. It was suggested that the whole was a German mistake, so we sit down to breakfast.

Before the day has advanced far on that fatal Saturday, we hear from the doctor himself that he is ordered to join his regiment on Wednesday; and in addition to that he thinks it not improbable that a new house which he is having built outside the town, may be levelled, and all the money he has spent on it lost to him. He has a wife and four children, yet he is not cast down. He takes the whole as a part of the inevitable of a Prussian's life, against which it would be useless to make any resistance, and at which it would be unmanly to repine.

Finding, then, that to stay for our excellent oculist's further help would be of no avail, eight of our number departed in the evening for England by Brussels. Another batch will go on Monday by way of Rotterdam, and the rest disperse afterwards.

Now that these to us eventful twenty-four hours are past, and a little quiet restored to the interior of the house, one may reflect on the change that has taken place in our prospects. I say quiet in the interior, for as to the exterior, nothing can be more unquiet than it is day and night. The tread of hundreds of men stepping like one man, the trampling of horse, "the car rattling o'er the stony street," and all that Byron has so well put together, the night before Waterloo, we have all, except the ball and the grand folks. Instead of these we have crowds of peasants in their blouses hurrying into the town to get their uniforms and their arms. They shout gaily and sing merrily, yet a tear will steal down my cheek as I listen to them.

Poor creatures! driven by the madness of ambitious men to leave all that is dear to them in their little homes, perhaps to perish in misery on the battle-field. But they generously refuse to allow themselves to think of that when they believe that their country calls to them for aid. Then, instead of the dance music of the ball, we had hour after hour rousing hurrahs from the railway station as the train brought in succession the regiments ordered into this town. There are now, they say, thirty thousand men in addition to the usual force here.

Monday.

Our Sunday was as noisy and as exciting as our Saturday had been. Not for a moment have the preparations deemed necessary been slackened. Men, horses, waggons, carts loaded with furniture, pictures, and objects of art brought from houses in the outskirts of the town, have been passing all the day, and the night

now approaching seems to promise no more rest than the last allowed us. One would think, from the unceasing noises out of doors, that the male part of the population had given up the habit of sleeping. Not a moment's respite do they give to hands, or feet, or tongue. And amidst the rougher voices of men we catch constantly the weaker ones of boys, as cheerful and as busy as their elders; or rather, perhaps mischievously, enjoying all that is going forward.

One telegram we had yesterday, and it was very cheering. It announced that Russia had declared war against France. This may be only one of the many flying rumours of the day, but for the moment it is received confidently by the Prussians, and strengthens their hopes of success when the great struggle begins. They are binding up all their energies for it in a most manful—a most business-like way, if one might apply the latter term to the great art and science of war.

Ah, but, what has that art and science become? Our poet could in his day speak with truth of "the big wars that make ambition virtue." I was about to say, 'alas, that such words cannot now be applied to war! But no! Now that new discoveries and appliances must make battles only butchery on a scale of hideous enormity, the ambition that makes war will be guilt of so black a dye, that at last human beings will shrink from incurring it. In this I, as a woman, must hope, and give up the poetic notion that war can make ambition virtue. If it ever did so—and I should like to believe that it did, and that there really were what the French have lately talked about, "military virtues"—but if it ever were so, this is not a case in which it can be so named, nor one in which they should dare to speak of such virtues. Their ruler has taken on himself all the odium of committing a great crime against humanity, and they by their submission in seconding his criminal acts, have left all the honour of the military virtues to their opponents, with whom is the justice of simple defence of their country. Hence it is that all honest minds must look with sympathetic interest on the behaviour of the Prussians in this crisis.

Tuesday.

Yesterday some more of our party left us, not taking the way by Brussels but by Rotterdam. We shall soon be a very small remnant in the house, but I am determined to remain as long as I can. I wished to go from this place to Berne, in Switzerland, but that plan seems scarcely possible now. Our friends who left for Brussels on Saturday, write that they had a most disagreeable journey. There were long stoppages at many places, persons almost coming to blows in the contentions for places in the

crowded trains; examination of luggage at Verviers, the frontier town—a most tedious, struggling affair—and ultimately they arrived at Brussels without theirs. We shall hear in a few days whether the Rotterdam party got on any better. It may seem absurd to tell these little events attendant on the declaration of war between two mighty nations, as if individuals were unworthy to be thought of when the fate of empires is trembling in the balance. It does, indeed, for the moment, appear quite *untrue* that “trifles make the sum of human things,” so great is, even among the most thoughtless and the most stupid, a certain pre-occupation of mind about weighty matters.

But the line has become an adage among us, and we repeat it as if we were asserting a great truth, the force of which it was praiseworthy to feel whenever we miss some little daily expected addition to our comforts. One is proud of showing oneself to be the factitious, empirical being, the poor spoiled child of civilisation. But honour, all honour, to the true man as I see him now before me—the German peasant! There he sits full of hope, and there, on the sward outside the town, waiting for the ticket that shall enable him to get the uniform that shall make a soldier of him and fit him for the war. There he sits, with hundreds of his brethren, all dust-begrimed, sweat-stained, eating his black bread and bacon under the mid-day sun. For him there is not such a thing in the world as a trifle: food, shelter, clothing, wife, child, the weather, all these that make up the interests of his life are serious, important things, yet all he forgets in a moment at the call of duty. Look at him again. Honour to the true man! Hear him! He sings as he rises to proceed on his way.

And oh, thou conscript brother of his in France! If we have no word of honour for thee, shall we have none of pity? Ardent, generous being, misled by great names, by devotion to a false idea of thy country's glory, thou art worthy of pity. Alas! that for the descendant of the true sons of France, the volunteers of 1793, no other term can now be used.

Wednesday.

I continue my hurried journalising. Last night we were less disturbed by the marching of soldiers and the rattling of waggons than we have been for a week past. To-day eight more of our party took their departure by a Rhine steamer for Rotterdam—a very tedious route, for which I did not feel inclined. Indeed, my inclinations all tended towards remaining as long as possible in Coblenz, although we were now but three inmates left with our hostess. She proposed, when the others had gone, that this little remnant of her party should accompany her to the castle, where

the queen was to preside over a meeting of the Coblenz ladies' society for the care of the sick and wounded. The meeting was well attended, but had been called together too hastily to be able to come to any very decided arrangements. The queen said a few words, but was evidently struggling hard with her feelings; if yielded to for a moment, she must have given way to tears. She is particularly fond of the Rhineland, and of her residence in Coblenz, which she must leave to-day. Last night she had a letter from the king desiring her to return to Berlin at once, as after this day the railways would be so much occupied by troops that it would not be possible to secure her comfort and convenience in travelling.

About nine in the evening I witnessed her departure from the railway station. There was a great burst of patriotic enthusiasm from a very large crowd of ladies and gentlemen on her alighting from her carriage, by which she was evidently much moved. As I walked back to our house, a sudden change seemed to come over my mind. I had before talked carelessly of staying as long as I could, and all at once the question of how long I could stay appeared to be settled for me. I did not become frightened, but, without knowing why, the conviction fixed itself in my mind that I should be very foolish to stay any longer in that good town of Coblenz. The queen was gone—that was no matter to me—the town was no less secure on that account; in fact, it was rather more quiet than it had been. Vainly did I bring these things together in my mind, trying to go to bed with the same opinion that I had held in the morning, that it might be a curious, even a pleasant sort of thing to remain longer where I was.

Thursday.

About two in the morning I was startled out of my sleep by what sounded like the distant roar of the ocean breaking loose from its boundaries, disobeying the command, "Thus far shalt thou go." I sat up and listened. The sound became intenser, nearer, less ocean-like, but still, on it came till it was under my windows, rushing, rolling, trampling on;—cavalry dashing along our stony street had thus aroused me. I lay down again, slept, and awoke strengthened in my resolve to go. At one in the day, having with sorrowful hearts bid farewell to our good hostess and her brother, we embarked in a Rhine steamer for Dusseldorf. The boat was crowded with English, the larger number of them children hurrying away unprotected, or with the feeble protection of a young German governess, from schools in Mannheim, Frankfurt, and Darmstadt. As we went on, although we had no military in our steamer, our eyes and thoughts were kept con-

stantly on what was military on the banks of the river. Companies of soldiers, or of the Landwehr on the march—troops in the railway trains on either side—all the busy preparation for war everywhere turned the mind from the old subjects of interest, so long admired since Byron put them into a catalogue of a few terse lines fifty years ago. One fat London lady exclaimed at one point, "What a fine panoramic view!" but nobody seemed to second her appreciation of the scene, whatever it was.

At Cologne we had to stay an hour, so my friend and I went into the town, which was a new place to her, but I had been in it twice before, the last time about eleven years ago. I was much struck by the great improvement in it, as in all the towns along the Rhine since I saw them first. And now, now is all the progress made to be put a stop to by this most iniquitous war! Their progress stopped? Nay, they are, perhaps, to be sent fifty years back in the arts and appliances of life by the new arts of death boasted of as the crowning glory of their highly civilised neighbours!

We were much struck by the quietness that reigned in Cologne, but were not then aware that by those neighbours it had been declared in a state of siege, and that many of its wealthy inhabitants were departing for England.

It was late, past ten, when we reached Dusseldorf. Its many lights sparkling along the bank of the river and reflected in the water, made it appear to me a much larger town than my recollection of it disposed me to think that it was. We got the two last rooms that were to be had in the Breidenbach Hotel, but they were very comfortable and on the ground-floor, so we had not the fatigue of going up-stairs to our beds, and glad were we to get to rest.

Friday.

Immediately after breakfast we set out to see the town, which I also found wonderfully improved since I saw it last. There is a very pretty park with pleasant villas in it. The streets have broad flagged parapets, the houses are well built, the shops excellent, and the schools all that can be desired. But here, too, whatever is advancing must retreat, whatever is good must stop short; for here, too, fathers and sons are called from their work, which must be left to women to do as best they can. Here, one could not but remember that this town is the little capital of the Prince of Hohenzollern, about whose son all this pretended rout has been made by the sagacious sovereign of the French. For my part, I could not help thinking that if his son Leopold could help to improve some of the towns in Spain as much as Dusseldorf has improved, he would be a very desirable king for Spain.

But I suppose that it has been by the people not by the prince that so much progress has been effected in the Rhine town.

We left it at one o'clock by the express train for Rotterdam, and were due there at seven in the evening. Being due, however, at a certain hour means nothing in Germany, Belgium, and Holland now. If our train were express in any way, it was in being expressly slow. Troops, troops everywhere; all had to be delayed for them, and we might esteem ourselves thankful to reach Rotterdam before midnight. Then what was to be done? Every hotel was full, not a bed was to be had. Whilst my friend was making inquiries and I was sitting very hopeless in our cab, a gentleman presented himself at the door of it, and, speaking in German, introduced himself by name, and then said, as a guarantee for his respectability, that he was ober-president, or chairman of a certain bank, and politely offered us shelter in his house for the night. His wife was not at home, he said, and he feared he could not do for us all he wished, but at least we should have rest and refreshment.

I was overwhelmed by this most extraordinary act of kindness; it seemed unreasonable to trespass so on a stranger, yet what could we do, left as we were to the mercies of a very bad cabman, who had already made an effort to compel us to go into a low beer-house for the night? We thanked the good Dutchman in our best German, and took him at his word.

By one o'clock we found ourselves in his handsome house, and we had some very acceptable refreshment and a glass of excellent wine. Then we induced our generous host to speak English; this he did extremely well, though slowly. At six in the morning he had his own carriage at the door to take us to the steamer, and by his influence places were secured for us, though the number of passengers had been completed the day before. After we had shaken hands with him, and had said good-bye! in our hearts, we repeated "Long live the Hollander!"—"Long may France and Germany keep out of Holland, and leave it to its industry and its peaceful acts of hospitality and good nature!"

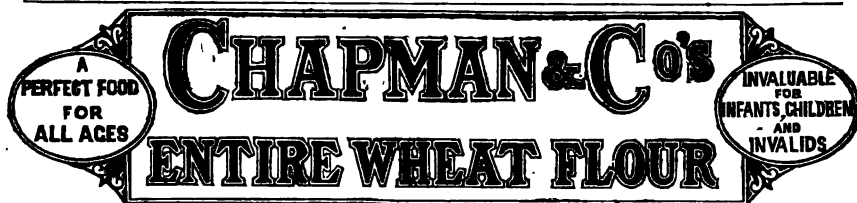
But, after all, of what have I spoken in this of my personal concerns except again of the trifling? Again it seems to me to be wrong when the condition of Germany comes before me as I have just seen it. Have just seen it—for the Saturday spent in the steamer to Harwich is over, and I am in London once more, and have hurriedly put together the events of the last days of the week begun in Coblenz.

And now, that I am in England, I think not of English things, but solely of what I saw in Germany, and still, as I think, the words of our old poet, with a little change, come back to me:

WAR is a monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Yes! such has been the course hitherto; what men shrank from at first, they have at last rushed to as a cure for all their ills. But what ills can be cured by that which I have seen? A whole people torn up, as it were, at its very roots, to repel the organised barbarism of a neighbouring people! and each of these, too, professing to be the leaders of civilisation in modern Europe! But the terrible ever-ready preparations for war are as great on one side as the other. That is an evil in both countries crying loudly to Heaven for redress, yet is it only a small part of the evil of war. The broad, secure foundations of a social state must rest on a hardy peasantry, an industrious class of steady work-people attached to their native soil and to their humble abodes. For these, in the present state of the Continent, all the sanctities of home life are liable to be violated in a moment at the command of some ambitious statesman, or some potentate intoxicated by the sight of the legions that are under his orders.

Still come before me the scenes that I have witnessed testifying to the justness of my feelings of indignation. I see the young attenuated *landwehr*, or militia-man, not able to find his quarters, sleeping on the bare stones of the street in the exhaustion of fatigue. I hear another, who had asked the way to his quarters when offered a dinner, say sadly, with a shake of the head, "*Mein Herz ist zer voll!*"—"My heart is too full to eat!" Multiply such incidents by thousands, and you may have some slight measure of the silent woe that is gnawing the soul of the German people. Even among the women you seldom see tears—they, too, must bear the inevitable, the irremediable. They are now going into the fields to complete the labours of the harvest. But, enough! for nothing that I could add would make the picture equal to the impressive reality of the present, and the mind, too, is disturbed by the thronging ills of the future in store for the two contending nations.



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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1870.

[NO. DXCVII.]

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN

XXX.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY SARAH WILLIAMS.

As soon as we was outside the church door, and in the great stone wilderness again, I felt free to talk, for nobody wouldn't make me believe as there is any sacredness in a place like that, as full of stone posts as ever it can hold, and not full of anything else, except draughts. But miss looked round her as if she thought she was in the beginning of heaven, and stared at them great ugly things as if she was loving them with her eyes, and spoke low when she answered me.

"Who'd ever have expected to see you here, my dear?" I says, for a beginning, "and why ain't you at Oak Brook, and who are you staying with at Welminster?"

"With my husband," she says, in a dull, dead sort of a way; "I was married at Oak Brook, and we are to live here for the present."

Well, you might have knocked me down with a straw, for at Oak Brook she was in a convent, safe enough, and that isn't a place to get married from, or at least not that ever I heard of.

"I hope you didn't go for to run away, my dear," I says, "for no good never comes of disobeying of your parents, and it is disobeying of them not to put up with all the rules of the place as they've seen fit to send you to."

She smiled at me in such a way that I'd rather have seen her cry.

"I put up with all the rules, Mrs. Williams," she says at last, "and that's why I'm here. And then she began to say something about how weak she had been, and that she ought to have resisted better at first, and all I could make out was that they had made her marry against her will, and in a convent, too, of all places in the world; and by the time I had made out as much as that, my

head was going round and round like a windmill, and I shouldn't have been surprised if anybody had told me that there wasn't such a person as me in the world at all, nor that I wasn't in mourning for my cousin, and hadn't been sitting all the morning in dread of my life under a book that weighed two hundredweight if it weighed an ounce, and was creaking and trembling over the top of my misfortunate head. And all the time miss was standing still, looking at a great slab of marble, with somebody laying very hard and uncomfortable on the top of it, as if she'd like never to move away from there; only of course she wasn't miss now, but Mrs. Somebody-or-other, and at the thought of that the windmill in my head began to go round in double time.

Well, we got outside of the cloisters, or whatever you call them shivery walks between the pillars, and there at the very door, waiting for her, was a prim-faced man, looking as if he meant to stay there all day until she came out, and to murder her afterwards—leastways, that was how he looked to me, but he spoke to her quiet enough:

"I suppose these rites, so foolish and unmeaning, are ended at last."

Only if I'd been his wife, I'd rather he'd have hit straight out at me than have spoke to me like that, and he spoke foreign, too, to make it worse.

"They have a wisdom and a meaning for such as have ears to hear," she said, but not as if she cared whether he took notice of her or not.

"I trust that you fall not also into this snare—most-specious for souls," he went on, turning round to me.

"Well," I says, "I have fell into it this once, but you won't ketch me there again in a hurry, for it ain't no more like a spiritual service than chalk is like cheese, and the money as is thrown away in keeping up them windy cloisters would pay a hard-working minister to give all his time to preaching the gospel."

"You are not without some gleam—so-faint of truth," he says; and if I couldn't have punched his head with pleasure for his compliment! Of all the people as ever I met, he was the worst for seeming to put down everybody else, and to serve out praises and rebukes to them. But all this while I hadn't asked his name, nor where he lived, so I asked now, as he was so unpleasant in his way to poor Priscilla that it showed he must be her husband.

"We live at 17, Grafton-street," says Priscilla; "and this is Mr. Ludwig, my husband, as you will have guessed."

"Grafton-street is a spot—most-favoured," he went on, "where a little family of hearts-so-faithful are joined in happy exile. It is the Patmos of Welminster."

Mrs. Ludwig made a face, but only a little one; she didn't seem to have much spirit left in her, but what there was seemed to be against him. And "oh, lor'," I says to myself, "if this is being married, ain't it a good thing to live comfortable and single?" But what can you expect of a match as is made up in a convent, contrary to the nature of things, as one may say?

There was something about him as showed he was a minister of some sort, a Herrnhutter, I supposed, and I was quite right. He had the Grafton-street services, he said, some of them at least, and he was to preach in English that evening, and I said I would go and hear him.

Well, I went, after giving myself a good rest to make up for all I'd gone through in the morning; and I can't say as I expected much from the Herrnhutter service, remembering what it was like at Oak Brook; but sometimes when you expects least you finds the most, or that was the way with me this time. The chapel was not so big as the one at Oak Brook, and the men and women take separate sides in the same queer way, and has separate doors to go in and out at, which looked odd to me, but forms is nothing, and only the spirit can give life. And I must say as that there meeting was an improvement on a many that I've been to, both at church and chapel; for there was only plain singing such as anybody could understand, and Mr. Ludwig prayed very fervent, and not too foreign (for one thing, he prayed out of a book), and preached very nice indeed for the first half-hour, though he rather lost himself the last part of the time, for he shut up his sermon, and finished out of his own head. You see, he had been preaching about keeping our lights always shining and burning bright, which is a beautiful subject to take, and he made it very plain till he got to the end of what he had wrote, and then he got foreign.

"Snuff yourselves, therefore," he says, bringing down his hand on the cushion with a bang; "keep yourselves snuffed evermore, and go not nowhere without you carry your snuff-boxes on your hearts!"

And really he might have been took literal, for the congregation was made up of the snuffiest set of foreigners as you'd find anywhere. Priscilla was there, but looking so different from the rest of them; as pale as a lily she was, and had somehow lost the contrairy look that used to be in her face, and to grieve her dear mamma and me, and sat staring straight before her, as if she was trying to stare a hole in the chapel wall, and never took no notice of the sermon being over till she saw the rest moving, and then she gave a start and moved too. I was sorry for her, and didn't seem as if I could exactly make out how it was that she was where she was, and married to Mr. Ludwig, as didn't seem to fit in with her nor she with him, and I don't know as I should have liked

him myself as any sort of a relation, though I liked him as a minister, and could make allowance for his funny way of using English words, knowing that his meaning was right all the time. And at the door I spoke to her, and asked how she felt in her health that evening, not knowing whether she'd snap at me, as she used to do sometimes. But she answered gentle enough, that she was well, and very glad to see me there, for I seemed to make old times more real to her than what they was before. And to cheer her, I said it was a beautiful sermon, for every woman as ever I knew likes to hear her husband praised, but she only said, "Was it?" as if she hadn't been there at all! And then she asked me to go home and have supper with her, and I went willing enough, for I wanted to make out more about her.

"Have you been at Pebble Coombe lately?" says she, as we went along.

"Yes," I says; "I've been staying there with 'your dear papa and mamma, and I should be there now, only it seemed like a providence for my cousin at Welminster to die, and leave me her business."

"And did you ever go to Banfield?" she wanted to know next, and a sort of look came into her eyes as if a candle shone upon them.

"Well, my dear," I says, "you dragged me pretty often over them buzzy hills, all alive with bees in the heather, and full of broken places, as did ought to have a coroner kept for them special to sit on all the accidents; but when you weren't there, I was thankful to go over a smooth pavement to the old church in the town."

"And you don't know who has Banfield Chapel now?" says she.

"I do know that Mr. Stone has it, my dear, and I hear better things of him than what I used; that he preaches more spiritual sermons, and gives himself more and more to his work. He did go away from Banfield, but it was only for a holiday, or something in that way, for he has come back and is working hard; and as to the poor people, they love the ground he walks upon."

She said nothing for a bit, but presently she asked:

"Is he married?" speaking very low.

"No," I says; "nor I never heard nothing about his being likely to marry; and I did think at one time as you and him was making up your minds to one another, which might have been only my silly fancy, but of course it was my duty to name it to your dear mamma, you being in my care, and far too young and thoughtless to think of such a thing. And after all you've gone and got married to a minister, as if it was to be."

She stood still, though we was in the open road, and ketched hold of my arm and squeezed it till I thought I should have been obliged to hollar!

"I have so tried not to think *that*," she said, and not another word could I make out!

"We must try to think as everything is for the best," I told her; "and this is 17, Grafton-street, where you said you lived."

"Yes, this is the house," she said; but she was going right past it, if I hadn't have stopped her.

Well, we went in, and it was a comfortable place enough, small, but with everything convenient, and large enough for her as had no family at present; and she took off her bonnet and shawl and threw them on the sofa in her old careless way, and called to the servant to lay the supper things. And up came a plum-tart, and some sandwiches, and a cheese; but everything was cut untidy, and nothing looked nice, nor as if she took any pains with her house, as a mistress should, and the crust of that there pie would have done to keep out the French, if they was attacking London.

"My dear," I says, "you've got a pious and talented man for your husband, and I'm sure you'll try to prepare him for his labours abroad by seeing to all his comforts at home. There's some as doesn't do this, and it's a pity and a mistake, for the way to domesticate a man lays straight through the kitchen."

I don't think she heard a word I was saying, for she was a poking into my black bonnet as I'd just took off, as if she could see the beautifulest picture inside of it. It was an old one, as I'd covered with black crape for my cousin, and there was "Bond, Pebble Coombe," wrote inside it. And if she didn't go on looking at them words, which was only the maker's name (and the shop was a common sort of a one, and always behindhand with the fashions), instead of helping the pie, until Mr. Ludwig knocked at the door! I felt to like him better now I knew his doctrine was so sound, besides having a kind of pity for him on account of Priscilla's thoughtlessness, for the sandwiches he had for his supper was as dry as if they'd been stood in the oven to harden the bread, but before I went away I had turned against him as bad as I did in the morning. Of all the good men that ever was, I really think he is the worst to get on with, through being so sure that he is always right, and seeming to take every contrary little thing that happened as if it was sent direct by Providence to show off his goodness on it, which is the most aggravatingest way of being patient that ever I heard tell of. And he told Priscilla she was bringing down a scandal on her head by going to church and to the cathedral; and lor', I thought to myself, if she goes and sits

where I did this morning, she'll bring down something else on her head; but there ain't no accounting for tastes. Priscilla looked as if you might have lighted a match at her face when he spoke about her not going any more to church.

"The service is dear to me," she says, in her old wilful way; "I love the words, and the forms, and the stones of the building; I get a little breath of life and happiness there, and I will not give it up."

"Well, my dear," I says, "you should tell your good gentleman as you was brought up to go to church, and it's nothing but natural that you should like to go there now and then, and hear the same words as your dear papa and mamma is hearing, so far away——"

"The same words!" she says, after me.

"But," I went on, "a minister's wife should go in a general way where her husband preaches, or else it doesn't look like as if she was a real helpmeet for him, and it sets folks talking in a way that is neither pleasant for her nor for him."

"I think not of pleasure," Mr. Ludwig put in; "I bear my cross and complain not, but I strive to make my duty and to show to the world the way it should travel."

Well, there wasn't nothing very pleasant to stay for, and that there pastry was laying heavy on my chest, and I thought I would go home and take a settle-it powder before going to bed. But first Mr. Ludwig said grace in German, and I thought I heard something about a herring, but as we hadn't had none for supper, I most likely made a mistake. I asked Priscilla about it afterwards, and she told me that "Love den Herrn" was German for "Bless the Lord," and I must say it sounds more as if you was saying you loved herrings, which would not be at all a proper grace, though it might be quite true. And I don't think German would suit me, not to say prayers in I mean, any more than it suits Priscilla.

XXXI.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY PRISCILLA LUDWIG.

It is very long since I laid down my pen; not long, perhaps, counting by months and weeks, but terribly long if we count by suffering. My last days at Oak Brook seem to me like time that is overhung by a cloud of fever and delirium; fancies, horrible in their half-coherency; hopes that I knew to be hopeless, and that yet would hover round me with ghastly and tantalising persistency; fears that drew a narrowing line around their doomed

and trembling victim; these beset all my waking thoughts, and tinged the half-conscious life that I lived in sleep, or in that stupor of the body that served instead of sleep, and enabled me to go on living and suffering. And through it all there was one clearly defined thought, for I knew that all my faith in my father's love for me was a mistake, that he did not care for me, that he had sent me to Oak Brook as part of a plan for banishing me altogether. I would not believe this, or even admit the thought, until the evening of the day on which I first saw Mr. Ludwig; it was on that evening that papa's letter to Sister Offebach was placed in my hands, and there could be no deception about it, there was the handwriting, and the postmark, and the seal with his crest upon it, and even the wording of the cruel sentences was his, and no one's else. I submitted to the fate that I had partly brought upon myself, and from which there seemed to be no appeal, first writing as briefly as I could the actual facts of my miserable case; how I had been placed with the Herrnhutters and drawn gradually into their ways and customs, until I found that I had gone too far to recede, and that I stood pledged by their laws to be the wife of a man whose very presence was hateful to me; how I had appealed to my father's love and mercy to save me from consequences that he had brought about, and should have foreseen; how in his answer he refused to help or pity me, evidently because my banishment from my home fitted in with some concealed design of his. I added nothing more except my signature; after reading his letter I should as soon have thought of asking help from Mr. Ludwig as from my father, nay, I felt that no blame attached to Mr. Ludwig, who was only acting according to his conscience and to the rules of his church, while my father had cruelly violated every principle both of justice and of natural affection, in furtherance of some secret scheme. I could not otherwise read the signs.

It was some little relief to me to write and post this, and of course I did not receive any answer to what was not a letter at all, but only a denunciation. Just one other blow fell upon me; the complete change that I had craved for, and had almost been promised, was denied me, Mr. Ludwig's call being to Welminster, a dull and dreary English town. It was something to feel that I could be much disappointed at anything that could happen to me; it was what I never expected to feel again.

Life at Welminster is life in death, but after all it would be very much the same anywhere else; I have to live a number of years, I suppose, and every year will contain three hundred and sixty-five days, and every day must be lived through, hour by hour, in some way. I read when I can procure a book that

interests me, and sometimes it is a relief to me to write some unspoken plaint; and there were a few geraniums in my scrap of garden that I liked to watch and tend, till Mr. Ludwig ordered the ground to be planted with cabbages, that it might be turned to some useful account. What I like best to do is to be quite alone, and to lose myself in thinking over the past; those few days are mine still, and from them the light must fall that is to last me till I die. There is one thing here that I love, the grand old cathedral, with its mighty stonework and long dim aisles; the service, too, recalls some of the happiest hours of my life, and there is a charm in listening to the very words that David, if he be alive and well, must be reading or hearing Sunday after Sunday, at the very same hour. Of course I neglect all the employments that are supposed to belong to my position here; I do not attend to them because they are utterly odious and distasteful to me, and I will not make myself more wretched than circumstances have already made me, by enclosing myself in a miserable routine of pretended duties. And Mr. Ludwig rather likes to show how good and Christian-like he can be, with such a clog and daily trial to impede his usefulness; so it would be a pity to deprive him of the opportunity of shining conspicuously against the dark background of my unsuitableness.

This stagnant life was troubled not many days ago by a meeting that recalled vividly some portions of the past; of all people in the world, I met Mrs. Williams here in Welminster, and at the cathedral too, a place that I should not have supposed she would ever visit. I was glad to see her, positively glad, and at night she went to the Herrnhutter chapel, and I asked her to go home with me afterwards. I am sorry that I behaved so badly to her at Pebble Coombe. I learnt from her that Mr. Stone has returned to Banfield, and is not married, nor, as she believes, engaged; and the thought that I have tried not to think *would* force itself into my mind.

I am glad, now, that I am in England; Banfield is not so very far away, and my heart is a little more at rest now that I can picture him to myself in his accustomed place. Only a little, for a vague fear of some treachery against him, and against me, tinges all my thoughts. Perhaps Mrs. Williams, who is living here, may visit Pebble Coombe again, and from her I may learn something more; I shall never again have any direct communication from the parents who have rid themselves of me, or from the place that I used to call my home.

Yesterday I laid down my pen, and to-day I take it up again, but how great a space separates the Priscilla of to-day from the

deadened, hopeless, torpid Priscilla of yesterday. Then the springs of hope and life had all run down, now I am at the same moment made tumultuously happy by the knowledge of what is still mine, and filled with a despairful longing that makes me know how Dives felt when he looked at the impassable gulf. But on the whole a sense of defiant happiness prevails, and will prevail.

I have seen David Stone and talked with him; here in Westminster, in this dullest, deadest, prosiest, earthiest place, I have seen the face that I thought next to see beneath the crown of the redeemed. It was in the cathedral, under the great stone pillars in the cloisters, that to me will now seem always the house of God and the gate of heaven. I was moving slowly from pillar to pillar in the far-off, dreamy mood that softens the present and vivifies the past, and I heard footsteps drawing nearer to me, and my stupid, senseless heart did not once respond to them, or let me know that its yearning for the beloved presence was just about to cease. The footsteps came nearer, came close to me, paused, and then I turned round, but with only the old, weary, heart-sick feeling, deepened a little perhaps by the thought that I was not suffered to be alone, that strangers would keep coming in to stare at the cathedral, and to read its wonders by the light of a guide-book. I turned round, and saw—what the women saw who expected to find only the tomb, hewn in the rock, and found a shrine, glorified by the visible presence of a messenger from God. He was standing close beside me, and all my soul-sickness melted away in a moment, and all trouble faded out of my life, and I did not even wonder to see him, for there was no room for anything but happiness left in my heart. This full flood of happiness steadied me, so that I was not at all agitated, but quite calm and still; and the clock in the western turret struck two, a common hour of the common day, just as if the weary round of life had still been going on!

He was the first to speak. He had been looking for me, he said, and some instinct had brought him to the cathedral. I cannot remember how I answered him, but after that he began to speak of myself, my altered looks, my life since we last parted.

It seemed then as if the string of my tongue was loosed, and I "spake plain." I was able to tell him as I could not have told any one else, as I had not yet told myself, all that had happened to me since I left Pebble Coombe, and he listened as one might listen who is obliged to hear, though every word is a stab. Once or twice he put up his hand as if to shut out or deprecate some utterance that was too painful; sometimes a look of positive incredulity came into his face, as if he *could* not believe in the wickedness that had deceived and entrapped me.

There were two things that I, in my turn, longed to know: the truth or untruth of the story that had been told to me about his projected marriage; and the motive which could have induced Mr. Lawford (not my father; I have written that for the last time) to desire to rid himself of me altogether.

I saw in a moment, before he spoke at all, that the account of his intended marriage had been simply an invention, not founded on fact, but without any foundation whatever. And then, almost unconsciously, he told me something that made the grand old pillars swim and swerve before eyes that were blinded with happy tears, something that lifted me up above all troubles, past and to come, so that their chain was broken, and could never press heavily upon me again. The revelation that I had dreaded when I only guessed at it, came to me as a great happiness.

A strange story followed, but it made other puzzles very clear and plain. David Stone conjectures that Adolphus Lawford, whom I have always thought of as my brother, was really my father, and that my mother's maiden name was Armstrong. She was beneath him in rank, and the marriage was unacknowledged, but they were really and honourably married. I was glad to hear him say that, for his sake, not for mine. It would have been such a pity for him to have loved one on whose name a cloud of inherited shame should rest. But, however humble Miss Armstrong's station in life might be, she was good and virtuous, and, strangely enough, some property was left to her after her death, which, of course, ought to be mine, if David's conjecture be correct.

I am sure that it is correct. I remember the picture that I certainly resemble, "Mrs. Adolphus Lawford, née Armstrong." I am sure that she whom I have called my mother, adopted me from the caprice that has made her purchase and pet so many favourites, and that she grew tired of me in my turn, and hated me when she found me growing into a woman and a rival. I was more difficult to be disposed of than the grey parrot that she admired, adored, petted, wearied of, and sold for half-price, cage and all. And then this money, always so much wanted at home, could be claimed and kept if the secret of my birth were still preserved, and so I was sent to the Herrnhutters to be disposed of with the other unfortunates who are consigned to their care, who from one cause or another are obnoxious to their parents.

But oh, why could they not have let me take the crown of life that was held out to me, though without my knowledge? They feared, perhaps, that David would discover the truth (he has done that now), and would claim for himself what legally belonged to me. Ah, how little they knew him! But there was something more than that; a woman's jealous malignity was at work; *she* would not let me be so happy!

He told me the evidence on which his belief respecting my parentage rested, but I could not follow it very closely; it seemed to signify so little; nothing signifies much now except the one great and wonderful revelation that I really do, and did, hold a place in David's heart. If it were ever such a little place I should be quite content—at least, I think so. Oh, how I have longed to know that he remembered me and thought of me sometimes as one of those whom he would like to associate with here, to meet and recognise there. And now this great longing is satisfied, and I am so happy.

He told me what he proposed to do to recover this money, which may be much or little, and I left the matter entirely in his hands, to do what he thinks right and just. It was five o'clock when I returned to my home, and in reply to Mr. Ludwig's questions I told him that I had been all the afternoon in the cathedral, and had there met a very dear friend and former pastor. He strongly denounced the cathedral, the Established Church, its ordinances, and its ministry, but he did not vex me at all; I pitied him, thinking that perhaps he too might have lived a happy and completed life but for some such fate as had also fallen upon mine. And in the evening I asked if I might help him with an English sermon that he has to write for next Sunday. I must not be idle and discontented any more, I must try to be more worthy of the great treasure that has fallen to my lot, and to live so that hereafter I may hope to be for ever with the one whom I must always love.

XXXII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY DAVID STONE.

I LEFT the Herrnhutter Settlement dazed and stupefied, making feeble efforts to realise and comprehend the great weight of misery that had fallen on me, but feeling as if I could only grasp it in part, too sick and wearied in heart and brain to see the full force and significance of this great blow to my half-formed hopes. Only one thing was quite clear to me—that life was hard, and the world dreary, very hard, very dreary; perhaps I should have stopped thinking at that point and never have got beyond it any more, but for a sudden flash of recollection, the remembrance that there was still work for Priscilla to be done. The necessity for exertion, that has roused so many poor souls from fatal death-craving stupor, roused me from mine, and as soon as I could collect my thoughts and arrange my plans I determined to seek out

Priscilla at Welminster, yet not in her home, but rather to wait for some chance of meeting her beyond its walls.

Sometimes one insignificant drop in our cup of bitterness seems more bitter than all the rest, and I felt as if I could more easily bear the knowledge that we were separated for ever, than endure the ordeal of actually seeing her enshrined in her own quiet and happy little home.

It was not difficult to find her out; I had only to inquire for the Herrnhutter chapel, and to ask the names and residences of the ministers connected with it, and then I knew as much as I sought to know from any lips but hers, that she was living for the present at 17, Grafton-street.

Where should I be most likely to meet her? In the Herrnhutter chapel, I supposed, and I attended some of the services there, but saw nothing of Priscilla. The services were usually in German, which I thought might well be a reason for her absence, and the arrangements of the chapel were such that even had Priscilla been present I could not have spoken to her, and should probably have missed her as we left it, for the females of the congregation have an entrance-door to themselves. While I waited for the chance that did not seem very ready to come, the grey turrets of the cathedral drew me towards them, and almost unaware I found myself walking in the long cloistered aisle, that seemed to me less a place for prayer than a prayer itself, a visible embodiment of the soul's yearning after God. To think there at all is to think holy thoughts, to breathe there is to pray, though with no conscious effort of the mind; sometimes when we stand before a grand work of art we feel the dead speaking to us, but here we feel them speaking to God; the stones cry out as Christ said they would, and our world-hardened hearts respond, perhaps the greater marvel of the two.

All at once I remembered Priscilla's impressionable nature, and knew that this stone poem would be sure to attract her, so that if I walked here every day I should not fail to meet her. I followed up the idea, and did meet her in the cathedral before very long; and now for the results of our meeting.

She is greatly changed, and not in any respect for the better; she looks careworn and out of health, and her tone of thought has acquired a certain hardness that contrasts strangely with her former enthusiasm and tendency to idealise. I felt very soon that my suspicion was correct, that a trap had closed round her, the object of the scheme being to keep her out of the way as completely as possible, and to let the fact of her existence be forgotten by all former friends and acquaintances; then for the first time it occurred to me that the property left to Susan Armstrong might

be considerable, for thus a strong motive would be suggested for the wicked plan to which Priscilla had fallen a victim.

I spoke to her very quietly, explaining the facts that she ought to know, and she answered me with entire composure and self-command, not showing much surprise at my strange story, helping me here and there with a conjecture or an additional proof, but taking singularly little interest in a matter that affects her so very nearly.

Only once the old light shone out upon me, and then I forgot time and place and everything else, and for a moment she was the same Priscilla who had dreamed over the little brooklet, and had set its bubbling monotone to the music of her own happy thoughts. Only for a moment, and that was when some chance words of mine grazed the subject of my own great sorrow, the sorrow that must leave my life so bare and desolate. She had no suggestion to give me as to my course of action for finding out the amount of Michael Stump's legacy, and for proving her claim to it; she would leave this matter in my hands, she said, and would be contented with the result, whatever it might be. I could not leave her without asking whether she is happy in her new home. She answered that she has not been happy, but that she will be so now. She called Mr. Ludwig a good man when she spoke of him, which was only once.

I left her, and left Welminster, with a sense of indignation against her pretended parents too deep to find expression in mere words. Unless they should be brought to open repentance for the cruel treachery which they have practised, I trust never to see either of them within my little church, and I would certainly refuse them places at the Holy Table, should they there present themselves. I cannot forgive them, nor do I believe that our Christianity requires us to wipe out the remembrance of cruel and wicked actions. We may forgive a bodily injury, so as to have no revengeful memory of it, but no effort of our will can cause the results to cease, and is it more possible to efface a mental than a physical bruise?

I had no great difficulty in deciding that my best plan would be to obtain a sight of Michael Stump's will, which could easily have been done without consulting a lawyer, but I preferred to act from the first under legal advice, and had afterwards reason to be glad that I had done so. The will devised that all the money and securities for money of which the testator should die possessed should revert to Susan Armstrong, late of Willow Cottages, Norbury, Kent, who was further described as the daughter of Jane Armstrong, deceased, of the same place, and who, when last heard of, was residing at Beckenham, also in Kent. Failing this

said Susan Armstrong, the whole of the property was to revert to her legal heir or heirs, if claimants should appear who should be related to her in an equal degree; but in the event of no discovery being made, either of Susan Armstrong or of her legal representatives, no directions were given as to the disposal of the property. I was quite prepared to find that Susan Armstrong's death had been proved, as well as that of her husband, and that the said husband's next-of-kin had administered for the whole of the property. It amounted to nearly seven thousand pounds when the will was proved, and the nature of the investments made it certain that it had greatly increased since then, supposing that these had been untouched, and that only the interest had been taken.

Inquiry, however, soon showed us that this was not the case; the property had been withdrawn from its original investments, and no trace could be found of it in the market. Armed with these various items of information, which were collected in a short space of time, and with little difficulty, I sought out Mr. Lawford, to confront him with the evidences of his guilt, and to claim for Priscilla a restitution of her legal rights.

On leaving the train at Boxhill, the nearest station to both Banfield and Pebble Coombe, I encountered Captain Landgrave, who at once seized upon me, informing me that he had been "looking me up" for the last two Sundays to ask me to take an evening service at his cathedral, as I am only engaged at Banfield in the morning and afternoon.

"I couldn't hear any news of you up at your place," he went on. "Gone away and left no address, as the dead-letter people say, so I nobbled the fellow that you've got to come down on Sunday, and he can't intone a bit. He made the prayers sound more like the wind in a keyhole than anything else."

"It was not fair of you to ask him to take an additional service," I remonstrated; "his work at Banfield is quite enough for one day."

"Come, now, don't run rusty. I want you to preach a sermon for me in your best style; pitch it into them strong about the boon the cathedral is to the neighbourhood, planted here beside the sheltering hills like Jerusalem, or Jericho. Which is it that's got hills all round? You know how to do it. I can hear the money jingling in the old ladies' pockets, ready to jump out into the plate, when once you put the steam on in good earnest."

I acknowledged this tribute to my eloquence as a preacher, but explained to Captain Landgrave my inability to take any additional duty for the present, my time and thoughts being already greatly occupied. By this time we had reached Banfield-rise, from whence we looked down on Pebble Coombe and on Mr. Lawford's house.

"Regular smash-up there," Captain Landgrave informed me, pointing in the direction to which my eyes were already turned.

"What do you mean?" I asked, hastily.

"Only that the old boy has been going on rather too fast. He had some money left him, and has been making it fly in all manner of ways, speculating in that Bengal concern that turned out such an infernal swindle, and getting into a lot of fresh difficulties. Good-bye; my way lies here. By-the-bye, do you know that Priscilla's married, or at least they say so? Cut out in that quarter, eh?"

I was foolish enough to be angry with him, but only for a moment. My better sense soon told me that he spoke without any intention of annoying me, and he very readily told me so himself. Once more he begged me to think about his request that I should take a Sunday service at his church, and preach on behalf of the building fund, and then we separated.

I walked on quickly to Mr. Lawford's house, and finding that the gate was open, I went in by way of the garden. The first thing that struck me was a garden-roller, marked Lot 1157. The iron railings which separated the lawn from the meadow land beyond were also parcelled out in lots, and so were some very handsome garden ornaments, containing different varieties of ferns. I hesitated whether to go into the house, for it seemed quite possible that I should only find strangers there; but in a few moments Mr. Lawford himself walked out through the glass doors of the library which open upon the lawn, and came forward to meet me. He made a movement as if to offer his hand, and I drew back a step or two, but he was too much absorbed by the speech which he was preparing to notice any difference in my manner.

"Ah, Mr. Stone, this touch of autumn in the air should remind us that we too must fade like the leaves, and that the time is short during which earthly trials and losses will be permitted to harass us. This reflection should enable us to meet them with true Christian philosophy whenever they fall to our lot."

And his face positively glowed with admiration at the beauty of his own sentiments.

"I am glad to find you disengaged," I answered, feeling that I must come to the point at once, and be as business-like as possible, just to keep my anger and indignation within bounds; "I have to speak to you on a legal matter of very great importance, first assuring you that I am fully authorised to make certain inquiries, and that they must be answered in a court of law, if not before me."

He smiled, deprecatingly.

"I have no business secrets," he assured me; "my misfortunes have not found me unprepared to meet them with entire openness and candour; the leaves of my account books and the pages of my heart are alike open to the world."

I felt as if I could not bear much more of this.

"You administered for the property left by the late Michael Stump," I began, and he stopped me with a start of surprise, the expression of patient resignation was gone in a moment, and there was even a flash of anger in the grey-green eyes.

"Well, sir, and what then? This is not a matter that concerns you, or any one for whom you may be acting."

"Excuse me, it is a matter that very nearly concerns Priscilla Ludwig, the rightful inheritor of Michael Stump's property, who has authorised me to institute in her name the necessary inquiries."

He looked at me with sorrowful surprise, having apparently quite recovered from his momentary spasm of anger, and waved his hand towards a garden-seat (Lot 1119), on which he proceeded to sit down, but I preferred to stand. He took out a silk pocket-handkerchief and polished his high bald forehead before he began to speak.

"Priscilla is not of age," he said, slowly and emphatically, when he spoke; "she could only move in this matter through her husband or his legal representative—that at least is my reading of my country's law. But I waive all questions of legal right or possibility, and am content to reply fairly and openly to the least authorised inquirer. You wish to know whether I administered for the property left by the late Mr. Stump; I reply, sir, that I did."

This with an air of candour which almost made me believe that he was voluntarily revealing a secret, instead of telling something that any one in the world could find out for himself.

"The property being left to Susan Armstrong or her next-of-kin?" I went on.

"To Susan Armstrong or her next-of-kin," he repeated after me, with sundry little nods, as if to express his pleasure at the correctness of my information.

"And her next-of-kin is her daughter and your grand-daughter, now Priscilla Ludwig."

He drew out the silk handkerchief again and passed it over his eyes.

"My dear sir," he answered, "you have indeed touched the very core and centre of my deepest sorrow, but it is well for us that the depths should sometimes be stirred; yes, it is too true that my unhappy son, being weakened in mind as well as in body by the fatal advances of disease, fell a prey to the schemes of a

designing servant, and was thus entrapped into a wretchedly low and unacknowledged marriage. I had hoped and striven to conceal this family disgrace from the world, but I accept the publication of it, on which you seem to be resolved, as one more proof that in this world we must suffer tribulation——”

He was going on, but I stopped him.

“Please to accept it as a proof that justice is at last going to be done to one who has suffered long years of deception, cruelty, and fraud.”

He smiled.

“When a legally qualified accuser, Mr. Stone, undertakes to bring a charge of this nature against a fellow-creature, he is obliged to be more guarded in his choice of phrases than you are; but let it pass, let it pass. Only, before you bring such violent accusations against a crushed and ruined man, who, in his hour of sorrow, might look for very different treatment at the hands of a minister of God, perhaps it would be as well for you to hear the simple facts of the case from the only person who is able to give them fully and fairly. Priscilla, being born of this disgraceful marriage, and under the ban, as it were, of her mother’s ignominious position, being left a sickly orphan with the workhouse as her only place of possible refuge, was at once adopted into my family, and treated with the tenderest consideration, and with every indulgence that affection could suggest, her misfortune being kept from her own knowledge, for we called her daughter, and she has often—ah, how often!—greeted me with the hallowed name of father.” He took off his spectacles and wiped them; I restrained a strong impulse to seize a large stone that was under my foot, and to use it as an aggressive weapon. He went on. “Of Priscilla’s faults I will not speak; why should I raise the mantle that has been charitably cast over—— My dear sir, your face alarms me, pray don’t suppose that she has ever committed anything which places her beyond the pale of forgiveness and affection—no, oh no. In all classes we find young people who are somewhat light-minded and ungrateful, not too trustworthy, not always guided by principles of duty, and my adopted daughter was but like thousands of others of her age and sex. And we, thinking to cure these little defects, and to give her educational advantages as well, placed her under the care of some excellent and religious people, who had been especially recommended to us, and we had the happiness of knowing that under their judicious treatment her character rapidly improved, and that she accepted an eligible offer of marriage which was made to her beneath their roof.”

“And by way of setting her an example of truthfulness and

fair dealing, you told me an abominable lie about an engagement of hers, which never existed?"

"Gently, my dear sir, gently; there may have been some misunderstanding about the length to which matters had gone with the young people. Priscilla is not easily fathomed, and it is quite likely that she may have assumed the signs of an attachment or engagement which, as you say, did not exist; I never spoke to Priscilla on such delicate subjects myself, but took my belief from that of my wife, who assured me that Priscilla had evidently formed a real and reciprocated attachment, which it would be most unwise to disturb. The event proved that we were mistaken—ah! how often are our most careful calculations overthrown by Time, the great expounder of life's riddles; this should teach us——"

"Look here," I interrupted, "the statement that any attachment existed on Priscilla's part was simply a lie, invented to serve the purpose of those who uttered it, and to separate her from me. It is too late to discuss that subject; what I wish you to understand is, that you will be served with a legal notice to surrender the property which you claimed and appropriated, well knowing that it did not belong to you but to Susan Armstrong's child, the fact of whose existence you wilfully suppressed."

I was quoting from a short statement of the facts, drawn up by the solicitor whom I had consulted.

"I shall gladly appear, my dear sir, and surrender all that it is in my power to give up—the truth, that is, entire and simple. It is quite true that I administered for the property in my own name, because it was in this way only that I could conceal from the world the error that my son had committed in marrying a woman of the lowest social grade, and the consequent stain upon Priscilla's birth and parentage. It is also true that I invested the property which I was thus guarding for Priscilla's future use, in some of the most promising speculations of the day, and that they failed, contrary to all human foresight, entailing upon me tremendous liabilities, besides the actual loss of the invested property. So that instead of having to return to Priscilla 'her own with usury,' I find myself in the position of a hopeless debtor to her, and to the various companies by means of which I hoped to make her the heiress to wealth undreamed of by Michael Stump. The very same thing might have happened to *his* investments, but the crowning misfortune of injuring one we love, while planning for her benefit, appears to have been reserved for me."

What could I say in reply? I briefly reminded him that he was accountable to English law for having appropriated property which did not belong to him, and further, that a strict inquiry

would be instituted about the existence of any remaining assets. He expressed himself perfectly satisfied to give up every document relating to Priscilla's property, and in answer to the threat of legal proceedings, he calmly told me that "if it were Priscilla's wish," he was prepared to suffer any penalty for the mistaken zeal with which he had striven to hide her misfortune even from herself, and to increase the property which had been left to her.

It seemed useless to remain there any longer, and so I left him.

TRIUMPHS OF STAGE ILLUSION.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has somewhere described the encouraging impetus it gave him as an incipient poet, to have a shrewd farmer friend, to whom he read the first canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, listening with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs throw themselves into the water to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas—and then starting up with a sudden exclamation, striking his hand on the table, and declaring, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being allowed to take the water after such a severe chase. The thing was real to the man for the moment; and as a passionate admirer of real sports, he could not contain himself, but must give tongue to a hearty protest. Well could the gratified poet afford to forgive his friend the vehement tone of his strictures, in consideration of the proved power of the poem to—not quite carry the man off his legs, but at least force him to get on them, in order to emphasise the eagerness of his deprecation, on behalf of the hounds.

Complimentary, in some measure, to the illusions of the stage may be the often recorded instances of similar interruptions, or interpolated outbursts, on the part of unsophisticated beholders. But not in any high degree, generally speaking; for the performances in a village booth have perhaps excited as many sallies of this sort, as the most refined exhibitions of metropolitan high art, with all appliances and means to boot. Upon the whole, it may be questioned whether the implied tribute to the acting, or the scenery and properties, or all combined, is not counterbalanced by the confusion, and "solution of continuity" in the performance,

consequent upon such interruptions, when at least they assume, as they sometimes do, an obtrusively demonstrative form.

Lord Macaulay adverts, in one of his critical essays, to the alleged fact that, in some parts of Spain and Portugal, an actor who should represent a depraved character finely, instead of calling down the applauses of the audience, is hissed and pelted without mercy. It would be the same in England, he remarks, if we, for one moment, thought that Shylock or Iago was standing before us. And he goes on to say that while the dramatic art was in its infancy at Athens, it produced similar effects on the ardent and imaginative spectators, who are said to have blamed *Æschylus* for frightening them into fits with his furies. And Herodotus is quoted for his story of their fining the author of a tragedy on the fall of Miletus, in the penalty of a thousand drachmas, for torturing their feelings by so pathetic an exhibition. They did not regard Phrynichus "as a great artist, but merely as a man who had given them pain. When they woke from the distressing illusion, they treated the author of it as they would have treated a messenger who should have brought them fatal and alarming tidings which turned out to be false."

Suetonius caps his story of Nero's stage heroics as *Hercules Furens*, by telling how a young sentinel, on duty at the door, ran forward to his assistance, "as if the thing had been done in good earnest," and not merely, and technically, in *Ercles' vein*. It is with a reference to such incidents that Lord Bolingbroke remarks on the peculiar effect a play well played may have upon the mind, by heating the imagination, and taking the judgment by surprise.

Of the story in Suetonius we have a sort of parallel or pendant in the *memorabilia* of the Spanish drama. Archbishop Trench enforces his high praise of Calderon's *La Niña de Gomez Arias*, by relating what once occurred during the performance of the scene in it where Gomez sells to the Moors the mistress of whom he has grown weary, and who now stands in his way, despite her entreaties and reproaches. He accounts it nothing strange to hear that on one occasion a poor Spanish alguazil, who was serving as guard of honour on the stage, drew his sword, and rushed among the actors, determined that the outrage should not go on before his eyes.

A Sheffield daily paper, no longer ago than the winter of 1864-65, reported "an extraordinary occurrence," "on Wednesday night last, during the performance of *Othello* at the Lyceum" in that town. It told how, in the last scene, where the Moor smothers the gentle lady wedded to him, and just before the smothering became, to all stage intents and purposes, an accomplished fact, "a young man named Greenwood, who was seated in

the pit," rose in irrepressible excitement, backed Desdemona's unavailing plea for pity, and then declared that he would not remain to witness the perpetration of a murder. In a frenzy of bewilderment he forced his way across the seats and over the heads of the pittites, and finding his progress barred at the door by "the burly form of Police-sergeant Carroll," he menaced that officer with personal punishment if he allowed him not an instant *exeat*. The crowded audience are said to have been for a moment evidently taken aback by so unexpected an occurrence, but, speedily recovering themselves, gave way to the most boisterous laughter, in which Othello ("but oh! the pity of it!") was bad actor and jolly good fellow enough heartily to join.

John O'Keeffe, in his *Recollections*, relates his experience at Limerick of a *Romeo and Juliet* bespeak night, under the auspices of the so-called "Badgers' Club," consisting of "the first gentlemen in the county"—the Grand Badger, or President, filling a chair of state, at middle distance on the back of the stage, as Head Centre of the occasion; a very old gentleman, with a full powdered wig, who, by the rules of the club, wore a high cap atop of his wig, made of a badger's skin. The tragedy went on smoothly enough, it seems, until the death of Juliet, "a very pretty, thin, delicate little lady." The Grand Badger had, with others of the club, gone in and out, backwards and forwards, taking their glass, &c.; and on his return from one of these sallies of a thirsty soul, the now mellow President, touched to the quick by Juliet's wailings, stepped gravely down from his throne, and whilst she lay lamenting over the dead Romeo, walked up to her, and bade the "pretty dear" hush her laments, and "get up, get up," and take a glass of lemonade or orgeat (*he* had not been taking lemonade), to comfort and recruit her. "He stooped over Juliet, badger-skin cap, wig, and all; and though, in an undertone, she remonstrated against his kindness, he lifted her up tenderly, and took her to the sideboard, where there were refreshments." And so the tragedy ended, but as a screaming farce, and in most admired disorder.

Charles Mathews the elder, in his autobiography, has a ludicrous story of his acting Richmond at the Richmond Theatre, as an amateur youth, whom the manager allowed to appear for a fee of ten guineas, and who had at the time an insatiable passion for fencing, in the indulgence of which he resolved to have his money's worth, in spinning out *ad libitum*, and quite *extra licitum*, the final combat with Richard. In vain, he assures us, did the tyrant try to die, after a decent time; Richmond would not let him give in, but drove him by main force from any position convenient for his dying speech. The audience first laughed, then

shouted, but Richmond heeded not, and only kept pegging away, as President Lincoln would have called it. Had they hooted, he would still have kept lunging on. He believed the fight to last nearly a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. Now there sat in the gallery a matter-of-fact fellow, "who in his innocence took everything for reality;" and who, absorbed in the endless encounter, at last shouted out, with an oath, "— him, why doesn't he shoot him?"

In the *Mémoires sur Carnot*, by his son, may be read how that military genius, as such second to few in France, or elsewhere, was taken by his mother, at ten years old, to a theatre at Dijon, where a piece was performed containing military evolutions; during one of which, little Lazare Nicolas Marguérite—for that is the lad's style in full—dismayed his mother and astounded "the house" by starting from his seat, and remonstrating with the general of the stage troops—of the stage stagey—on the "unmilitary character of his operations;" backing the protest by a demonstration that the artillery was exposed unnecessarily to the enemy's fire, and showing the scared commander where it ought to be placed. The actors are said to have fallen into confusion, Madame Carnot to have been in despair, the pit and boxes to have been convulsed with laughter—while the boy alone sat self-possessed in the "premonitory assurance of military genius."

Byron was some years younger than that, when his nurse took him one night to the theatre at Aberdeen, to see the *Taming of the Shrew*, and the following episode enlivened the performance. In the scene where Katharine and Petruchio differ as to the identity of sun and moon,

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Petr. Nay, then, you lie,—it is the blessed sun,

little Geordie, as they called the child, jumping up from his seat, cried out boldly, "But I say it is the moon, sir!"—Sir Walter Scott, again, loved to recal the witchery of his first night at the play, when his uncle Robert, arriving at Bath, took him (like Byron, a little lame boy) to see *As You Like It*. "I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so much scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother, in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'n't they brothers?'" He adds, with that quiet humour of his, that a few weeks' residence at home convinced him, who had till then been an only child in the house of his grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event.

The author of *Black Sheep*, in an autobiographical essay, relating mainly to his connexion (both paternally and maternally)

with the Adelphi Theatre, reports his earliest introduction to public life to have been, when, seated in a box, he frightened from his propriety (or impropriety) the villain of the piece, then holding the heroine within his cruel grasp, by screaming out to him "not to kill dear mamma." The heroine being, of course, as almost every Adelphi heroine was at that time, the popular actor-manager's still more popular wife, the late Mrs. Yates.

Don Quixote's interventions at the puppet show, in behalf of the flying pair of Christian lovers, and in chivalric defiance of the "base-born rabble" of Moors, upon whom he rained hacks and slashes, showering down and redoubling his blows, fore-stroke and back-stroke, with such fury, that in less than the saying of two credos he demolished the whole machine,—is not to be overlooked in this collection of *disjecta membra*. Nor, perhaps, should be Mansie Wauch's first night at the play, when that ingenuous tailor in Dalkeith, whom "Delta" Moir did his best to make immortal, accompanied a presbyterian neighbour, as staid and serious as himself, to the play-acting in Laird Wheatly's barn; and who could not refrain, in an access of genuine indignation, from assuring the heavy father in the piece that his daughter was hiding in the cupboard, albeit her lying lover stoutly affirmed his ignorance of her whereabouts—a rascal who "had the brass to say at once that he had not seen word or wittens of the lassie for a month, though more than a hundred folk sitting in his company had beheld him daunting her with his arm round her jimpy waist, not five minutes before.

"As a man, as a father, as an elder of our kirk, my corruption was raised, for I aye hated lying as a poor cowardly sin, and an inbreak on the ten commandments; and I found my neighbour, Mr. Glen, fidgeting on the seat as well as me; so I thought, that whoever spoke first would have the best right to the reward; whereupon, just as he was in the act of rising up, I took the word out of his mouth, saying, 'Dinna believe him, auld gentleman—dinna believe him, friend; he's telling a parcel of lees. Never saw her for a month! It's no worth arguing, or calling witnesses: just open that press-door, and ye'll see whether I'm speaking truth or not!'"

Huge was the uproar that then and there uprose; and Mansie flatters himself the whole house was so glad to see the scoundrel exposed, as to set up "siccan a guffaw" and "thump away at siccan a rate at the boards with their feet," that at last down fell the gallery, and dire was the damage to flesh and blood.

Beaumarchais expresses his exultation at the fact that, during the representation of his *Eugénie*, he had heard persons of sensibility and naïveté exclaim, in accents of cordial compassion, "Ah!

la pauvre malheureuse!" and again, when the wicked lord eludes cross-examination, "Va-t'en, séclérat!" The pressure of truth, Beaumarchais flatters himself, elicited these involuntary exclamations; and therein he recognised the most pleasant praise an author can receive, and the best reward of his labour. "Voilà l'éloge qui plaît à l'auteur et le paye de ses peines." Mr. Thackeray more than once expatiated on the custom the people have, at the little Paris theatres, of yelling out "Ah gredin! Ah monstre!" and cursing the tyrant of the play from the boxes; insomuch that the actors themselves positively refuse to play the wicked parts, such as those of *infâmes Anglais*, brutal Cossacks, and what not other *monstrum horrendum*.

Madame d'Arblay commemorates in her Diary a performance of *Douglas*, at which she observed two young ladies, far on in their teens, who were so much shocked by the death of Norval, that "they both burst into a loud fit of roaring, like little children,—and sobbed on, afterwards, for almost half the farce! I was quite astonished; and Miss Weston complained that they really disturbed her sorrows; but Captain Bouchier was highly diverted, and went to give them comfort, as if they had been babies, telling them it was all over, and that they need not cry any more."

One of Sydney Smith's bits of personal talk relates to his wife's similar kind, and even degree, of credulous susceptibility. "Oh, Mrs. Sydney believes it is all true; and when I went with her to the play, I was always obliged to sit behind her, and whisper, 'Why, Kate, he is not *really* going to kill her,—she is not really dead, you know;' or she would have cried her eyes out, and gone into hysterics."

ABOVE AND BELOW.

(AN EPISODE OF HOSPODAR, THE GERMAN, AND BROWN, THE
BRITON, IN A SEASIDE LODGING-HOUSE.)

A MIGHTY hunter in his youthful years,
Herr Hospodar, now grumbling keeps his bed.
Much for his dear friend's life his doctor fears—
No fees will fall from his dear friend when dead;
At last, his eyes suffused with many tears,
For woman-like he wept at will, he said,
"You want a change—but then the devil's in it,
You can't get out, not even for a minute!"

"I can't get out!" the German starling cried,
Waking a moment from his woful gloom;
But suddenly his blue eyes opened wide,
"Doch, can't I hunt here in dees leetel room?
Trees, wald, horns, whips, all dese man shall provide,
Hounds, hares beim Himmel! furze and golden broom."
So said, so done—the things were gathered there;
His parlour was, I think, full seven feet square.

Above this German, who the third floor hired,
A Briton lodged, a lord of airy attics,
Who by a fierce enthusiasm fired,
Devoted time and mind to mathematics;
Of tender Tupper's tunes was never tired,
And solved equations, as he dreamed, in statics.
He, roused by the hunt below one night, grew surly,
And asked the cause of such wild hurly-burly.

"Was I do in mine room ist mine affair,
I like de hunting, be it hares or bocks;
Es thut mir leid—I mean, though you may stare,
To-morrow morn at six to hunt de fox!"
Brown tried to change the purpose of meinherr,
He might as well have talked to trees or rocks;
Just then the barking hounds a leveret started,
And Brown, with rancour in his breast, departed.

Herr Hospodar alone in all his glory,
Sat thinking he had done dat Briton brown,
When on a sudden from the upper story
Some drops as of a drenching rain fell down;
Which changed into a stream; then more and more he
Felt gradually damp from toe to crown.
His temper was put out; and still more dire,
The crescent flood, alas! put out his fire.

Half swimming then he gained his chamber door,
With words, which blessings certainly were not;
Then mounted madly to the upper floor,
And there, what did this German see? ach Gott!
Brown on his camp-bed sat, water galore
Around him, fishes in it; with his lot
Content; nay, more, his features flashed with glee!
While boys still brought more water from the sea.

"Potz-tausend! do not be one such big fool,"
Gasped Hospodar, "you've spoilt mine hunting-ground,
Mein forest ist geworden a salt pool,
And I myself bin darin nearly drowned."
"Was I do in mine room," said Brown, quite cool,
"Ist mine affair. I think this is my ground.
Es thut mir leid, the water through should dribble."
"Donner und——" "Stop, by Heaven! I've got a nibble."

"I have him—no, he's gone! But stay, Herr! stay,
If you will there agree to hunt no longer,
I'll take my oath too from this very day,
Here not to fish again for cod or conger;
But if you will not—I can only say
I feel my fishing-penchant hourly stronger."
"Topp!" cried the German, "das ist I agree;"
And so these smoked the pipe of amity.

JAMES MEW.

BRADY'S FOUR ACRES OF BOG.

BY FELIX M'CABE.

IV.

KATTY PHILLIPS AT HOME.

FAIRY LAWN is at present very quiet; everything is changed from the good old days of Windham Phillips; the family circle, for nine months of the year, consisting of Mrs. Phillips, Miss Katty Phillips, her only daughter, and Miss Rebaldi, the governess. Mrs. Phillips is a quiet, unassuming, ladylike person. She is called by the poor people the "madam." They will tell you she knows more law than "honest Billy Kennedy," the attorney, and will give as good advice as the priest himself. Since her husband's altered circumstances, she has taken the entire management of her household, and reduced her staff of servants to one-half. People who knew her as the pretty Miss Caroline Bonsal in former years can scarcely recognise her as the silent, self-possessed Mrs. Phillips. Time has, no doubt, made some change in her very regular features; her anxieties for her husband's affairs and his delicate health have left the marks of care; and now, as she looked out on her daughter, who is evidently amusing her father with some strange anecdote, her calm blue eyes brighten up, a smile crosses her still handsome features, while she breathes forth a prayer that Providence may restore him, the husband of her choice, to the position which he always adorned.

Miss Katty had taken her papa over the lawn, Pluto the dog in attendance. Mr. Phillips heard of a Mr. Sandon, a young gentleman who has recently joined the *dépôt* of his regiment, whose mamma had his life insured before she would allow him to depart among the "wild Irish." The said Mr. Sandon was the source of some amusement to Katty; his views of the Irish were listened to by that young lady with no little pleasure; her governess frequently tried to stop the current of questions, but no, Miss Katty would draw out "the little creature," as she called Mr. Sandon, until Miss Rebaldi could no longer keep up a serious countenance.

"Well, papa, dear," said Katty, "I am sorry I did not send up Mrs. Kennedy to you. She was here about an hour ago, and asked how was the 'dear invalede.'"

"Send Mrs. Kennedy to me, Katty; what for?"

"You were so dull, papa."

"Oh, how could you think of such a thing," said the old gentleman, looking rather frightened; "she bores the life out of me when I am well, I am sure I could not stand it now."

"She would give you the history of the O'Malleys, papa, and tell you all about Miss Nora, who has just returned from Brussels," said Katty, laughing; "indeed, it would be a good plan to ask her on a visit for a week."

Mr. Phillips laughed at the idea of having Mrs. Kennedy on a visit. It was bad enough to have her within five miles. Mrs. Kennedy was a very important personage in her own estimation. She very seldom appeared at Fairy Lawn, except on some very pressing business, but since the illness of Mr. Phillips those visits had become more and more frequent, sometimes as often as three or four times a week. She was about to give a ball in honour of the return of Miss Nora, her second daughter, from Brussels, and would be glad if the ladies of the Lawn would join them in their own quiet way. This invitation was of course declined in consequence of the illness of Mr. Phillips.

Katty now arrived at the hall-door, and gave her father into the hands of his servant Fogerty, and turned into the drawing-room, where her mother sat before a pretty little spinning-wheel.

"You look tired, dear," said Mrs. Phillips, placing her hand on her daughter's forehead.

"A little, mamma; we went round the lawn twice, and papa seems so much better."

There is a great likeness between the mother and daughter as we now see them before us. Katty is a generous, kind-hearted, impulsive girl, with very little experience of the world outside the district of Carra, full of life and spirits, and perhaps a little more animated than her mother had been at her age. She is now in her seventeenth year, and no little cause of anxiety to her governess, Miss Rebaldi.

We may, perhaps, be inclined to think that being so much at home she was spoiled by the entire household, but such was not the case. It would be very difficult to spoil Katty Phillips, her candid and impulsive nature would eschew anything frivolous. She was endowed with more than her share of common sense, and had a keen knowledge of the ridiculous. This feeling was frequently evinced when she visited the poor. People found out that her "young ladyship," as she was generally called, did not like "blarney." Her great favourites were those who appeared to thank her least.

This keen sense of the ridiculous was not confined to the poor people, or tenants on the Fairy Lawn property, but even the

visitors were soon told plainly by Katty what she thought. This was frequently the cause of much uneasiness to her governess.

"Now, Katty, dear," said that lady, "I wish to tell you something."

Katty laughed, "Oh, I know what it is."

"Now, dear, you should not laugh so at Mr. Sandon," said Miss Rebaldi; "even before his face; it is too bad, really."

"What can I do? I must laugh in his absence, and you know his appearance gives such effect that I could not put off the pleasure for any time. Were you not edified to hear what his mamma thought of us 'poor Irish,' and how she had his life insured before she allowed him to leave home. She must have fixed a very high price on him," said Katty.

"Well, but Katty, dear, you did the same with Captain Loder a few days ago."

"Did I not tell you why?"

"No," said Miss Rebaldi.

"As Captain Loder was coming up the drive, a poor little bee, in a great hurry to reach its hive, came in contact with his whiskers, and was entangled therein. It was only for a second or two, but Captain Loder looked frightened, and called it a brute, and a beast, and some other complimentary terms that I don't remember. You know the book papa was reading some short time ago?"

"I can't say I do, dear," said Miss Rebaldi.

"It was about snobs. I consider Captain Loder a military snob."

"Now, Katty, dear, let me beg of you not to make use of those expressions, they are not exactly vulgar, but they are certainly not lady-like."

"You dear old pink of perfection," said Katty, placing her hands round Miss Rebaldi's neck, and kissing her, "what an amount of trouble I do give you."

"I don't mind my trouble, love," said Miss Rebaldi, "if you would only consider that it is not desirable on all occasions to speak as you think. In the first place, people are not very anxious to see themselves as others see them; and, secondly, you may be wrong in your assumption. When such is the case, there is a breach of charity on your part, and I know my dear Katty would be sorry to say anything that was not true."

"You dear old mentor," said Katty, "I did not see it in that light. You know Mr. Sandon has not an idea of his own; they are borrowed from 'his fellows,' as he calls the other officers, and retailed to you and me. We get the benefit now and then of his mamma's opinions, and one can't help asking if that lady sent him over to civilise the 'wild Irish,' or if she has any other sons who may possibly throw light on our darkness."

Miss Rebaldi laughed.

"There is no use in telling you anything. I must resign my post to Dr. Sharp, he seems to be the only one to make an impression."

"I am afraid Dr. Sharp would soon get tired of me," said Katty; "and I don't wish to be transferred to him or to any one away from you, you dear old darling."

Dr. Sharp was the medical attendant at Fairy Lawn, and a great favourite with his patients, especially the poor people. He found a worthy lieutenant in Katty, since the departure of the Misses Langden, who were for years looked upon by the people as equal to the doctor in the healing art. Miss Rebaldi had been for several years resident at Fairy Lawn. She had, like all others, become so attached to the quaint old spot, that her friends could not persuade her to leave or give up her pupil.

During Miss Rebaldi's time at Fairy Lawn there had been a considerable change in the very agreeable society which was frequently to be met in the district of Ballydy. The Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Langden, who was universally liked by rich and poor, and whose generous purse was open to all parties without distinction, died some eighteen months before. Mr. Langden was regretted by all; by the poor he will long be remembered for his many acts of kindness; by the rich, as a liberal and high-minded man. His two daughters took a great interest in the poor of the parish; they established clubs for women and men, out of which they received assistance in sickness or trouble. Miss Langden had a medicine chest, and was noted for her skill in the medical line. Her dispensary at her father's house was generally more frequented than Dr. Sharp's surgery. The Rev. Mr. Maloney, the venerable Catholic priest, had been a patient, and was favourably impressed with Miss Langden's medicine. "It cured his cough," the reverend gentleman said, "in a few days," the very identical cough he brought up to Dublin with him, where he was in the doctor's hands for a month, "bad manners to them," and lost near a hatful of money by it.

In those days Ballydy was a very pleasant locality. The priest and minister were on the best of terms. The young ladies made themselves so useful, and were so scrupulously careful of interfering with the religious feelings of the Catholic poor, that the Rev. Mr. Maloney declared he could not do without them. He would often tell them, in his own jocose manner, that they ought to become sisters of charity, and in the repartee that ensued the Rev. Mr. Maloney would often get the worst of it.

"Now, my dear young ladies," Mr. Maloney would say, "you would be worth your weight in gold to such and such an order of

the sisters of charity," as the Misses Langden were returning from their round of patients, and reporting progress to the priest.

"I thought," said Miss Langden, "you told us a few days ago that the parish could not get on without us."

"Yes, but you would have a sphere of usefulness so much larger before you."

"Don't you think, Mr. Maloney," said Miss Clara, "charity ought to begin at home?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"And because we are useful here, you wish to remove us and shut us up in a convent. Oh, Mr. Maloney, how cruel of you!" said Miss Langden, laughing.

At this remark his reverence seemed rather embarrassed, and wished to turn the conversation on Norry Cronin, whom Miss Langden tried to keep in this world longer than it pleased Providence to allow.

"Don't you think, Mr. Maloney," said Miss Langden, "that people can be more useful out of convents than in them?"

"Well, my dear young lady," said his reverence, "that is a matter of opinion; perhaps if I had been a good staunch Protestant like you I should think so."

"Now, Mr. Maloney," said Miss Clara, standing before the venerable priest, an arch smile playing on her countenance, "why don't you advise Miss Maloney to go and join the sisters of charity?"

Miss Maloney was the priest's niece.

"Well, Miss Clara, I shall consider the matter; but I am afraid she has not a vocation that way."

This remark from Miss Clara Langden was more than his reverence was prepared for. Mr. Maloney knew well that he had a name in the district for pushing wavering lovers into the bonds of matrimony, and making them happy in this life as well as the next; but then he took care to look out for suitable matches for the young ladies who came to look after his creature comforts as housekeepers. Those were in a special manner favoured; and within the last ten years no less than three nieces were married from his house. The fourth, we are credibly informed, is anxiously expecting next Shrovetide.

Eighteen months has made no little change in Ballydy. The Misses Langden left very soon after the death of their highly-respected father. Dr. Sharp is obliged to get an assistant to look after the parish patients that were so successfully treated by Miss Langden. Religious animosity has now sprung up and effaced everything that was noble and generous, leaving nothing but ill feeling instead. The Rev. Mr. Langden, the late rector, and his

daughters lived in the hearts of the people, and when it was made known that they were about to depart, the commotion in the village was something extraordinary; the rectory was besieged, and many were the blessings sent forth for their happiness in this world and the next. The Rev. Mr. Maloney went with them to the nearest railway-station, and having wished them good-bye, he uncovered his hoary head, while he prayed that Providence might direct them according to His holy will.

They left a name to help the memory, to adorn a tale.

The Rev. Frederick Fall is now the rector of Ballydy. This gentleman came with the evident intention of not sleeping at his post. He told his congregation that they required a much more energetic man than their late rector.

"A worthy man, no doubt," said the Rev. Mr. Fall, "but one thoroughly incapable of trimming the lamp of truth so as to keep the beacon-light burning amid the darkness, with which we are surrounded. I for one will do my duty. I will point out to these poor benighted people that they are straying in a wilderness of error."

Mr. Fall placed before him no light task, in what he conscientiously looked upon as his bounden duty. To set those walking in darkness in the right path, seemed at first a matter of time, which he, like many other persevering men, could effect; but as time advanced the difficulties increased tenfold, until the means adopted to effect the end were not worthy of the motives.

Katty and her governess were for some time installed as temporal comforters to the poor invalids of the district, and though making nothing like the cures of the Misses Langdon, they were both great advocates for kitchen physic, which they not only prescribed, but supplied in abundance. Mrs. Fall had now taken to herself a doctor's book and medicine-chest, and with great energy opposed the medical treatment of the Fairy Lawn ladies, as not conducive to spiritual or temporal welfare. That lady had for some time a monopoly, as her doses were generally garnished with the coin of the realm; but by degrees the report got wind that her prescribing consisted of something more than Gregory's powder, which caused some little unpleasantness with the Rev. Mr. Maloney. However that may be, the district of Ballydy was changed. Whether it can be attributed to the duty which the rector laid before him, the Gregory's powder of his good lady, or the globules of Miss Rebaldi, we are unable to state; but this we can say, that people who were united together in the bond of Christian charity were now divided, and hated each other for the same reason.

"I must be off. 'Robin' is waiting for me. I will have only two minutes to put on my habit," said Katty, looking at her watch.

"You seem in a great hurry, dear," said Miss Rebaldi, who was most anxious to control the sudden impulse with which her pupil performed many of her duties. "You have not been out so early for some time."

"I know the time that precious little gem will be here, and I wish to be out of his way," said Katty, laughing.

"You mean Mr. Sandon?"

"Yes! He generally comes about this hour to ask after papa, and if I can't keep my promise directly—I mean, 'not to laugh in his presence'—I shall indirectly, by being absent."

Katty was prepared to bound away like a young fawn from the side of her governess.

"I wish, dear," said Miss Rebaldi, "you would learn to be a little more serious. It may be all very well in a little girl, but you know you are getting something more now; and I don't wish to have my darling flying about the lawn like the Maiden of the Mist," said Miss Rebaldi, placing her hand round Katty's waist, and fondly pressing her to her side.

"One thing at a time," said Katty. "I consider it will be denying myself some little amusement to hear nothing of Mr. Sandon's mamma."

She was off immediately in the direction of the court-yard, and passing the little summer-house, where she repeated to herself Arthur Fosbery's words, her countenance changed as she thought of him whose very image was always present before her. This was Katty's secret, that she kept as such from every one; she, the light-hearted and impulsive girl, full of all innocent amusement, had it treasured up in her heart of hearts. She fondly clung to this image when perchance a comparison occurred with Mr. Sandon, or even the polished Captain Loder. Had Arthur Fosbery been the owner of the Boydsville property, probably Katty might like him just as well; it never gave her a thought that Arthur was now very poor, and if it did, Katty was not a young lady to be alarmed at such a change: he was still the same. If he was the owner of Boydsville, he could not then touch that tender chord which vibrates to the call of sympathy, and brings out the kind and generous qualities of Katty's nature. The two minutes had long passed before Katty left the vicinity of the little summer-house.

She heard Miss Rebaldi sing one of her sweet Italian airs as she mounted her favourite horse "Robin," and, dashing along in the direction of the cross roads, had long passed Shawn Rue's Cave before the thought of Arthur Fosbery left her mind, changing the playful smile of the girl to the self-possession of a thoughtful woman.

MR. KENT'S POEMS.*

"AULD LANG SYNE" has about it a mingled feeling of cheeriness and sadness. Men dwell on its memories with a kindly regretful pleasure. Its old associations come thick upon them, and bring back to their recollection scenes and thoughts now, alas! beyond all recall, save to the eye of the soul, as she broods over the past, and with an inexpressible feeling of yearning, which no one word in our tongue knows fittingly to express, looks sorrowfully behind to that yesterday, which was once a golden morrow.

But Yesterday. Ah, me! it seems no more.
Life came to me with laughter in her eyes,
Came deftly dancing where lay strewn before
Sweet flowers of varied dyes.

Earth seemed a playground, every home a game,
All Time one holiday, where, turn by turn,
Athletic sport and sunburnt leisure came
Alternate skill to learn.†

Thus it is with feelings of delight, when, after years of separation, one whom we have known and loved comes back to us—one whose remembrance is as an oasis in the wilderness of bygone days, on whose lips our souls have hung, in whose words there lurked a magic spell, which charmed away our griefs, which soothed our sorrows, as some quaintest ballad is wont to smooth away the wrinkles of care from the brow, or to move "with a rapture of sweet tears," and to cause the aching, sorrow-stricken heart to cry out for more and yet more of a medicine so potent to minister to a mind diseased.

Mr. Kent's own petition for a "Homely Ballad" will best express our meaning :

Sing to me some homely ballad,
Plaintive with the tones of love;
Harp and voice together blending,
Like the doling of the dove.

Summon back fond recollections
Such as gentle sounds prolong—
Flies of memory embalming
In the amber of a song.

The reappearance of such a friend is sweet indeed; yet sweeter far his coming with all his ancient charms clinging to him as of old, but enhanced by an additional number, whose endless variety

* Poems. By Charles Kent. A New Edition. London: Tucker. 1870.

† Kent's Poems, p. 66, "Yesterday and To-morrow."

shed a brightness all around, and by their presence more than ever endear their owner to his olden circle.

Thus is it with Mr. Kent. Most of us had known him before, and had valued his poems as treasures not to be lightly foregone. The beautiful thoughts embodied in his verses were as jewels dug from an exhaustless mine of poesy, or as loveliest flowerets with which the paths of this weary world are sometimes (however seldom) besprent. As we read them we felt refreshed; our mental eyes rested on the softness of their colouring; our souls were attracted by their cheering light. The freshness of their originality leads us on to read them again and again, and, as we read, we discover new beauties—beauties too rare to pass unnoticed, too pleasing to be forgotten. Their remembrance is grateful; and to recal their sweetness is to bring back to the mind the sweet fragrance of the lilies of the valley, or the rich perfume of the verberna.

For which reason we gladly welcome this new edition of Mr. Kent's Poems. In it we lovingly recognise our old friends, whilst we are introduced to several new faces, not one of which is less fascinating than those which we first knew. And as in Herbert's wondrous picture of the descent of Moses from the Mount, the eye of the spectator can trace in the lineaments of Moses and Aaron that we know-not-what-of resemblance, so inadequately expressed by the term "a family likeness," so is it with the Poems under notice. Each one, separately, is unlike its fellow, and yet so like that the reader at once recognises the presence of the same master-hand, and confesses that none but the one creative power could have so moulded and fashioned such striking thoughts in words so apt and yet so simple. Mr. Kent's Poems are to the literary world what the fairy sisters of mythology would be to the world, could they return. Each one has its own loveliness, and the same loveliness is present to and absent from each at one and the same time.

—*facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen qualem decet esse sororum.*

As a poet, their author must live. He has not, perhaps, the grandisonance of Tennyson—in our eyes one of the Laureate's many failings, and savouring of affectation rather than of poetry—but he has what Tennyson has of late years seen fit to throw overboard—the sweetness of Wordsworth, the vigour of Southey, and the elegant versatility of Coleridge. To him pre-eminently belongs the art of at one time raising us to a sphere higher than that of earth, and the next moment of appealing to the most intimate and the dearest feelings of man's soul by some touch of nature, which recals us to the home circle, with its varied phases of grief and gladness, of change and abiding. As a poet is a

"maker," so to Mr. Kent may the term be applied in all its fulness. Airy nothings, such as the abstract idea of truth, at his word are clothed upon with flesh, and stand forth clear amid the surrounding darkness of this world, embodied and made visible by a few strokes of his magic pen:

With seraphic strains, a dazzling light
Bursts with wan glare upon the startled night!
Lo! 'mid the blaze—an angel in a star!—
Before my wildered sight divulged to view
A maid, as fair as purity, and far
More lustrous in her mien than moon-lit dew,
Smiles from my woe, like lilies children cull
From a root blooming in a charnel skull.
Naked, in perfect chastity she stands,
No veil but glory robing all her limbs,
Her velvet tresses shading with golden bands
Sweet orbs, wherein benignant beauty swims;
Richer in mysteries those cerulean eyes
Than the blue problem of crystalline skies.*

It is, however, as a poet of the affections that Mr. Kent chiefly excels. That chaste simplicity which Tennyson reached in his "May Queen," his "Miller's Daughter," his "Dora," and the like—a simplicity which, for reasons best known to himself, the Laureate has, most unfortunately for his readers, chosen to abandon—is conspicuous in the work before us. We do not mean to say that the longer and more ambitious poems are not successful; on the contrary, they exhibit extraordinary genius, thorough scholarship, and an immensity of that spirit of unaffected realism which is so painfully absent in many of the pet poets of the day.

But what can best be called *Home Idylls* charmed us most. There is about them that which must for ever endear them to those, whose love is concentrated in the home circle, a naturalism which is of the most natural, a depth of feeling, which shows how deeply impregnated is the poet's own heart with those feelings which alone can hallow and make joyful the family hearth, which alone can teach the soul to feel for others' woes, to rejoice with those who do rejoice, and to weep with them in their sorrows.

To take one picture. A rural cottage, its lattice-window gently swaying in the air of a purpling summer's eve. Inside on a couch a young man lies a-dying. The scattered books around him bespeak his student's life, and their somewhat musty odour mingles with the fragrance of the woodbine, which is wafted in through the opened casement. The perfumed air slightly moves the dark locks of the dying man, and by his head, wiping the death-dews

* "*Aletheia*," stanzas 408-410, p. 291.

from his marbling brow, sits a fair young girl in the first months of her wedlock. Weeping, she sees the end is approaching, but she chooses not to think it is so near. The sufferings of him she loved best have ceased, and she fondly clings to the hope that even yet many happy years are in store for him and for her. His voice, grown faint through weakness, is heard but in whispers, and his nerveless hands seem to be groping in the earnest endeavour to touch something they long for. The bride, so soon about to be widowed, gazes through her tears at her dying husband, and, approaching him, clasps her hands, thin and wasted with watching, in his fevered fingers. Involuntarily she shudders as well at the first contact, as at his wan, death-smitten face; but she conquers even the appearance of emotion, as his feeble voice, in accents low and faltering, strives to cheer her, when, alas! there is for her no further cheering on this side of the grave:

Nay, shudder not so wildly;
It is past, that gloomy strife!
All my mind's delirium vanished
With this ebbing out of life:
I'm a very child in weakness now,
My gentle-hearted wife.
Draw my arm around thy shoulders—so,
And let me lay my head,
Weary—weary, love, but loving
On your breast, my sweetest bed;
And perhaps sometimes you'll fancy me
Still here when I am dead.

Will you find it very lonely,
When the twilight drawing round,
You shall watch my empty corner
On our hearth's beloved ground;
And you pause to hear, alas! in vain,
My tongue's familiar sound?

Hark! the village bells are chiming,
Do you hear them down the dale?
They were joyful once, beloved,
When they told our wedding tale;
But their merry sounds ring harshly now
With tones of no avail.

To me their plaintive music,
As they vibrate to and fro
In the ivied belfry swinging,
When the winds of evening blow,
Seems like the solemn dirges sung
O'er friends gone years ago.

Brief but priceless are the moments
That have vanished since that morn,

When, Sweet! hither to our cottage
 From the bridal you were borne;
 Scarce, since then, three moons have ripened
 Milky greenness in the corn.

She is bending o'er him fondly,
 Shedding fast the briny rain;
 On his heart her palm she presses,
 And—like madness in her brain—
 Feels, O God! it beats no longer,
 Knows it ne'er can throb again.

"A Mother's Love"—and what love is purer, holier, or more constant?—fittingly finds a place in Mr. Kent's volume. Those who remember Cowper's matchless lines on the receipt of his mother's picture, or Keble's stanzas on the love of a spotless Mother for a divine Child, will admit that Mr. Kent's verses do not fall far short of either. In them burst forth the recollections of olden days and their gladness; in their measures we read the thoughts of past years, blessed, and sanctified, and enlivened by that love, than which earth knows none stronger, than which Heaven, after the love of God, has planted none deeper in the hearts of men, the mutual love of son and mother; whilst in their undertones is heard the chime of an unforgotten joy, whose sweetest memories, chastened, indeed, but still undying, ever recur to the mind of one to whom, alas! a mother's love is now a thing that was:

God! how those tender features now revive
 With all their sweet affection, as I trace
 On memory's tarnished tablets thoughts that dive
 And nestle in my soul and flush mine altered face!
 Though time has stamped me since in rugged mould,
 And trampled boyhood's blossoms in the dust,
 Though worldly cares have o'er my pathway rolled,
 And dulled my shattered hopes with selfish rust.
 Though other ties have risen since the day,
 The wild, wild day when that fond form departed,
 Still, still my dreams will wing their drooping way
 To her lost image—sad and broken-hearted.
 Could that loved spirit, with its power of old,
 Delve in the tumult of my aching brain,
 Then would a storm of greenling hours unfold,
 And bygone pleasures seem to live again.
 How plain I see on memory's mirror rise
 That look that swayed me in one kindly glance,
 The tender goodness of those dark brown eyes,
 And each mild beauty of her countenance;
 Those gentle fingers seem again to toy
 Among my childlike ringlets, while another
 Soft whisper fills my bounding heart with joy,
 And yet mine eyes are blind with scalding dews,
 Dear mother!

With these compare the stanzas dedicated to "Amelia." They tell of "a beloved memory," of childhood's joys, and of a "grief not med'cinable," of that ruth for death that seems to die, but dies not ever, of that tearless sorrow which longs for a relief attainable alone by the tears so long and so painfully withheld:

The sorrow for the lost and loved,
The agony, the sigh, the groan,
Are cherished in the gloom of night,
And heard by God alone!

O dead and gone! O dead and lost!
For ever, ever more to me,
The thoughts, emotions, pleasures, hopes,—
All that I loved in thee!

The blooming joys of childhood now,
Like apples on the Dead Sea shore,
Are gold and ruddy on the rind,
And ashes at the core.

My eyes would rain but tears of blood,
My heart would burst with woe untold,
But that I know that thou art young,
While I am growing old.

That thou art young, and bright, and fair,
Beyond the loveliness of earth,
And that the hour which sealed thy death
Revealed thy real birth.

And that thy dear beloved brow
Is bound with everlasting palms,
While God's supernal glory garbs
The Virgin of the Lamb.

We give another gem of Mr. Kent's photographs, the loving father fondly bending over the face of his "little rosebud daughter Marianne," and painting her charms as only he can paint them, in whose heart burn the pure fires of domestic love:

Sweetest, when, eve round us creeping,
While dreams lift thy soul above,
On thy mother's breast thou'rt sleeping,
Cradled in those arms of love—
Arms resembling
Nest boughs, trembling
When the night-wind lulls the dove.

Fairer thy pure mind, expanding
As the water-rings enlarge:
Fairest thy white soul, no branding
Blot upon't from marge to marge—
Soul with vision
Half Elysian—
Fresh come from her Maker's charge.

Another interior gives us a view of the author's study invaded

by an army of young scamps, eager to engage their father in "a game of romps," and, heedless of his graver cares and studies, to inveigle him into throwing aside his "peerless Pascal" or his Aquinas in favour of roystering gambols at blind-man's buff or puss in the corner:

Trooping to my study,
In the fire-glow ruddy,
Rolling by the fender,
Tumbling down my books,
Scaring student labours
More than pipes and tabours,
Sweeps or kettle-menders,
Philosophic looks!

Come five urchins rattling,
Seeing who by battling,
With victorious laughter,
First shall climb my knee;
Helter-skelter, scrambling,
Dancing, leaping, ambling,
As though each a rafter
Strove to rend with glee!

But it is not only as a poet of the affections that Mr. Kent shines. We have purposely dwelt upon him in this character in order to recommend him the more strongly as a welcome guest to the home circle in his other capacity of a scholar and a metaphysician. The latter quality he exhibits chiefly in his longest and most ambitious poem, "Aletheia," in which his appreciation not only of truth itself, but of the Author of all Truth, is displayed in language as rich in its beauty as it is majestic in its solemnity:

His attributes, all infinite and holy;
Omniscience his in wisdom, and in strength
Omnipotence combined with goodness solely,
In height and depth, in boundless breadth and length;
Mighty, yet loving as a Child Divine,
Lull'd in a manger of old Palestine.

His scholarship peeps out in his various references to the poets of a bygone age, and most of all in his charming imitations of our best English bards, which he aptly entitles "Dreamland; or Poets in their Haunts." Of these, the most fascinating—if we may call one more fascinating than another, when all are equally charming—is his description of "Shelley at Marlow." The poet is there presented to our view in a manner which savours of a picture of Carlo Dolce rather than a poem:

'Mid the verdant shade
Of a sylvan glade
That the river's deeps and shallows
Have with crystal floored,
For its emerald sward,
Fringed about with reeds and mallows:

'Neath the beechen leaves
Where the sunbeam weaves,
Overhead such a shimmering glory,
That the tremulous sheen
Of the blue and green
Tell again in the stream day's story.

But within the boat,
As it calm doth float
On its cool inverted shadow,
Where green twinklings run,
As when shower and sun
Thrill the grasses of a meadow.

Lo ! at ease reclined,
'Twixt the wave and wind,
Fragile—pale—but with eyes of splendour,
One with air of grace
And seraphic face,
With a soul serene as tender !

Mark the sweet surprise—
In those dreamful eyes
And arched brows of pencilled beauty :
It reveals the wonder
That struggles under
Godlike views of human duty.

We dare not make further extracts, and yet it is with difficulty, we may say with absolute pain, that we refrain from setting before our readers beauties which can best be appreciated by reading them with their context. Each poem is as a jewel, and the whole volume is as a necklace of gems artfully strung, in which the diamond reflects the bright green of the emerald, which again is mellowed by the intense purple of the amethyst, relieved by the occasional flash of the mingled rays of the topaz and the ruby, whilst, attempering them all, the pale, delicate purity of the pearl makes up a collection of valuables equalled by few and rivalled hardly by any.

The author's lowly and grateful utterances of thanks to her from whom in this world all his inspirations came, whilst they will give our readers an insight into what is the mainspring of Mr. Kent's powerful and poetic intellect,

—that home-muse who can render
Half divine this human life,

will form a fitting close to our notice :

For whatever visual glories,
Like the bluebells on the lea,
Scattered through my sylvan stories,
Lure the reader like the bee,

By the same serene relation,
 Clouds rain blossoms from above,
 Owe their lowly revelation
 To the Nephelæ of thy love.
 Are my thoughts the merest king-moths,
 Floating by on wings of gloom—
 Gloom of fragile gold and purple—
 Thine the radiance, thine the bloom.
 Do they fall as tear-drops glimmer
 O'er the garlands of a bier,
 Thine their fitful diamond shimmer
 When diaphanously clear.
 Or, like fragrance aromatic
 From the censer of my verse,
 Do they rise in coils erratic,
 Thine the fire those fumes rehearse.
 Silvery from this censer lowly,
 Let their soaring wreaths then shine,
 What they breathe o'er earth mine wholly,
 What towards heaven less mine than thine.

SUN AND SHADOW.

SPRING-TIME for happy lovers made—
 No spring-time, what sweet vows were said?
 Or lovers for the Spring, I trow—
 No lovers, what sweet flowers would blow?

Young men and maidens fair to see
 As blooming roses on the tree;
 While underneath the ground is red
 With fallen rose-leaves shrunk and dead.

Laughter and song for hearts that beat
 From noon to night in rapture sweet;
 Dreams of the days when hearts were young,
 Faint echoes of a song that's sung.

Sun for the flowers that love the light,
 Young roses red and lilies white;
 Shadow for the anemones
 And violets, whose portion it is.

Wedding bells merrily pealing, flowers
 Strewn o'er the bridal-path in showers;
 And happy feet that on them tread,
 Above the ashes of the dead.

Calm fields of waving golden grain,
Striking root through ten thousand slain;
Vesper-bell 'mid the mountain peaks,
Down in the valley shouts and shrieks.

A line of light around the bay,
And ripples over it at play;
Down the dark moan beneath the crags
A body rotting 'mong the flags.

Sunlight on Beauty's cheek, for all
The tears that through her fingers fall;—
Hail, greeting home-come child or friend;
Farewell, the glad time at an end.

Child of pure love, too, and none other,
Upon the bosom of its mother;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
In dreary faith and mournful trust.

Moan of the mourners as they lay
Joy in the grave of yesterday;
While the lark sings above the sorrow
Of joy within the womb to-morrow.

Darkness and storm o'er hills and plain,
A sunshine shower beyond the rain;
Rolling of thunder o'er and o'er,
A still small voice above the roar.

Dawn for the limbs that burst the gyves
Of slumber to set free their lives;
Night for the aching heart and head,
With blank oblivion overspread.

Ever six days of worldly work,
Of weary wandering, broil, and irk;
Seventh day rest that respite brings,
For preening of the ruffled wings.

Doubt, for the lack of any word
Of God's own mouth by mortal heard;
Hope, for the shadow that we see,
Of hidden glory, but to be!

ROBERT STEGGALL.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU, IN BAVARIA;

AND NOTES OF A SHORT TOUR IN THE TYROL.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

As I had determined to go to Düsseldorf this summer to visit my friend the celebrated oculist, Dr. Mooren, who had performed, with the utmost success, some extremely difficult and delicate operations upon one of my eyes, I proposed to my party to go on to the Saxon Switzerland, where the scenery is said to be so fine. But on reading, before we left England, the admirable articles in the *Standard* newspaper, written by their correspondent at Oberammergau, descriptive of the rarely represented "Passions-Spiel," Passion Play, we resolved to change our route, and to go to Bavaria to witness this extraordinary performance, which only takes place once in ten years.

I remember that on one occasion, I think in 1860, the well-known Danish author, Hans Christian Andersen, wrote to me about this interesting spectacle, which he had gone to see, and with which he was delighted, as, of course, a man of his mind and imagination would naturally be. Unluckily I have mislaid his letter, or I should like to have quoted his remarks, which would have been worth reading.

There is no need to say anything about the crossing to Calais, the journey to Brussels, or that to Cologne. We went up to Mayence by the railroad—sometimes passing close to the banks of the Rhine, sometimes losing sight of it altogether. This is a quicker mode of transit certainly, but not so pleasant a one as by the steamer on the river, in which you can see all the ruined castles on either side—those castles the legends of which form the great charm of the Rhine. How some of them are desecrated! At Rolandseck, for instance, the lonely tower where the "fier Roland" immured himself.* At Rolandseck there is a restaurant,

* "Le Roi des Preux—le fier Roland,"
Of chivalry the boast and pride,
Sought on the Rhine's wild banks a bride—
To Hildegunda, happy maid!
The hero his addresses paid.
But wars were then incessant, so
Le brave Roland was forced to go
Still in his bachelor's estate;
He had not time just then to wait

and the train having stopped for a little time, tall glasses of beer and plates of sandwiches and sliced sausages were flying about among the greater part of the thirsty and hungry passengers. At Mayence we were detained three hours, and consequently did not reach Wurzburg, in Bavaria, until one o'clock in the morning. A sleepy waiter was knocked up at the hotel Kron Prinz, to get us rooms, but it was out of the question to obtain any refreshments. Wurzburg itself is a well-built, handsome town. The king's palace is a very large and beautiful structure, and the palace gardens are extensive and charmingly laid out, with terraces, statuary, and waterfalls, long shady alleys of trees, and pretty arbours. The country round Wurzburg is also very pretty, and continues to be so all the way to Munich. Munich is a splendid city, the streets so wide, the houses so handsome, the churches, museums, galleries of paintings, and the palaces magnificent. It is rather fatiguing work, however, to visit them all within a given time, but we managed it. We tried hard to escape the

For matters matrimonial ;
He had to fight at Ronçeval,
Near the far distant Pyrenees,
His uncle, Charlemagne, to please.
There was no post in these old days
Of course, no steam-boats or railways ;
But rumour, which has ever found
Means to convey its stories round,
Sent word that poor Roland was killed,
And Ingelheim with mourning filled.
After six months' of hopeless grief,
Fair Hildegund sought for relief
Within the cloister's holy walls.
Soon after, at her father's halls
Her warlike lover re-appeared—
'Twas a sad business, and they feared
The shock would overthrow his mind,
His promised bride a nun to find.
What could be done ?
Vowing to carry arms no more,
He pitched his sword upon the floor,
And wandered forth to live, and die
A hermit, on that hill so nigh
The holy isle, where she resided,
From whom, till death, he was divided.
I question if a hero of the present day,
Would a like disappointment take in such a way.
In but one modern case, a cavalier's chagrin
Might with Roland's compare—if he had hoped to win
An heiress very rich, and was himself oppressed
With creditors and duns, who never gave him rest.

*Extract from the Journal of "A Tour through Belgium
and the Rhine," by A. S. B.*

museum, but the commissionaire was determined we should march through it, and admire the armoury; no doubt there was a great deal worth seeing, but it was oppressively warm weather, and we were very tired. The galleries of paintings at Munich are so celebrated, that there is no need to dwell at all upon them. We should have remained longer at the beautiful capital of Bavaria, but we were anxious to arrive at Oberammergau, to be present at the next weekly representation of the celebrated Passion Play; and it is fortunate we did hurry on, or we should have missed that most beautiful and touching spectacle in its greatest perfection, for the 17th of July was the last day on which all the best performers acted; on that very day the war between France and Prussia, caused by the intrigues of that restless demon, Count Bismark, was announced, and the men who supported the principal parts in the play were among those *condemned* (I can use no other word) to join the Bavarian army, —obliged by Bavaria's belonging to the German Confederation to take part with Prussia against France. A hard case on the Bavarians, who have no quarrel at all with the French, but heartily dislike the arrogant, domineering Prussians, who are equally disliked by the Belgians, the Tyrolese, and the Swiss. If the overweening pride of Prussia could be humbled, there would be great joy felt in a large portion of Europe. There is no doubting this fact.

But to return to Munich: the churches I most admired were the Basilica of St. Boniface, in the Carlstrasse, which is not only adorned by splendid frescoes, but by magnificent pillars. This is a modern church, having been finished in 1845. It contains sixty-six columns of pale grey marble, a shade different from the marble of the floor. Each column cost one thousand florins, and is made from a single block of marble. Nothing can exceed the grandeur, and yet beautiful simplicity of the interior of this sacred edifice. Next in beauty, to my taste, is the Mariahilfkirche, in the suburbs; it is built in the Gothic style, and has a number of splendidly painted glass windows.

There is a large and justly celebrated manufactory of painted glass at Munich, which we much regretted we had not time to see. It was there that the rich stained glass windows of the Mariahilfkirche were made. The King Maximilian, familiarly called "King Max," whose memory is highly cherished in Bavaria, made a present to the people of Cologne of three painted glass windows for their cathedral, which has been so long building.

The "Gate of Victory," built by Ludwig I., is a copy of the triumphal arch of Constantine in Rome; it is very handsome, and

is crowned by a female figure representing Bavaria driving four lions—all colossal in size.

The house occupied by Lola Montes during her reign at Munich was pointed out to us; it is a quiet, unpretending little villa, almost in the suburbs. However splendidly it might have been furnished in the interior, there is nothing outside to attract attention, except that it was the dwelling of one who was among the remarkable characters of the age.

As the younger members of my party write German and speak it fluently, one of them wrote from Brussels, and again from Munich, to the director of the orchestra at Oberammergau, to secure three reserved seats at the theatre for us, and to Frau Veit, one of those who received lodgers, recommended by the clever writer of the letters to the *Standard*, to bespeak two rooms at her house. It was well this precaution was taken, or we should not have known where to lay our heads on our arrival at our destination.

We took the railway from Munich as far as Weilheim, the road running near the banks of the pretty Lake of Starnberg, which reminded me of Lake Esrom, in Denmark.

At Weilheim, railway travelling ceases, and tourists must go by the clumsy public conveyances of the country, or take private carriages. The hotel-keeper at Munich had kindly written to order a private carriage for us, which took us and our luggage on to Oberammergau, reaching that place about eight o'clock in the evening. We passed, in making this journey, through a beautiful part of the Bavarian Highlands. We saw in the distance the magnificent mountains of the Wetterstein, Alpspitze, Zugspitze, and Kramer, while through the valley at our feet ran the broad rapid river Loisach, and afterwards the Ammer. It was a splendid panorama, quite as charming as the Highlands of Scotland, though on a larger scale, and quite equal to the mountain scenery I have visited in America.

Arrived at the little village of Oberammergau, we drove to the quarters we had bespoken, and were kindly received by two nice young women, Mrs. Veit and her sister, a widow, who had come, bringing her only child, a little daughter, with her, to assist Mrs. Veit in the unusual labour of providing for and attending upon a large influx of visitors. We found that the house was full, and that it had only been possible to keep one room for us. To this room we ascended by a ladder and through a trap-door. I was shocked, and asked if there were no other lodgings to be got in the village, whereupon Mrs. Veit's sister, with great good nature, took us to another house, where two rooms were to be had, but there was the same entrance to them by a ladder and

trap-door, and they were very small, ill-furnished apartments, and the house did not look at all so clean as Mrs. Veit's. So we returned to her, and established ourselves in our one room, where three beds were ranged against the wall as in a hospital. But it was a tolerably large and airy chamber, with four windows, to my joy. Mrs. Veit gave us a very good supper, an omelette and wild strawberries. Both she and her sister speak French, which was a comfort to me, as I do not speak German.

We arrived on Friday evening, and on the whole of that night travellers were coming into the village; where they were stowed away was a marvel to us.

The next day the number of arrivals increased; and I do not suppose that in any part of Europe so strange a scene has been known as the one presented by this village on that day. People were pouring into it not by hundreds but by thousands, the whole place was thronged by living beings, many, of course, not knowing where they were to find a night's lodging. It was quite awful. I pitied the poor creatures as I saw them pass my window, for all had to pass Mrs. Veit's house. I never beheld such a sight. They came, numbers on foot, looking weary and worn out, several in clumsy omnibuses and other public conveyances, besides waggons, carts, &c., the best class in hired carriages. The streets were crammed with ten or twelve people abreast walking, and conveyances passing them on both sides. The prospect of war was forgotten, nothing but the Passion Play was thought of. At Munich, at Wurzburg, we heard only of it.

What with the pealing of the church bells for afternoon service, and the bells attached to the necks of the cows which were driven in from the adjacent pastures, and the cracking of the postilions' whips, and the positive roar of human voices, I was half distracted. We sallied forth to the temporary stalls near the primitive but picturesque little theatre to purchase photographs of the actors, being told that every one would be sold off before night. We were struck by the very intelligent and interesting countenances of the principal actors. I may mention Joseph Mair, who personified Jesus Christ; Jacob Hett, who was Peter; Johann Zwink, who took the part of John; Johann Lang, who was Caiaphas; a most energetic and admirable actor, whose delivery was so perfect that every syllable he uttered could be heard distinctly at the farthest end of the theatre; and Gregor Lechner, who was Judas, looking and acting the part so splendidly that it would have brought down thunders of applause in any theatre in Europe or America.

On the eventful morning, the church bells were pealing from the earliest dawn of day, and the church was crammed with

people attending the early masses, among whom were several of the performers. At five o'clock, the musicians who formed the orchestra went through the village playing—everybody was then astir. At six o'clock the doors of the theatre for the religious play were opened, and people began to flock to it. But as we had places among the reserved seats (and very comfortable they were), we did not go until the firing of three guns announced at eight o'clock that the business of the day was about to commence.

Unfortunately, it was a very wet morning, the rain pouring in torrents, but through the kindness of M. Sebastian Veit, our host, a carriage was procured to take us to the theatre.

The orchestra, the members of whom, as well as the chorus singers, all belonged to the village, played first, then came a chorus of male and female voices, and then the first tableau was shown, which represented Adam and Eve being driven out of the Garden of Eden by an angel with a sword in his hand. This tableau was beyond everything beautiful; you gazed with breathless wonder on the splendid figure of Adam, which never moved a muscle. Eve and the Angel were both also perfect. In a subsequent tableau the same man who had stood as Adam personified Cain just after the murder of Abel. There were numerous tableaux interspersed among the acted scenes, the first of these latter being Christ riding on an ass, coming forward among a large crowd in bright eastern dresses. Joseph Mair did this admirably, as indeed he did all the most interesting and touching scenes he had to perform. He was robed in purple without any ornaments, the simplicity of his dress being most striking compared to the varied and gorgeous costumes of the high priests, Pilate, Herod, and others; his countenance expressed meekness and yet sublimity, his bearing was dignity itself, and this apparently holy peace Joseph Mair preserved throughout the whole long day, and during every phase of his performance. You looked and wondered if he were animated by a divine spirit! It might fatigue the reader were I to tell of each separate tableau and each separate scene from the Old and New Testaments. The tableaux in the Old Testament were typical of the scenes in the New, which were most exciting, and full of painful interest.

The young man who represented "the beloved disciple" had a delightful countenance. Peter was an older man, and had more to do; nothing could be finer than his remorse and sorrow after he had denied Christ. But perhaps next to Joseph Mair, Gregor Lechner, who was Judas, called forth the greatest astonishment and admiration. No one could have fancied that he was only a villager, a carver in wood, but indeed, as we were told, these

simple inhabitants of Oberammergau require *no* tuition, but have so much innate talent and so much elegance of demeanour, that they seem born to grace the stage. Mary the mother of Christ, and Mary Magdalene, did their parts extremely well, but they were not equal to the male actors.

During a tableau representing Tobias taking leave of his parents, a dog was one of the figures on the stage. It remained so motionless that many persons around us declared it was a skin stuffed, but just as the descending curtain had reached a foot or two of the ground, up sprang the poor beast and ran away, which occasioned roars of laughter, and was the only time the solemnity of the immense audience was interrupted.

The poor actors sometimes, the orchestra and the chorus singers all through, had to perform under the most frightful torrents of rain, which also inundated a great many of the spectators who were in uncovered seats and exposed to the fury of the elements. The reserved seats were under a wooden roof, but open at both sides, so that one could see the mountains and fields. The covered part of the stage was small but picturesque. On account of the storm, the mid-day pause of an hour took place earlier than usual. Very many persons kept their seats, however, having brought refreshments with them. Cutlets, cold meat, chickens, and cakes, wine, beer, &c., were in requisition, but we and our pleasant English fellow-lodgers went home to Mrs. Veit's, a carriage having been sent for us, and had dinner, or what we called luncheon, there, returning in the same carriage to our places in the theatre before the recommencement of the performance.

To give an idea of the construction, so to call it, of this religious representation, I may mention that the chorus explained what was coming before every tableau and every scene, and the connexion between the Old and New Testaments. For instance, it showed that the tableau giving a picture of Joseph's brethren selling him to the Midianites for twenty pieces of silver, betokened Judas selling his master for thirty pieces of silver, and the following is a free translation of the verses sung to explain this typical meaning:

How in every limb I shake!
 Judas—Judas—art thou mad
 Thus the price of blood to take?
 Was ever miscreant so bad!
 Thunder and lightning come—descend,
 And to this sinner put an end.

"One among you will betray me,"
 Thus spoke the Lord. For greed of gold
 That one to deeds of darkness sold
 Himself—and scowling looks he cast
 Around, then fled from the repast—
 Judas Iscariot was he!

Judas—Judas ! what a crime !
Stop the dark design in time !
No ! he by avarice was led—
And straight to the high council fled,
What at Dothan had occurred
Repeating there, by evil spurred.
What will ye give us if we sell
This boy to you ? His brethren said,
The youth his father loved so well !
And the bargain soon was made ;
For twenty pieces then of gold
Their brother's life and blood they sold !
What reward will ye give me,
If my master I betray ?
For thirty silver pieces he
Has cast his master's life away,
And the bloody compact signed
By Satan's guidance rendered blind.
What by these scenes to us is shown
A picture is of mortal life,
For the world is ever prone
To be with evil passions rife ;
And often by their deeds do men
Their gracious Lord betray again !
The brothers of a Joseph you
And a Judas execrate,
Yet their sins you all renew,
For envy, avarice, and hate
Arising in the human mind,
Disturb the peace of all mankind !

The introduction to the scene of the Lord's Supper consisted of two tableaux : the first, the Israelites being fed by manna in the wilderness ; the second, two men apparently passing through a crowd, and carrying a pole from which hung a large bunch of grapes. In these tableaux there were some three hundred persons, including men, women, and children of every age, grouped to perfection. They typified the bread and the wine distributed at the Lord's Supper. The evident intention of the whole play was to explain, as I mentioned before, the intimate connexion between the Old and the New Testaments, and says much for the careful study bestowed on the Scriptures by these simple but most intelligent villagers. The scene of the Lord's Supper was very fine, and the difficult part of washing the disciples' feet was performed in the most dignified and graceful manner by Joseph Mair. At this moment the chorus in the background, among which were excellent voices, sang a solemn chant.

The scene in the Garden of Gethsemane was most solemn and interesting. While his disciples slept, the representative of Jesus knelt down to pray, and no words could describe the resignation, the devotion which his countenance, almost sublime, expressed.

You might have heard a pin fall in that vast assembly when he pronounced, in German, these words in a perfectly clear though subdued voice :

"Oh, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done!"

They seemed to come from his inmost soul, and so, poor man, they did, for he had only heard during the mid-day pause, a short time before, that he was one of those doomed to go in the contingent from Oberammergau to join the Bavarian troops who were ordered to take part in the war about to be commenced by the tyrant power of Germany, Prussia.

Oppressed as his heart must have been at this cruel doom, he and some others of the principal actors in the Passion Play, who were also thus doomed, went through their parts with the most unfaltering zeal, and the religious drama went on uninterrupted to its painful conclusion—the Crucifixion—which was followed by the appearance of the open sepulchre, and a tableau representing the ascent. Joseph Mair's position on the cross was most trying, and on one of the first occasions that he was placed on it, he fainted when he was taken down and laid in a sheet, with his head on Mary's lap.

It was a marvellous spectacle altogether—one to which no description can do justice, and which was well worth a journey across half Europe to witness. It is impossible to speak too highly of the grace and dignity displayed by many of the actors, and their admirable delineation of the characters they personified, though they were quite self-taught. They reminded me of Thorwaldsen's splendid statues—Christ and his Apostles—which I had admired and gazed at with so much reverence at the Frue Kirke in Copenhagen. I could almost have fancied that by a miracle these grand masterpieces of the great Danish sculptor had been animated, like the dry bones mentioned in the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, and transferred to the boards of the little open theatre at Oberammergau. Can I give the actors in the extraordinary Passion Play greater praise?

On Monday the most of the visitors departed as they came, on foot, or in various kinds of carriages and in carts. Everything wore an air of sadness, for in the afternoon of the day before it was known all over the village, and to those who were in it, that war was declared between France and Prussia. On Saturday all had been smiles, anticipation of pleasure, and hope in the future. On Monday there were gloom and distress through the whole place. Twenty-eight men belonging to little Oberammergau had been selected to serve in the war against France, and among these were five or six of the best performers in the Passion Play. How could it go on without them? If indeed it could go on at all during

the war, which would prevent tourists and almost every one from coming to see this extraordinary exhibition. The people of this Bavarian village, who are almost all carvers in wood, are, generally speaking, very poor, and they had expected to have made a great deal by their "Passions-Spiel." Fifty thousand gulden were spent by the inhabitants of Oberammergau for the theatre, &c.; thirty thousand gulden for the costumes, many of which were very rich and splendid; twenty thousand gulden for painting the building, and to workmen of various sorts.

The money made by the representations which had been given had just paid off this large debt, and they were after that to play for themselves, nothing having yet been divided among the numerous actors. The poor men who were to be carried off to fight for Prussia, and some of whom were leaving their wives and children with scarcely the means of support, were presented with fifteen gulden each, as an act of kindness towards them.

It was a most sad sight, early the following Tuesday morning, to see them when they marched from the village to be conveyed to Munich; they were all very fine-looking men; a band preceded them, and they were followed by half the village, among whom were women and children sobbing and crying. The men were going to fight against the French, with whom they and Bavaria had no quarrel, at the orders of Prussia, which, of course, commands the whole German Confederation. Perhaps *enslaves* would be a more appropriate word than commands, for what state would dare to refuse obeying Prussia's orders? Hanover tried it, and the consequence is well known.

There were upwards of five thousand people present at the representation of the 17th of July—probably among the last to take place. But we were told that if the war were over next year, the play might be given again then, as it was cut short this autumn. Will the best actors be then again present, or is it not more likely that they will fall on the field of battle, as the accounts of the commencement of the campaign say that the Bavarians are so extremely brave? They are certainly both physically and morally an exceedingly fine race of people.

Everybody in the village, and those visitors who lingered a little time there, were much distressed that Joseph Mair had to join the troops. We heard that he was very poor, therefore the family from England, who were our fellow-lodgers at Mrs. Veit's, and ourselves, went to see him, and to offer him money to obtain a substitute. He was grateful for the offer, but said it was against the law, and he could not accept it, but feared he must go; he and two other married men had been detained till the Wednesday morning. We found him as dignified and gentle-looking as we had seen him on the stage—but he was not so calm; he was

naturally much distressed at leaving his wife and two children, one of them an infant in the cradle. This wood-carver, Joseph Mair, had as good manners as any gentleman born and bred. In our excitement, our party, gentlemen and ladies, rushed to the house of the burgomaster to see if anything could be done to keep Mair at home. The worthy official was as zealous on his behalf as ourselves, and promised to send a deputation with him to Munich next day, to see what could be done. We heard afterwards that one of the princes took an interest in him, having seen his acting, and that it was probable he would be kept at Munich in a reserved corps.

The stopping of the Passion Play was a great misfortune to the inhabitants of Oberammergau, for almost every family had gone to expense in fitting up their houses for the reception of lodgers. A German family taking their departure on Monday, we were transferred to two very nice rooms, which were reached, not by a ladder, but by a neat wooden staircase. We remained until Wednesday afternoon, and then left our kind hosts with much regret. Our neighbours, the English family, had started at an early hour the same day.

Our first stopping-place on the road to Innsbruck, was Partenkirchen—an extremely pretty place, as was Garmisch near it. Both in the Highlands of Bavaria. We stayed all night at Partenkirchen, but I cannot say that we slept, for the little inn was just opposite the church, the bells of which pealed not only every hour, but every quarter of an hour, and a band of young men, who were to start early the next morning for Munich to join the Bavarian troops, were keeping up their spirits by parading the streets all night, singing choruses. Poor fellows! How many of them may be now lying dead at Woerth!

At Partenkirchen we saw magnificent hills, such as Krottenkopf, the Höllenthalspitze, the Frauenalpe, and the Zugspitze still, all in Bavaria.

The next place we stopped at was Mittenwald, a beautiful village, charmingly situated among mountain scenery in the Bavarian Highlands. We had an excellent dinner here, in a summer-house in the garden, and a pint bottle of very tolerable wine, the produce of the country, which cost in all the value of only three shillings of English money! We got nothing so cheap as that in the Tyrol; it is a more expensive country to travel through, and the scenery is not finer than that of the Highlands of Bavaria. Scharnitz is the boundary town between Bavaria and the Tyrol; but the real boundary is shown by four wooden pillars, two on each side of the road, one set painted with the Bavarian colours, the other with the Austrian, black and yellow. There is no custom-house, or hindrance whatsoever in passing.

When we arrived at Innsbruck we took up our abode at the Hotel Goldene Sonne, in the Neustadt, where the agreeable family we had met at Oberammergau had also settled themselves. We were very glad to meet them again.

Innsbruck is prettily situated in a valley, surrounded by hills, and lies on the banks of the glorious river Inn, just where it is joined by the river Sill; the Inn rises in Switzerland, enters the Tyrol somewhere near Landeck, passes Innsbruck, where it is extremely wide, crosses Bavaria, and falls into the Danube. The capital of the Tyrol is a fine old town, very quaint; the pictures on the outside walls of the houses are curious, and the gilded roofs of some of them dazzle the eye, but yet not so much as the extreme whiteness of the streets and the walls. There are no grand public buildings in the town; the streets, however, are generally wide, and there are often arcades on either side as in Berne. The churches are not to be compared to those at Munich; in fact, there was nothing remarkable in any of the five we visited, except at the church of the Holy Cross, where are to be seen twelve fine pillars in red marble, and the tomb of Maximilian I. Round it are placed twenty-eight bronze statues—among which were those of Rudolph of Hapsburg, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, Theodoric King of the Ostrogoths, and Arthur King of England, though what that ancient worthy has to do among such an assembly one cannot imagine.

We remained only a short time at Innsbruck, for, as war was about to commence, we wished to go nearer home, and, if possible, to get to Düsseldorf, where Dr. Mooren had not been able to receive me when first we went to the Continent, as he was then obliged to go to Holland on important business.

Stellwagens, eilwagens, and postwagens, the usual conveyances of the country, are lumbering, clumsy vehicles, into which any one may enter; and of course their passengers are obliged to conform to their hours. These may be cheap, but certainly cannot be comfortable conveyances for ladies, especially if travelling alone, therefore we hired private carriages in Bavaria and the Tyrol. We paid forty gulden from Oberammergau to Innsbruck, and twelve napoleons from Innsbruck to Bregenz, at the foot of Lake Constance, besides gratuities to the drivers. But these carriages, which were very comfortable, and carried our luggage, were quite at our disposal, and it took us four days to get to Bregenz, for, during the heat of the day, we had to stop to rest the horses, and to escape ourselves from the rays of the burning sun.

On leaving Innsbruck we dined at Telfs, and pushed on to Imst—proceeding next morning to Landeck, an exceedingly pretty place. But the heat was intense; we travelled in an open

carriage, but no umbrellas even could protect us from the almost tropical beams of the sun. We were passing through a valley between high mountains, a tolerably wide valley, with the splendid river Inn running through it at the foot of the magnificent hills—sometimes tumbling and foaming over its rocky bed, sometimes flowing, with its full waters, placidly along, but the frightful heat scarcely permitted us to enjoy the scenery.

We were so roasted, or baked, as to be almost fit for a cannibal repast, and we looked with longing eyes at the glaciers on the lofty mountain before us, Scesaplana, one of the Raeticon range of mountains. But the ranges of mountains are endless; some craggy, some covered to the top with tall fir and pine-trees, some glittering with snow and glaciers, but all wild, grand, and beautiful.

On the way to St. Anton, where we slept, we passed some very lofty hills on our left, just about sunset, and the highest crags were glowing in that splendid tint—half purple, half rosy—which Hans Christian Andersen has so well described in the "Ice Maiden," and where he says "the daughters of the rays of the sun spread out their rose-tinted wings," while the mountain peaks "become redder and redder, until they seem all in a blaze." Beneath, the hills were dark, for a shade had fallen upon them, and the sun no longer illumined them.

At St. Anton we had to rise at half-past five o'clock, in order to travel in the cool of the morning, for there was a high mountain to be crossed, to achieve which we had four horses. We passed a succession of hills, many of them glittering with snow on their summits and sides. The river, the Rosanna, rushed through the valley, which was here and there dotted with small miserable-looking hamlets, where, we were told, the inhabitants are extremely poor. But they are quite contented with their humble homes and humble fate. Every tiny hamlet has a church.

Shortly after leaving St. Anton, one comes to the boundary between the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg, belonging also to Austria; the scenery continued quite the same. We dined at Bludenz, which stands in a most picturesque neighbourhood, where an artist would find much to engage his attention. It is a small post town. Though dinners are matters of but little consequence in travelling, I cannot but note how we were charged at this place. We had for three a very small dish of tasteless trout, a chicken about the size of a pigeon, a few potatoes, one small roll each, and a pint bottle of the common white wine of the country, not much better than vinegar, and for this sumptuous repast we paid within a halfpenny or so of six shillings, almost two shillings a piece! This cannot be called *cheap*. It is a mistake to call travelling in the Tyrol cheap; on the contrary, it is expensive, considering the

accommodation and the refreshments afforded. The Highlands of Bavaria are less expensive, and quite as beautiful.

Our next resting-place was Feldkirch; it is a large, thriving, bustling town, a sort of natural fortress, and may be called one of the keys to the Tyrol. The river here is the Ill.

After leaving Feldkirch the country becomes more open, flatter, and less interesting. We reached Bregenz in the evening, and were pleased with it and with the portion of the Lake of Constance on which it stands. We took the steamer to the head of the lake in the morning; but if the scenery round it had been fine, which it was not, we could not have admired it, for it poured torrents of rain the whole five hours we were in the boat, and, rather than take refuge in the small, close cabin, some of us endured the deluge. We expected to have gone by water to Schaffhausen, but we were put ashore at the town of Constance, and obliged to take the railway to Schaffhausen, and an omnibus thence to Neuhausen, where there is a very good hotel just opposite the Falls of the Rhine.

These much-vaunted falls are certainly pretty, and a considerable body of water rushes foaming over them. But I, who have seen the finest falls in Europe—those of Trollhätten, in Sweden, and the finest falls in the world, those of Niagara, in North America—could not think much of the Falls of the Rhine, which, moreover, are disfigured by having houses built, in very bad taste, close to them on both sides.

We found at Neuhausen, to our great disappointment, that the Rhine was closed to travellers. We then determined to proceed, *viâ* Basle and Chaumont, for Strasbourg was out of the question, to Paris; but here, again, we were thwarted, all travelling by that road having just been stopped. There was nothing for it then but to go down by Zurich and Berne to Neuchatel, near Geneva, in order to enter France and reach Paris, *viâ* Dijon, on our way home. A tedious and weary journey of seventeen and a half hours we had, for there were long stoppages on the railway to let regiments of cavalry pass.

We found the French in a state of some excitement, but confident in the success of their army. Alas, that this success has not been realised! that the opening of the campaign has been so much against them! It would have been a blessing to Europe had the Prussians been defeated, and their insolent assumption humbled. As yet this is not the case, but no one can know what will be the issue of the contest. Those who wish well to France and to the peace of Europe must hope that the fortune of war may happily change! But be it what it may, while Bismark lives there will be no solid peace for the European world!

VALE AND CITY.

XXXI.

The Vale.

IF it were possible for me again to travel, gladly should I find myself with you, my dear friend, in Prague—a town that offers so much to those who see only with their eyes, and are satisfied to know just what the present day is, but, at the same time, offering so much more to those who see with their memory, and can bring the past to bear upon the present. With the help of some learned old German—for we dare not cope with the Bohemian tongue—we might make every stone of the old town tell us a tale of bygone times, on which we could make our English comments as we enjoyed the pleasant walks of which you speak. With such food for reflection, Campbell's fine lines on one sad act in the great drama of Prague's history would seem to us quite too modern; yet to some of the present generation they are already as antiquated as is that piece of music called "The Battle of Prague," which our grandmothers used to play.

I am pleased that you have visited a town of such great historic interest, and since the receipt of your letter, I have been thinking of one, the historic interest connected with which I hold to be as great as—nay, I should be disposed to say greater than—that of Prague. I mean Nuremberg. The characteristics of the inhabitants of the two towns must have always been as different as are the buildings and all the externals of the two places. The one I now know from that valuable work, the guide-book to which you referred me, the other from actual residence in it, and it has lately been very sadly and very painfully recalled to my thoughts.

But first let me say that, however much we feel for the Bohemians at the bloody and inexorable fashion in which the Reformation was stamped out in Prague, we are disposed to believe our sympathy with the Nuremberg reformers more honourable to our humanity. They came out of the terrible trials of the times with less blood on their hands than the people of the former town. They were very honest and fearless, too, except at the moment when Charles V. and the Duke of Alva were their guests—two guests very sufficient to make men swerve a little when called on boldly to declare on whose side they were. God's or the king's? Luther's or Alva's? But Gustavus Adolphus set all right again with the good Nurembergers, and they did their duty to him honestly.

And now to my little story—a too true tale connected with the old town. I had an introduction when there to a professor and his wife, a genuine German pair, who lived for books, and music, and social enjoyments, and for a yearly tour beyond the bounds of their own country, after it had been thoroughly explored. They had no children, and could thus spend their days, after the professor's duties in teaching Greek and Latin were fulfilled, as they chose, and could dispose of their holidays without any disturbance of family arrangements. As to their social enjoyments, which I have named, they would have been despised by a Londoner or a Parisian in search of what he might call enjoyment. In the quaint, old-fashioned house in which they lived, it was their pleasure to welcome their friends at eight in the evening. The house, though always one and the same, would to English visitors have two aspects, according to the eyes that saw it. If the eyes were those of an artist it would appear a perfect gem, when, having ascended some flights of stairs, he found himself on a wooden balcony, with doors opening into the rooms, and from which he caught glimpses of most picturesque corners of streets and ramparts, and of some of the varieties of antique towers on them. "Sehr freundlich," the professor's wife would say, when a visitor was pleased with this view—a *friendly*, a home-like view; it wore the face of an old friend, an old home, even to a stranger. But suppose that, instead of the artist's eyes, the stranger had brought with him—and some Englishmen do that in coming abroad—a housemaid's eyes, then indeed the aspect of things would have been very different. Where the picturesque lay would not have been discovered; the staircase would have been called dingy, the balcony thought unsteady, and there could in that case be no *comfort* in looking at old towers from it.

Now, if you be a person with such eyes, I shall not invite you into the professor's rooms; for if you could not perceive the picturesque outside them, you would not be worthy of the comfort inside them. And comfort there was—real comfort of the true German kind. The Frau Professorinn, his excellent, admirable, poetic wife, was also a perfect housekeeper, and everything in her apartments was clean, orderly, and tasteful. Come with me in fancy into their common reception-room on an autumnal evening, when she has just begun, on her return from the tour which they took every September and October, to have their stove heated. Come! does not that look comfortable? Does it not feel comfortable? The four walls are lined with shelves all filled with books, from the Greek classics, which the professor loves, down to Mrs. Hemans's poems in English, which his wife loves to translate into sweet German rhymes. On the long table down the centre of the room are dozens of large albums, with views of the most inte-

resting places in Europe, and not a view about which they cannot tell you, from their actual observation and knowledge, facts in history, art, and literature, that are beyond the ken of those who see only through the eyes of guide-books. After hearing what they had to tell concerning their travels, you and I would candidly say to each other, "How meagrely do we know and understand what we have seen out of our own country."

You remain in this German room with me, and whilst your mind is genially awakened by your host and hostess, you feel—though you have a prejudice against stoves—that there is something genial, too, in the diffused warmth, so unlike that of our fires, that heat only one side of an apartment, and leave the other cold. It is evening, and guests come in. A few professors, their pleasing, unpretending wives, a few lively students, some blooming young girls. They all sit in due order at the table; we, as strangers, on the right and left of our host at its head. Our hostess—and this is very startling to our English ideas—takes no seat, but directs and even assists her maid-servant in attending on the company with tea and the other substantial viands, for it may be called a *thé dinatoire*. When it is over, but not until then, does the *Frau Professorinn* take her place at her own table, and then modestly show that she has powers fitting her to take the lead in the conversation were she so minded. But she is not. She leaves that to her good-natured husband, and he leaves it to any one willing to talk. All are willing to do so. None, however, *hold forth*—none harangue; each has his turn to say something. Talk is not all. There is a great deal of laughing. There are games of different kinds ending in forfeits, and extemporised verses. So midnight comes, bringing the large punch-bowl, with its ladle and glasses; many curious toasts are drunk in German, English, and French. It is just as well that the Bavarian police should not know what they were. The Fatherland! was first; then Freedom!—Freedom for all lands—touching of glasses, and good-night!

You go with me to my abode, and I impress on you the truth that the cultivation of mind, the tastes, the enjoyments, the abundant hospitality of our host and hostess, which are beyond all money value, are yet obtained for less than three hundred pounds sterling a year. I add this, that there must be something essentially good in the German character when such happiness as that which I have described to you can be tasted in despite of all the petty oppressions of the different governments of the country, all ending in the one grand oppression that any man can at any time be called on to be a soldier, and fight in any cause of which his rulers may choose to make a *casus belli*.

But now I have been led far from that of which I thought when I began to speak to you of Nuremberg. The dear, friendly host

and hostess to whom I have in fancy presented you, shall be known no more in their pleasant rooms. Their former guests in the old town look sorrowfully at the windows of their house, even bearded men dash away a tear as they pass by. Sad, sad news has reached me! My mind has been full of it. Your letter from Prague did interest me much for the moment, but the other town afterwards came back to me, not repeating in memory all that is so quaint and curious in it, but solely bringing the remembrance of the two persons whom I had known there and valued so much.

Still that room which I have tried to describe to you, with all its gaiety, hospitality, brightness, warmth, and comfort, floats before me like something seen vividly, though in a dream. A dream? Why a dream? Because no sooner is it perceived than it fades away into that which one would fain persuade oneself is a dream, yet it is a dreadful reality. Far away in a lonely village in Spain, in a wretched room, in a wretched inn, disregarded by the ignorant and bigoted people near them, I see my two friends. The wife is expiring on a miserable pallet, and the husband, kneeling by her side, is frantic with despair. She dies, he falls down in convulsions, and soon after his eyes, too, are closed in death. In that Spanish village they were buried; no one seemed disposed to tell how, or when, or where. Now you know what tidings I have received from Nuremberg, and why, out of the abundance of the heart, I have spoken of it and of the sad news to you.

It seems that the professor and his wife, wishing to travel on ground entirely new to them, had chosen Spain for their last autumn tour. Their last tour it was, in every sense. When the time came for their return to their home, and when they neither appeared nor sent any letters, their anxious relatives set inquiries on foot. They were traced back from the last place whence a letter had been received, and their melancholy fate was ascertained. Few events have ever struck me as being more sorrowful, although the words of Scripture do come to my mind, "They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." We are prone to apportion our regret for the death of any certain person by the measure we have formed of his enjoyment of life. It is thus, perhaps, that I have been led to dwell on the loss of this present existence, in the case of these German friends of mine, as something to be peculiarly regretted for them—as if it could not be a gain to those who tasted and appreciated so thoroughly all the *honest pleasures* of life—those of the heart and of the intellect—and that, too, with a humility and a simplicity which kept from them all the troubles of pride, ambition, and rivalry. It almost seems to me as if they had lost as much in being taken from their friends, as their friends lose in being deprived of them. But I am

far from the old town; it is not probable that I shall ever see it again, and I may speculate in this way. It will not be so with those there, who miss the accustomed welcome to the genial home. They will feel that their loss is great—will feel it acutely—yet will acknowledge that to the good death can only be a gain. But the death was so sad! I repeat to myself.

Pardon me, dear friend, that I end thus sadly. Adieu!

XXXII.

The City, Berlin.

It was not necessary that you should ask to be pardoned for your sad letter. In return for mine, the best compliment you could pay me, was to give me your feelings and your thoughts as they arose. You had made me wish to see Nuremberg before, and now you have added a new and melancholy interest to it. I should in fancy see you there, dear friend, and I should also see your two friends. But it is in fancy only that I shall see the old town. We have left it far behind us, and shall not turn back to make a pilgrimage to it. Before beginning, however, to speak of our proceedings, let me say a word of comfort to you on that loss which you regret so much, the tragical manner in which it occurred sharpening your regret. I would say, think how much such persons as those you portrayed are spared in dying before they have had any experience of the evils of old age. To them, with their active, hospitable, and intellectual course of life, the change from their usual habits that age must have caused them, would have been peculiarly painful. Be satisfied that they have been saved such a trial. A feminine and worldly kind of consolation, you will say, perhaps with a little contempt. If so, I remind you that the Greeks said, "Whom the gods love dies young," and truly, what is there in age to tempt us to wish for it?

Enough, then! I leave my question unanswered, leave it to you to answer, and begin about our present place, the great city of Berlin. Great it is, though small in comparison with London, or even with Paris. It may be destined to equal them, yet I can scarcely believe in that destiny. Not that I think there is anything wanting to the Prussian character of talent or vigour which should hinder them from accomplishing whatever Englishmen or Frenchmen have done in their respective capitals. But I think those possess natural advantages in their site which Berlin has not. As it is, it is a handsome city, and there are few places in which so much of improvement and adornment have taken place within a century—a century, too, of such exciting reverses in war.

It is curious here, at this time, to read the impressions written in 1769 by one who felt passionately, and wrote the truth as it was in him—I mean the great poet Alfieri. His *Life* fell under Mr. N.'s hand the other day, and he read us a passage from it which you may have forgotten. It is this: "In the month of September I continued my journey to Prague and Dresden. Thence I went on to Berlin, where I stayed a month. On entering the states of the Great Frederick, which seemed to me but a never-ending guard-house for soldiers, I felt my horror of the infamous military trade doubled and tripled. The most infamous of all trades it is, because it is the sole basis of arbitrary power, and that power springs from the thousands of hired satellites at its disposal." Having got so far I must give you a little more. I must tell you what he says of the man who was the source and centre of arbitrary power in his day—the man from whom the Directory in France and Bonaparte also took their lessons in military affairs—the man to whom Europe owes the military organisation of which it now boasts as the certain means of keeping rival nations in check. We must be ready to fight in order not to have to fight, each government says, and so these terrible armaments are kept up—"the hired satellites, supporters of arbitrary power." Alfieri says of the king: "I was presented to him, and felt on seeing him no emotion of admiration or of respect, but, on the contrary, one of indignation—nay, of rage. This was increased and strengthened in me by the sight of so many things that are not what they ought to be, of so many falsities wearing the face of truth, and gaining the renown due to it. I observed the king narrowly, fixing my eyes on his, and I felt that I had reason to thank Heaven that I was not born his slave. In November I left Prussia, that great barrack, that soldiers' prison, abhorring it as much as it is possible for a man to abhor anything."

What would Alfieri think now were he to behold Prussia, with its soldiery a score of times as numerous as in his day? Would his rage against the hired satellites of arbitrary power increase in the same proportion? It should not do so. These hired satellites, this soldiery, should be the objects of our compassion, not of our indignation. They are the first victims of the arbitrary power that they support—victims in thousands on bloody battle-fields. They have not thy eyes, O poet! to discern when falsehood wears the face of truth, and led on by specious war-cries of "country and freedom," fight with blind enthusiasm at a Leipzig or a Waterloo, and after victory find themselves more completely in the toils of arbitrary power than they were before. The shedding of their blood has given it new strength, new life.

"Whilst we were preparing for the great struggle against the first Napoleon," said a Prussian to me, "we were allowed to inhale

a little free air, 'ein wenig freie luft,' we had great hopes; but after all was settled, when we sat down at peace, things were worse than they had been. We perhaps felt this the more acutely from knowing how much we had done for our rulers, knowing how much was due to us by them."

That the debt unpaid to the people has never been cancelled by them is certain, although the generation to whom it was owing has passed away—yes, even another generation too—yet that there are heirs to claim what was due to their fathers, the upheaving of the public mind in Germany after the events of 1830 in France, and again by what occurred in all the German states after those of 1848.

I saw Berlin at first, I think, a little with your eyes, which would be rather like those of Alfieri. I felt that although the military prison had been very much enlarged and adorned, still it is a military prison. Prison discipline seemed, however, in the late time of revolutions, about to fail in this capital for a moment. There was great excitement, some barricades were hastily erected, a deputation of the burghers who went with a petition to the king were fired on—not by his orders, unquestionably, it is said by those of the Prince of Prussia, his brother; but, by whomsoever the act was done, it caused on the instant feelings of dismay and desire for vengeance to become predominant among the people, and there was some bloody work before the military restored tranquillity.

Royalty did not come with dignity out of this short struggle. The king, a man of peace, showed weakness and alarm. The Prince of Prussia, who is supposed to be at least very soldierly in his instincts, fled in disguise to England, his princess, a very proud lady, the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, followed him in the same fashion. Since they have found it safe to return, it is generally remarked that they show themselves a sadder and a wiser pair than they were.

Thus, now, you have this affair of Berlin to add to what I have told you of Dresden and Prague. Will you not think, after reading it, that although it may be dull to live in a vale in England, it is well for her people to be beyond the reach of catching that fever in the blood which spreads through Europe when the vital heat in the heart of France becomes too great for her repose?

We think of going to Weimar, and I may write to you before I shall receive a reply to this. If I can find what will interest you in that town of poetic and literary reminiscences, you shall have it. In the mean time, rejoice in poetry and literature under your tree.

THE DREAM PAINTER

BY DR. J. E. CARPENTER.

BOOK I.

V.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

LEOPOLD, prostrated by his adventure of the night before, and harassed in his mind by his endeavour to sift some words of comfort from his last interview with Geraldine, obtained little repose until it was early morning; it was therefore late in the forenoon when he descended from his room to join the family in their common sitting-room. His mother and Bertha were already plying the busy finger, engaged in their usual occupation by a table under the window, which overlooked a pleasant garden at the back of the house; his father was attending to a customer in his little shop.

The breakfast-table, in the centre of the room, had been left with the tray for the late comer.

There was an air of comfort about the establishment of the honest tailor, but every article of furniture, down to the prints of Goethe and Schiller, in their plain wooden frames, was of the most homely description, and evinced that there frugality was not less a rule than a necessity.

When Leopold entered the room, Frau Sternemberg immediately put down her work, gave her son a kiss, and proceeded to make him some coffee.

"You look very pale this morning," she said, addressing him kindly. "What a fright you gave us last night. I was for sitting up, but Bertha would insist on my going to bed. She said you had only gone to make a sketch of the moonlight. I am sure I don't understand how you contrive to paint pictures in the dark."

"Nor anybody else, mother," he replied. "I don't paint in the dark, but I must go and see the effects that I want to produce in order to understand them. Then even the moon may give me light enough to make a few memorandums."

"That was a pretty moonlight scene I saw on your table the other morning," continued his mother. "You seem to be fond of moonlights, lately."

"Yes," replied Leopold, "I had a—a commission for one."

"Did you see it, Bertha?" said the Frau Sternemberg, without noticing the reply.

"No, mother," said Bertha, looking up from her sewing.

"That is too bad of you, Leopold, when you know what an interest your sister takes in everything you do," pursued his mother, turning to him and pouring out his coffee, which now spread a pleasant aroma throughout the apartment.

"I shall have plenty more to gratify Bertha's curiosity," said Leopold, sipping his coffee, and looking towards Bertha with a gesture that seemed to say, "Don't make any bother about it."

"Ah! but this one," insisted his mother, who, like most dames who have the control of a household, when once resolved upon carrying her point, was not easily to be put down. "I never saw anything so beautiful. I will run and fetch it."

"It would be useless, mother," said Leopold; "it is gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"Gone home, to be sure."

"And you have really sold it. How much did you get for it?" asked the proud mother, apparently delighted.

Leopold was above telling a lie, even on a far graver matter than this. He, however, endeavoured to fence the question by saying:

"I did not sell it at all. I gave it away."

Bertha looked up from her work, and regarded her brother with an air of curiosity.

"You gave it away! Well, I'm sure, if you set such little store by it, I should have liked to have had it framed and put between the two portraits there."

"It was quite unworthy of such exalted companionship," replied the student, smiling.

"They are only pictures, after all, and I am sure yours was much more beautiful," said the matter-of-fact wife of the tailor.

"Never mind, mother, you shall have a picture to put over your mantelpiece."

"Always the way," said the good dame, by no means satisfied by the mere promise, and more than half piqued. "Strangers first, one's own relations afterwards. I am sure I don't know anyone you could give a picture to. Who was the favoured gentleman?"

"No gentleman at all, mother," answered Leopold, dryly, becoming in his turn vexed by the interrogation.

"No gentleman!"

"No. I gave it to a lady, since you must know."

The Frau Sternemberg burst out laughing at her son's discomfiture; then she said, kindly:

"Come, lad, I don't want you to tell your old mother all your secrets. I dare say we shall know all about it in good time."

"You are altogether mistaken, mother," answered Leopold, seriously. "One of the young ladies at the school where I teach wished for a sketch of the house by moonlight, and I could not be so rude as to refuse her."

"Oh! oh! One of the young ladies! Take care, Leopold, that one of the young ladies does not give you the heartache."

"And why should she give him the heartache?" put in Bertha, who, though she had never left off her sewing, had been listening attentively to the conversation.

"Bertha," said her mother, sharply, "I know you have got some high-flown notions into your head, or you would have accepted Paul Fischer, who would have made you a very good husband. The young ladies at that school are not those for the son of Hain Sternemberg to look out for a wife among."

If Bertha had got any high-flown notions into her head, she ran the risk of shaking them out, for she tossed it violently.

"Mother," she replied, "I consider Leopold as an artist the equal of any of the young girls at that school. Who are they? Daughters of wine-merchants, farmers, and the like. Money is not the only thing that gives position."

"The young lady for whom I made that sketch," said Leopold, thrown off his guard in his desire to separate Geraldine from the companionship of the daughters of supposititious wine-merchants and imaginary farmers, "is not a regular pupil; she goes there for lessons in music, languages, and drawing. She is the daughter of a rich visitor. They have scarcely been a twelvemonth in Bonn."

The unnecessary warmth with which Leopold gave this explanation convinced Bertha that she had discovered his secret.

"I don't see how that mends matters," said the elder lady; and she quoted a popular German proverb, "*Heirathe über den Mist, so wiesst du wer sie ist*"—a proverb more remarkable for its force than for the elegance of its diction.

By this time Leopold had finished his scanty breakfast, and his father came into the parlour rubbing his hands, apparently in great good humour.

He had taken an order for an entire suit of clothes all at once—a thing unusual with him, and not an every-day occurrence with many tailors throughout the whole of Germany.

Hain Sternemberg, the tailor, was a good easy man, proud of his son's abilities, as was his wife, but he did not share the extravagant estimate of them that had been formed by his daughter Bertha. Age cannot look with the fond eyes of youth, and the long, certain, disappointing past, compared with the brief and still

uncertain future, is a fatal check to ambition. Hain had had his troubles and had borne them, but his sky had brightened; and if it did not shine upon him every day, he had made some little provision for the rainy ones, and was enabled to tide them over. It had been a great effort on his part to enable Leopold to attend the university and to pay for the education of Bertha, but that had been got over; the one was earning enough to make him independent of the paternal roof, if he had so wished it; the other was the right-hand and useful helpmate of his wife. He would have been well content if his only son had followed his own trade, but, as matters had turned out, he thought perhaps it was for the best, and he had therefore placed no obstacle to his following the bent of his own inclinations.

"If you can spare a few minutes, father," said Leopold, there is something I wish to talk to you about."

The Frau Sternemberg looked at her daughter, as much as to say, "I wonder what is coming now."

"Certainly, Leopold," said the tailor; "I was just going down the street to purchase some trimmings, but that will do by-and-bye."

"I will walk with you, father; I have no lessons to give to-day, and I had such a bad night's rest that I don't feel inclined to sit down to work. Perhaps a walk will refresh me."

The two Sternbergs took their hats and went out together.

"More secrets from me," said his mother as they left the room; "but I will have it out of Hain, or there will be no peace for him."

There were not many people walking about, there seldom were before the evening; the father and son, therefore, crossed over to the shady side, and commenced their walk leisurely.

"I think, father," said Leopold, after a few minutes' hesitation, for however strong the intellect of the son may be compared with that of the father, the instance is rare indeed when he does not acknowledge the filial instinct, and pay deference to the greater experience of his elder, "I think, father, that the time is now near at hand when I must be thinking of leaving you."

"Very well, Leopold, you know best," said his father; "if you can do better away from us I have no wish to detain you. There will always be your room and your little studio, if you wish to come back. We shall have no use for them. But is not your determination somewhat sudden?"

"You know, father, I have been thinking of it for some time; perhaps I have, at last, made up my mind rather suddenly, but ever since our good friend Mr. Browning advised it, it has occupied my thoughts, and I have been saving up what I could to enable me to accomplish it."

"And I suppose," said the good-natured tailor, "that what you have saved up falls short of what you require, eh?"

"Well, replied Leopold, "I had hoped to have accomplished Rome, but I must give up that idea for the present; there are some good galleries, public and private, in Vienna, and some good pictures in the churches; in Vienna, too, there are to be found many dealers in pictures, and by copying some of the best, if I cannot dispose of my own, I may reasonably hope to make a little money. Then I shall be able to get to Rome, or perhaps to London, where my good friend will be happy to see me, and to give me the advantage of his influence and connexions."

"You know best," said his father again, for want of a better answer; "if you see your way clearly I have nothing to say against it. I cannot do much for you, my boy, but tell me what you require, and we will see what can be done."

"I was not thinking of that, father, only I wished to prepare you in case I should make up my mind to go away very suddenly. I shall travel like a true adventurer, with my knapsack over my shoulder, and it will make no difference if I am a week longer or shorter on my journey."

"Still, Leopold, you will have to take a place when you get to the end of it. I will talk to your mother about it, and we will make up a little packet for you to put into your knapsack, which will be very useful to you until you have time to turn yourself round."

"But, my dear father——"

"There, say no more about it—or stay, yes, that will be better, and safer too, seeing the mode of travelling you have selected. Instead of intrusting you with this little packet, I will take it to the banker here, who will give me a letter of credit on his agent at Vienna, and then you can obtain it when you arrive."

"I hope I shall not require to touch it, father; but, since you insist, I confess you have put me more at my ease, and I will accept it as a loan, to be paid back at the first opportunity."

"Take your own time, Leopold, take your own time. But here we are at the warehouse. Is there anything more you want to say to me?"

"No, father; only don't think I am not sorry to part from you, and mother, and Bertha; don't think I am ungrateful for all you have done for me," added Leopold, a tear standing in his eye.

Hain Sternemberg's answer was a warm pressure of the hand which Leopold extended towards him, for several pedestrians passed at that moment, and prevented him from making an audible reply. There was no necessity for one, for there had never been any angry feeling between Leopold and his father.

The latter then entered the warehouse to make his purchases, and Leopold continued his walk.

It will be seen by the above conversation that Leopold, though of a highly imaginative and sanguine disposition, could be matter-of-fact enough upon occasion. His imagination had taught him to believe that something might happen to precipitate his departure, his worldly prudence had told him that it was as well he should prepare his parents for the event. It is so with all imaginative people; they cannot be always dreaming; they live an outer and an inner life; an outer life, which the world and the world's ways oblige them to succumb to; how else could they make themselves heard and understood in it? An inner life, full of inspirations, and hopes, and dreams, and schemes for the future, which they dare not impart to others, so wild and visionary they would seem, but which are, after all, the inner and real life of the poet, the painter, and the musician.

Leopold only taught at the school on alternate days; he had, therefore, little hope of seeing Geraldine unless he could catch a glance of her at one of her windows, or during the carriage drive which she sometimes took with her mother; he, however, found himself, almost unconsciously, wandering about the walks and paths that her presence had made dear to him.

Satisfied that the hour was past when she was likely to be abroad, he returned home, joined the family meal, and then retired to his studio until it was time, to seek repose for the night—the night before the morrow when he would see her again, and determine with himself whether to remain at Bonn while she continued to take lessons at the school, or to go forth from his native town in search of oblivion for the past elsewhere.

Next day the hours dragged along wearily with Leopold until the time arrived for him to resume his lessons.

With a palpitating heart he reached the school, and was shown into the parlour where several of the young ladies were awaiting him. Of Geraldine he did not dare to ask, and two hours more must elapse before the private pupil would come to receive her lesson.

Staid and solemn were those young ladies, very models of schoolgirls, and if they drew their doors and windows awry, and made their houses tumbling down, and their rivers running up hill, it was no fault of Leopold's. As to making them draw from the round—that is to say, from plaster busts—he had tried them at that, but they preferred landscapes; they were bad and worse by comparison, of course, but it mattered not whether they had a correct eye, a talent for it or not, drawing was “included in the terms,” and of course they were entitled to it. This is weary work for a master, but it must be submitted to as long as educa-

tion is considered a dull, undeviating routine, attainable by all alike, and not considered according to the peculiar adaptability to the individual pupil.

At length the last of the boarders had taken her lesson and left, and Leopold heard the door gently opened; he had nervously opened his little box of water colours, and was preparing to select those of which Geraldine would be immediately in want. He had risen at the opening of the door, but he dared not look round, and the new-comer was close beside him when he proceeded to place a chair, as he supposed, for his pupil.

"Thank you, I will not sit down," said a strange voice; strange because unexpected, but familiar because it was the voice of the mistress of the establishment.

Leopold now looked up and gazed with all his eyes.

"Mademoiselle Werner will not resume her lessons," said the principal.

"Not resume—is she ill?" asked Leopold, gasping.

"I am not aware that she is indisposed," returned the lady. Schoolmistresses always select the best words.

"This is—somewhat sudden," stammered the young artist. Had she any reason to be dissatisfied?"

"I am not aware," answered the principal, "that she had any reason to be dissatisfied; my establishment is so conducted as to render dissatisfaction next to impossible. All I can tell you is, that Madame Werner called here yesterday and expressed her extreme regret that she must withdraw her daughter from my establishment. She settled with me to the end of the term, and here, Herr Sternemberg, is your money—there was a month to run; I think you will find that correct."

Leopold took the money, which was wrapped in a sheet of note-paper, mechanically, and put it into his pocket.

"You had better see that it is correct," continued the lady principal; "but how pale you look—you appear faint, can I offer you anything?"

"No, no!"

"A glass of wine——"

"Thank you, no! the room was rather close, and stooping——"

"Ah, yes! I know what it is, teaching—and, really, some of the girls are so very silly—but let me offer you something?"

"No, no—thank you," said Leopold again, recovering himself; "the fresh air is all I require. Good morning."

"Good morning, Herr Sternemberg," rejoined the lady, preparing to leave the room, but she turned back suddenly and said:

"I had almost forgotten, here is a letter Madame Werner left for you. She did not know your address."

"For me!"

"Yes! she said she wished to thank you individually for your attention to her daughter. You know she did get on wonderfully."

Whether there was or was not irony in this remark, Leopold could not detect, for the principal of the school spoke it in the same calm and passionless tone that was usual to her. He took the letter, and was soon pacing with hurried steps one of the avenues that led away from the building.

His first thoughts as he approached the open country were these:

"I have ruined her by my imprudence; that governess who came in the day before yesterday must have been in the room before we were aware of it, and heard our conversation. She has denounced me to Geraldine's mother, and they have locked her up, and I shall never see her again. Fool, fool!—but I might have known it would have ended in something like this."

When Leopold had proceeded a little further down the path he was pursuing, he remembered the letter that had been given to him, and sat down on a bank to read it.

He opened it; it was written in very indifferent German, for though Madame Werner spoke the language very fluently, she betrayed her nationality when she came to write it. However, Leopold had very little difficulty in deciphering the following:

"Madame Werner presents her compliments to Herr Sternemberg; she has greatly admired the sketch presented by Herr Sternemberg to her daughter, which she is sure must have cost him both time and trouble. Madame Werner could not consent to her daughter accepting any specimen of an art by which Herr Sternemberg obtains his living, as a gift, she therefore begs to forward him the enclosed, which she fears is still short of its intrinsic value."

"The enclosed" was a ten-pound English bank-note.

Leopold crushed the letter and the bank-note in his hand; his first impulse was to tear both into a thousand pieces; then the thought struck him that he would send the latter back with an indignant reply, so he thrust it into his pocket along with the more legitimate payment that he had received from the principal of the school.

"This letter is a cool and studied insult," he said to himself. "Can Geraldine have been so cruel as to have had a hand in it?"

That she herself had shown the picture to her mother he could not doubt. Had her mother's experience taught her to detect what Geraldine had not divined? and had she, now enlightened,

scorned his gift and acquiesced with her mother in taking these means to undeceive him? She might now even look upon him as a presumptuous adventurer; and that laugh that came down to him on the river, in which he felt sure that Geraldine had joined? Yes! they were mocking him, and to her he had become an object of scorn and derision!

How that miserable allusion to the "means by which he obtained his living" galled him; how the implied superiority of the possessors of worldly wealth to the mere professors of a creative art stung him; how the whole tenor of the brief epistle utterly annihilated every hope that he had suffered to spring up within him. Why should he longer hesitate? He would not, his plan was fixed, his resolution taken. He would at once write to the lady principal and resign his appointment, requesting her to supply his place as soon as might be; he should feel humbled, humiliated there, if one of his conjectures were true.

But Leopold's place could not be supplied on the instant, and he was obliged, for the sake of his father, who had always borne a good name in the town, to fulfil his engagement—at least, not to leave the school until a competent successor had been found. He should be obliged to brave the annoyance—but he found none there at any rate; the reason assigned by Madame Werner, whatever it might have been, had been received in good faith, and it had had, apparently, no reference to him; everything went on as smoothly as before, only Leopold missed—how he missed!—the presence of Geraldine.

The successor was found at last, and only a few days remained of the time at which Leopold had fixed upon to take his departure.

In the mean time he had gone through the drudgery of giving his lessons, and, these over, he had haunted the paths where Geraldine used to stray; he had lingered by the doors of the minster, watching the congregation as they came out; his faithful Johaan had rowed him on the Rhine, but though the windows of the château were very often illuminated, no one came to the balcony; he had not even caught a glimpse of her, not even of her shadow on the blind, which he thought he should have detected, and which would have convinced him that she was not a prisoner.

One morning, within a fortnight after the withdrawal of Geraldine from the school, he was loitering alone in the square, when a carriage, which he recognised to be that of the Baron Rosenthal, drove up to the minster. The baron alighted. He was accompanied by several friends, among them Werner, whom Leopold had never seen, and did not know. He thought the cir-

cumstance singular, as he had never known the baron to enter the sacred edifice. When the party had entered the minster, the carriage drove on a little way, and then pulled up—waiting.

“Only a party of strangers, guests of the baron,” said Leopold to himself; “and he has brought them to show them the minster.”

In a few moments another carriage drove into the square.

A sudden yet an indefinite fear crept over the heart of Leopold, and he concealed himself behind the nearest tree.

The carriage drew up, as the other had done, at the principal entrance of the minster; then there alighted three ladies, an elder and two younger ones, obsequiously waited on by the vergers of the minster.

In the elder lady Leopold recognised Madame Werner; the younger ones were strangers to him. They were dressed alike, and apparently about the same age as Geraldine.

A sudden hesitation seemed to seize the whole party.

Then Madame Werner returned to the carriage, and, almost falling into her arms, there alighted a slight, trembling form, arrayed as a bride. A rich lace veil, reaching almost to her feet, fell from her head and concealed her features; but Leopold needed not to see them. With the rapidity of lightning he comprehended all.

For a few minutes, stupefied, he had to lean against the tree for support, for he felt that else he must have fallen. Then, as after his last interview with Geraldine, he walked rapidly straight out of the town, without knowing or caring where he was going.

He had probably walked several miles, when he felt a giddiness again come over him, and he sat down upon a bank and rested his head upon his hands.

To say that Leopold thought during this time would be untrue; he was in a kind of stupor—the blow had been so sudden, so undreamt of. That he must give up all hope of her he had fully assured himself, but that she was being wooed by another while she was coquetting with him, was a species of heartlessness which never entered into his wildest surmises. His was the boy's strong, passionate love, that is only known and felt once in a lifetime—a love that clings to its object, however unworthy that object may be, and is blind and deaf to all in the world beside.

It might have been hours that Leopold sat there, for time and place were nothing to him in his trance. He noted not one, he saw not the other.

At last the sound of wheels rapidly advancing, and the cracking of the postboys' whips, roused him a little, and he raised his head from his hands. As the carriage flew past he recognised her—

pale, oh! so very pale—sitting at the back of the carriage. Her husband sat opposite to her, and had not seen him, but she had, and the pale face was suddenly flushed with a deep crimson.

His first impulse was that of a madman, to rush after the carriage and tear the beloved of his heart from the man who was bearing her away from him. He darted into the road and began to run; then a small white hand seemed to glide stealthily out of one of the carriage windows, only a little way, and it dropped a glove. Leopold rushed forward and seized it. In the action of picking it up the carriage was a hundred yards away, and Leopold watched it, flinging up the dust as it went on, till at last it seemed blended with the cloud, and he lost sight of it altogether.

Then he felt his limbs giving way under him; his brain seemed to reel; he staggered to the bank, and fell senseless by the roadside.

VI.

HOW GERALDINE WAS WON OVER.

It is necessary for us to go back a little in order that the reader may understand the pressure that was brought to bear upon Geraldine to induce her to submit to the sacrifice that we have just seen she had consented to make.

Perhaps she had never asked herself, seriously, did she really love the young artist, so much in station beneath her? She had interested herself about him, that is certain; and her wishes that she could further him in his advancement in his profession had been true and sincere. The prodigality of the baron had also pointed him out to her as one whom she might interest in his behalf, and she had determined with herself to speak to him on the subject. She had even indulged in a day-dream as to what influence her union with the one or the other might have upon her own future existence. Probably had a third admirer appeared, suitable in station, prepossessing in appearance, and eligible in the eyes of her parents, the volatile girl of eighteen summers might have given a preference to neither.

It was only on the day following the proposal of the baron, when her mother went to her in her dressing-room to make that flattering communication known to her, and, as she intimated to her husband she would do, to prepare Geraldine for an interview with the baron, that she knew how much her heart was committed to the young artist.

"Geraldine," commenced her mother, in her blandest tone, "that was a lovely ornament the baron presented to you yesterday."

"Beautiful, mamma; and to give it to me, too, whom he has scarcely known six months."

"Do you remember the remark that he made when he presented it?"

"Something about its having belonged to his former baroness; but really, mamma, I was so taken by surprise, so confused, that I scarcely remember what he did say."

"He said," replied Madame Werner, speaking very deliberately, to give her words their full weight, "that the jewel was a portion of the family jewels, and had never before been out of the family."

"Did he say that? I am sure I wonder he should have given it to me."

"Do you like the baron?" asked her mother, suddenly, regarding Geraldine with a penetrating glance.

Geraldine felt her heart beat violently, but she answered her mother's question by asking another.

"Why?"

Madame Werner smiled, but she persisted.

"Do you not think him a very pleasant—a very agreeable man?" she said, pressing her former question.

"Yes, certainly; he is all that, and very good-natured, I am sure."

"The thing will be more difficult than I imagined," thought Madame Werner.

"Do you," she said, putting the question, like a skilful advocate, in a different manner—"do you attach no meaning to those words of the baron?"

"What words, mamma?"

"That the jewel was a portion of those always worn by the Baronesses Rosenthal."

"But, mamma, since there is no Baroness Rosenthal now to wear them——"

"But there may be, Geraldine—there may be."

"In that case, then, I suppose I ought to return it."

"Silly child," continued her mother, "I see I must enlighten you. Don't you see that, in explaining that the jewels had always been worn by a Baroness of Rosenthal, he expressed a wish that there might be a Baroness of Rosenthal to wear them?"

"Why, then, should he part with any portion of them?"

"And who would he part with them to," continued Madame Werner, anxious to bring about the explanation which she feared to make too abruptly, "but to the one he hoped would be his future baroness?"

"Me, mother, me!" exclaimed Geraldine, aghast.

"Why not, my love, why not? It would be a splendid chance for you."

"Oh! mother, mother," she said, a flood of tears coming to her relief, "it could never, never be."

"Calm yourself, my child, no doubt you are surprised; we will speak more of this presently. What a pretty sketch that is, Geraldine," said her mother, her eye falling on Leopold's little present, which was on the dressing-table; "who does it belong to?"

"To me, mamma."

"To you! Then you have been coaxing your father out of a little money; come, you are playing the baroness already, patronising the fine arts. Who is your protégé?"

This was very adroitly put, and it reminded Geraldine of a power that she might possess, if she were willing; but it also told her that the distinction between the baron and the artist was so great in the eyes of her mother, that any admission of the real state of her feelings was not to be thought of for a moment.

"I only wished," she said, "to have something to remind me of the school when we shall be away from here."

"And who was the artist?"

"Oh! Herr Sternemberg—the drawing-master."

She dared not speak of him in other terms to her mother, but the description grated on her ears, while it showed her still more clearly the gulf that there was between them.

"I hope you paid him handsomely, Geraldine; do you know what this is worth? A sketch like this, by a known artist, would fetch ten, perhaps twenty, guineas in London."

"I was not aware it was so valuable; I merely asked Herr Sternemberg to make me a little sketch of the house, and this is what he brought me," replied Geraldine, forced at last to an explanation.

"You asked! You did not pay him for it, then? You accepted it?" said Madame Werner, assuming an air of surprise. "How very imprudent! What must he have thought of you?"

"But, mamma, Herr Sternemberg is not a mere drawing-master—he is an artist, as you may see; he is a gentleman, and a man of very superior intellect."

"So, then," pursued Madame Werner, catching at these words, "you have had conversations with him—you have talked to him of other matters than those appertaining to your lessons. Upon my word, Madame Berendsohn ought to be made acquainted with the character of this young man to whom she intrusts her pupils. I must call upon her, and put her on her guard."

"Oh! no, mamma, pray do not," said Geraldine, unable any

longer to conceal her emotion, "it might ruin him; he might be turned away; and I fear, mamma, he is very poor."

"And yet you accept from him a drawing that must have occupied him a considerable time," answered Madame Warner, severely. "You seem to take a strange interest in this young man, Geraldine."

"I assure you, mamma," replied her daughter, sobbing—but the answer convinced Madame Werner of the very fact she wished to conceal—"I assure you that nothing beyond the coldest civilities have passed between us—there has been nothing wrong."

"Wrong!—no, Geraldine, I cannot think that for a moment."

Madame Werner divined precisely how matters stood, but she knew her daughter's disposition well; she judged it by her own. She knew that the best way of moulding her to her will was by not directly opposing her.

"Come, my child," she said, kissing her, "I am not angry with you. You have, perhaps, like other girls of your age, indulged in a dream that will be as fleeting as it was dangerous, but which your own good sense will soon make you see the folly of. What could it lead to? You know, my poor girl, that we have no dowry to bestow on you; the fortune your father thought to inherit passed into the possession of others, ourselves left scarcely enough to maintain our position—a position that has probably led this young artist to presume——"

"No, mamma, no! Herr Sternemberg has not presumed; he has never let a word escape his lips that—that I ought not to hear."

"I am glad to hear that, Geraldine; I was afraid from your anxiety that it had been otherwise. He will not be able to say that it was on his account that we have removed you from the school."

Geraldine saw that her secret was more than suspected by her mother, but, in her anxiety that Leopold should not suffer through her imprudence, she could not help pleading for him.

"Mamma, you will not say anything to Madame Berendsohn to compromise Herr Sternemberg. I am quite willing to leave the school if you cannot trust me; but oh! you may, you may."

"We will not run any unnecessary risks, my dear," returned Madame Werner, calmly; "but I promise you, Geraldine, that your amiable drawing-master shall receive no injury at my hands. I will even pay him for his sketch, since you wish to retain it; it will serve to show you, my poor girl, how very foolish you might have been."

If Geraldine had been mistress of her own actions, she would have returned the diamond brooch, and the drawing too; she

comprehended fully the position in which she would stand with her mother by suffering her to pay for the one while she retained the other. She knew, too, that the circumstance of sending money to Leopold in payment for his sketch would be to wound him deeply, and place an insurmountable barrier to her ever speaking to him again; but what could she do? She was a passive instrument in the hands of her parents, and they might dispose of her as they thought fit. She did not really dislike the baron; she was not blind to the immense advantages of position that a marriage with him would procure for her; and then the thought would recur to her, was there anything in the conversation she had had with the young artist to justify her in believing that he regarded her with feelings deeper than those of ordinary friendship? Could she judge of his heart by her own? It was a severe struggle that took place in her breast. On one side, wealth, power, and position; on the other, youth, reciprocity, uncertainty, and, perhaps, love; but love and power were weighed together, and love trembled in the balance.

Too wise to endeavour to stem the grief, and too prudent to interrupt the reverie of her daughter, Madame Werner stood gazing on her for a few minutes in silence.

"Come," she said, at last, opening the morocco case and looking at the diamonds, "are they not very beautiful? You seem to me, Geraldine, to be like the poor maiden in the story-book, who has had a fairy for a godmother, and who suddenly turns out to be a fair princess, endowed with all the wealth of a nation."

The illustration was not a happy one, for, in the story-books, there is generally a handsome young prince ready to marry the fair princess, and not, as in this case, a florid old baron verging very closely upon sixty; nevertheless, it seemed to awaken Geraldine from her stupor, and a faint smile crossed over her features.

"You will see the baron, love?" said Madame Werner, accepting the smile as a happy omen.

"See him, mamma! Is it then real what you tell me?"

"My dear child, it is; the baron had really a meaning in all those attentions which he paid you. Say you will listen to what he has to say to you; he will plead his suit better than I shall. And you, darling, you will make me the proudest and happiest of mothers."

Geraldine could not reply, but she fell into the arms of her mother, who held her there in a fond embrace. Did she feel no compunction as she felt that young heart beating against her arm? None! she only looked to the future.

Will it realise all those brilliant hopes she had indulged in for her daughter's happiness? We shall see.

What occurred between this interview and the morning of the marriage, it is needless to relate. The reader is already acquainted with the result. We will, therefore, return to Leopold, whom we left at the end of the last chapter overcome by the event of the day that had caused a black barrier to spring up across the threshold of his early manhood, barring out his hopes, thwarting his ambition, and seeming to deprive him of any desire for future exertion.

But youth is strong; it is not the heavy, sudden blow that knocks down manhood, but the moil of years passed in schemes that have dropped to pieces just as they have ripened, of plans laid down and acted upon only to end in failure, of struggles in which, do what you will, you are worsted at last: these it is that constitute the wear and tear of mind, and leave the worker at last incapable and helpless. It is not the will, but the want of opportunity, that bears the mind down and crushes all the manhood out of it. Oh! how false the proverb that says the hope of reward sweetens labour! Surely it should have been that the certainty of reward lightens it.

Leopold recovered from his swoon, and, in the early twilight, reached his home. He went straight to his own room, and flung himself upon his bed; no dreams disturbed his repose; he was far too exhausted to dream. Like the strong swimmer who has escaped the perils of the wreck and buffeted with the waves before he could find a place of safety, his body needed repose as well as his mind. He slept, and in the morning he rose refreshed—and with the light came reflection.

He had been faithless to his mission; he had suffered his thoughts to wander away from that which had been the object of his life—his devotion to his art. He would pursue it, then, for the future—giving it his whole and undivided attention; he almost felt that his powers were strengthened within him, because there was nothing that could now distract his mind or lead him away from the full exercise of them.

These were his thoughts as he proceeded to fill the knapsack with which he had already provided himself, and to pack such movables as he should wish to be sent on after him.

When this was accomplished he went down to the breakfast-room, and, though he was not very communicative, he was even more cheerful than usual.

Not a word was said about the marriage that had taken place in the town the day before; but Bertha knew of it, and a look which passed between her and her brother convinced her that he was cognisant of the event.

It was, therefore, with no surprise that she heard him, during

breakfast, make the announcement that she had been daily expecting to hear.

The good mother, though partly prepared for it by her husband, at first seemed inconsolable, but when Leopold put a good face on the matter and assured her he was certain to make his way, she bustled about and proceeded to put together certain little articles of male attire which he would very probably have left behind.

"I hope you will have room for this," said Bertha, going to a side cupboard and producing a neat little parcel done up in brown paper and tied very tight. "I have made it as small as I can."

The parcel contained a few new shirts his sister had made for him, as well as some stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs which she had purchased.

While these and such articles as the Frau Sternemberg could lay her hands on were being crammed into the knapsack by Bertha, Leopold went into the shop to take leave of his father.

"It will be all right when you get there," said the latter, giving Leopold the name of the banker he was to call upon written on a little slip of paper. "I will pay the money in this morning, and it will be there before you are, unless, indeed, you intend to take the steam-boat, in which case you may as well have it with you."

"No, father, I shall enjoy the journey on foot; it is what I have been long wishing for, and there must be many objects by the way that may attract my attention and be worth sketching."

Hain Sternemberg could only think of his old answer:

"Well, Leopold, you know best. God bless you, my boy, and send you may be prosperous. But let us hear from you now and then."

"Never fear, father, I shall write long letters to Bertha, because she will have the most time to answer them, and that will be the same as writing to you all."

By this time the knapsack was filled and fastened up, and Bertha assisted him in strapping it on. It was rather a bulky affair for one who was not by profession a travelling packman, but, as Leopold said, "he should get used to it."

A strong pine-wood staff (an alpenstock), such as are used by the mountaineers of Switzerland, completed Leopold's equipment.

He left a letter with Bertha, to be sent to his faithful friend Johaan Zwick, the vine-dresser's son, who had attended him so often in his evening rambles, and taking into one hand his box of artist's materials, made up into a parcel covered with oiled skin and well secured, with the other he grasped his staff, and prepared to depart.

"Good-bye, mother, don't be down-hearted; you will hear of me some day."

"Aye, that we shall," said Bertha. "I know, Leopold, you will come to be acknowledged as a great artist."

"Well, well, we shall see. Be sure you answer all my letters, Bertha, and now once more good-bye."

But the Frau Sternenberg could not say good-bye, for her sobs choked her utterance. She could only fold her boy in her arms, and smother him with kisses.

Bertha was more collected, but she could not see him depart with a dry eye when he kissed her for the last time.

Passing again into the shop, Leopold found his father with his hat on. He expressed his determination to accompany him a mile or two on the road.

At this moment, however, a light shower began to descend, and Leopold proceeded to dissuade him.

"Better wait till the shower is over," said the elder Sternenberg.

"No," said Leopold, superstitious upon this point as on many others, "it is unlucky to turn back, you know; don't you come, father. I shall have to travel through many a shower before I get to the end of my journey."

"Well, Leopold, you know best; don't make your days' journeys too long, and don't put too much confidence in any travellers you may meet on the road. Good-bye again, my boy, and may God bless you!"

Leopold embraced his father, pressed him warmly by the hand, and for the first time in his life turned his back upon his paternal home.

He had scarcely turned the corner of the street when Johaan Zwick presented himself at the tailor's. He generally came in the morning, in his breakfast hour, to know if his services would be required in the evening.

This morning he was surprised to find a letter left for him.

"Read it for me, Fraulein Bertha," he said to Leopold's sister, who had given him the letter. "I can read print pretty well, but I can't quite manage handwriting."

The fraulein proceeded to comply. It was a simple letter of thanks, couched in warm terms, bidding his humble friend good-bye, and enclosing a small *douceur*.

"What?" said the lad, "gone! left us all? Which road did he take?"

Bertha gave him the information. She thought he wished to run after her brother to bid him good-bye, she knew how much he was attached to him; but instead of following him, Johaan ran off in an opposite direction—in fact, towards his own home.

The rain continued to come down, and the wind blew it into Leopold's face, but he pursued his journey slowly; he knew he had a long day's march before him, and he did not wish to tire himself by proceeding too rapidly at first.

He had travelled perhaps a couple of miles when he heard his name called, and perceived a form running rapidly towards him.

He concluded it was a messenger from home, bringing, perhaps, something he had forgotten; he therefore made a pause, and awaited him.

He soon perceived that the swift runner was Johaan Zwick.

"I ought to have come round to you, my good fellow," said Leopold, holding out his hand, but I thought you might be at work on the hills with your father. I left a letter for you with my sister."

"I don't work with father any more," said Johaan.

"Not work with your father?"

"No, I've left him."

"Left your father! What do you intend to do, then?"

"Well, master"—this he said in his old way—"if you will let me, I intend to go along with you."

"Impossible, Johaan. I can't afford to keep a servant."

"I don't want any wages," said Johaan, earnestly; "I can pick up odd jobs enough anywhere to keep me, and I can be useful to you in the evenings. You'll not find any one to understand your ways as I do."

Leopold was greatly touched by this mark of attachment on the part of his humble friend, but he said:

"Johaán, you must be useful to your father, and I couldn't think of taking you away from him, even if I could afford to hire your services."

"I don't want you to hire my services, Herr Leopold," persisted the son of the vine-dresser, "I got your letter; the Fraulein Bertha read it to me, and I ran back to my father to ask him, and he is quite willing for me to go."

"I cannot prevent you, if you are determined to leave your father, from going where you wish. But consider, Johaan. I am going to a strange place—I don't know a soul where I am going—I don't know how I may do myself. How, then, can I advise you——"

"Never fear for me, master," interrupted the honest lad. "I will be no burden to you. Look, master, it is clearing up; there is a rainbow before us, which seems to open to us like a door. Let us go in."

It was as Johaan had said; the shower had suddenly ceased, a bright sunbeam stole through the clouds, and a magnificent rainbow spread out before them, crossing the road, and which seemed

so near that it appeared like a beautiful archway inviting them to enter.

"It seems to divide us," said Leopold to himself, "between this and some unknown land beyond, where there will be many strangers. I may need companionship, though it be only that of this poor, honest peasant lad." Then he added aloud, "Well, Johaan, since you have your father's consent, you may come with me."

"Good, master," said Johaan, falling a few paces behind him.

"No, Johaan, by my side, if you are to travel with me at all."

Johaán advanced again.

"Let me ease you of that parcel," he said.

"You have a tolerably large bundle of your own," said Leopold, pointing to a huge bundle which Johaan carried, knapsack-wise, over his shoulder.

"Only a few gardening tools and my Sunday traps," said the young peasant. "That knapsack will give you the backache before night. I am used to carrying loads, so let me take a spell with the parcel."

Johaán took the parcel with a little gentle force; it was a relief to Leopold to get rid of it, for it gave him his left arm free; and, with the beautiful Rhine flowing far beneath them, the two travelled till mid-day, when they found a small inn and rested.

Johaán, true to his plan, could not be induced to take any refreshment at Leopold's cost; he got a coarse meal, such as he was accustomed to, somewhere in the kitchens, while Leopold made a frugal repast in the travellers' common room.

Leaving them to pursue their journey, we must return to Bonn, now clear of four of the persons who have figured in our narrative.

BLACKLOCK FOREST.

XXIII.

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 Ran on the green sward. Nothing she does, or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself;
 Too noble for this place.

Winter's Tale.

WILLIAM MORGAN was at the Castle Vaults early on the day following that of Catherine's visit to the lodges; and, under his guidance, the Mute and Mary, dressed in their lowly best, were on their way direct to Blackleigh town, where Sir Richard's steward and Mr. Lovell were awaiting them at the office of the former. Lovell, having with astonishment perused Sir Richard's letter, enlightened the steward by intelligence equally surprising; so that they were sitting in mutual amazement when Morgan delivered the two young people at the agent's door. Lovell had not been aware of the particular clue he had given Sir Richard towards the recovery of his younger nephew, so that when Tony appeared before him (oblivious for the moment of the printed advertisement), the lawyer was only struck by the likeness of the Mute to Giacomo—not so startling as that borne by the latter to his father—but giving more comprehensive evidence to close family alliance. The presence of both Mary and the Mute was not less interesting in respect to bearing and manner than in regard to their equal personal beauty. Having greeted Mary with his blandest smile, Lovell took Tony by both hands, and was proceeding verbally to address him, when his fair companion said:

"Pardon me, sir, but you seem unaware that this young gentleman is deaf and dumb, and that I am with him only to hear and to speak for him."

This immediately brought Lovell to think of the advertisement, and he had then, after glancing over it, only to peruse the profile of the Mute to see standing before him *Francis Ridotti Blackleigh*—the lost son found! The good lawyer then sought from the agent's drawing-room an illustrated book upon the scenery of the neighbourhood, and signified to Tony—or, as we should now call him, *Frank Blackleigh*—that he was to amuse himself with that, while Mary was being informed of the particulars he was from her to learn. Lovell told *all*, and Mary listened as if she were not already acquainted with much of it, and, indeed, with more than

was narrated. Charmed by her manner and by the intelligence displayed in her interruptive questions and remarks (advanced with such apologetic modesty), he consigned to her the narration of the whole story to her lover. He did not forget the reference in Sir Richard's letter to their attachment; nor, in the knowledge of its cause, and in the observation of their personal graces, could he wonder at their mutual love.

"I will now," said Lovell, when he had concluded his recital in the hearing of the steward, "leave you to yourselves: only apprising you that we are expecting Mr. Goldrich and Mr. Giacomo Ridotti—that is to say (using only his English names), Mr. *Edmund Blackleigh*; and that, on their arrival, the two brothers will be, as such, introduced to one another by you; of all persons in the world the fittest to bring them together, even were it not rendered a matter of necessity by our ignorance—as *yet* (for you will soon have a school full of pupils) in the manual tongue."

The remarks of Lovell to the steward upon Mary's person and manners were in substance those of Polixenes to Perdita, which stand at the head of this chapter.

"The Morgans throughout," said the steward, "have ever shown much of the same quality. But these mislocations of natural refinement are not so rare as to be matters of wonder—the 'higher orders,' as they are termed, including many who have, more or less, lost the graces which as many of their inferiors in position have found. Among the cultivated flowers in my garden is just now to be seen a wild one of hedge-side origin, which tops them all in altitude, elegance, and delicate beauty: a foxglove, some seven feet high, bearing upwards on its single stem, from its ground-leaves of exquisite green, a matchless display of purest white flowers, the head of each capped by the bell of the next above, and the whole making an ascent of closely-packed spirals to the summit, a very wand for Queen Flora herself! On the other hand, I could show you a—well, a *person* of this town, who must have been a lady in verity, if blood, opportunity for education, good company, and the 'habits' that are said to be 'second nature,' could have made her one, but who is no more a lady than that common teacup is a tulip. She was the other day railing against 'the lower orders,' and in particular against her maid, for making a much better show than herself at church 'in their ribbons and things,' when the curate completely pacified her by saying, 'Ah, madam, do not distress yourself. We shall all find our proper level hereafter in heaven.' He looked slyly at me, as who should say, 'I've hit her;' but he was wrong; 'a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.'"

And now for the scene between Frank Blackleigh and Mary:

Mary. Tony, I said you had saved a high-born gentleman—*(he nodded)*—and that you were to be a gentleman yourself.

Frank. I do not wish to be a gentleman, if I am not so by birth.

Mary. I should have said that you *are* one; and, hitherto, by birth alone.

Frank. Then I cannot help it. But who says so?

Mary. He who was speaking to me; and the other admits it; and he whom you saved knows it; and Sir Richard declares it.

Frank. And my mother Catherine—

Mary. Acknowledges all; and that she is not your mother in truth.

Frank. She *is*, though not my mother by nature; and I love her the more—

Mary. As you should; for when she took you to her care, you had no parent.

(She then related her believed version of his abduction; of Catherine's appointment as his foster-mother; of the discovery that he had an elder brother; that he would immediately see his brother; and hereafter go with him to his grandfather, who was yet living abroad.)

Frank. Yes: if you go with me; and if they are kind to Mother Catherine; or I will *not* go. Who discovered my brother?

Mary. Mr. Lovell, one of the gentlemen you have just seen.

Frank. Who discovered that I am his brother?

Mary. Sir Richard; who has also discovered two living nephews, long supposed dead.

Frank. You will tell me next, that my brother and I are they?

Mary. You have, in jest, spoken the very truth. *(Frank stared wildly.)* Your brother and self are verily Sir Richard's nephews?

(The Mute uttered one of those hysterical sounds often before alluded to.)

Frank. Sir Richard my uncle! But is he ashamed to own it, that he is for sending me away? I had rather *not* be his nephew, to stay with him.

Mary. But you forget your brother. Would you rather *not* have a brother than go with him? Do you not wish to see him?

Frank. Yes, and my grandfather, if they will love you and Sir Richard.

Mary. Tony, you *have* seen your brother. *(The Mute bethought him where? and when?)* He is not one to be ashamed of; and he is as fond of the young man you saved as he is of himself.

Frank. I do not think now of him I saved. You have made me wish to see my brother.

(At this moment Mr. Goldrich and Edmund Blackleigh drove up to the house. Mary met them on the door-step, and, begging the latter to come into the room alone at her signal, she rejoined Frank.)

Mary. He has arrived, and will be with us in a minute, when I think you will remember having seen him before.

Frank. Is the young man I saved with him?

Mary. He is: they are inseparable; but you will recognise your brother.

(The signal was given, and Edmund entered. The Mute looked at him at first with rather disappointed than gratified surprise, but took him by the hand with respectful cordiality.)

Frank. I thought I was to see my brother?

Mary. My dear Tony, you thought rightly; this is your brother.

(The Mute shrieked! He saw at once all that he had been till this moment wholly unconscious of, and exhibited such emotion as caused Mary almost to regret that she had carried out her little plan for dramatic effect. Poor Frank fell back in his chair overwhelmed. Edmund's fraternal embraces were now such as to make up for his former restraint; but it was some time before (with Mary's aid) he could restore his brother's composure.)

Frank. Tell him he must pay me for his life by loving you as his sister and as my wife.

Mary. He hopes, sir, for his sake, that you may feel kindly towards me, as one whom he deeply regards, though much beneath him in rank.

(Edmund took Mary into his arms, and kissed her with full brotherly allowance.)

Frank. Tell him you have done for me much more than I have done for him; for you not only saved my life, but made it by your love more precious than it otherwise could have been.

Mary. He alludes, sir, to my long care of him as his nurse and companion, but in terms of such over-estimation that you would smile at their repetition.

Edmund made his brother stand erect, placed Mary before him, then, as a priest at the marriage altar, he put a ring (his mother's wedding-ring) into the hands of Frank, and so rehearsed the most binding act of the marriage ceremony. Now, for the first time, the Mute exhibited an exultant bearing under his newly-imposed gentility. The commingling of speech and pantomime continued

a short time longer, when, at Mary's summons, Mr. Goldrich and Lovell entered, to manifest such further interest in the blushing girl's favour, that Frank might have fancied a warrant for some degree of jealousy. The letter of Sir Richard to his steward, and all that had now and lately passed between the baronet, the steward, Mr. Goldrich, and Edmund, left nothing essential to be further revealed to *them*.

But surprises were yet in store for Frank and Mary, as well as for Mrs. Goldrich and Isabella. The two former were now moving on, as it were, through an avenue of enchantment, while the latter were wholly ignorant of the approaching final dénouement. Mrs. Goldrich and her daughter, during the absence of the gentlemen that morning, discussed the subject of the long-lost brother, the probability of his ultimate recovery, and the strange position of the baronet in being engaged to the purpose of his own deposition, supposing that months might be required to find the missing, if yet living, youth, and imagining the present occupation of Mr. Lovell and the steward confined to the legal substantiation of the elder brother's claims to the baronetcy. Where was Sir Richard? They knew of his absence from the Hall since the day of the interrupted marriage, but they were ignorant of his letter to the steward.

“Mr. Goldrich and Mr. Lovell,” Isabella said, “have cruelly monopolised Giacomo's company——”

“You mean *Edmund's*, my love,” was the mother's interruption.

“*Giacomo's* company,” continued Isabella; “and, more cruel still, he went off with them as unceremoniously as when he left us for Italy. Some *duty*, I suppose? Some *principle* more commanding than my attractions?—O, my dear, *dear* mother! pardon the silly words that have brought those tears into your eyes, and only just consider how what I heedlessly said proves my utter forgetfulness of what you *will* remember so determinately.”

“My love,” said Mrs. Goldrich, “I will not deceive either of you now or evermore. He said to me, ‘I am ordered off; but if I stop to speak to Isabella, I shall forget our united interests, and therefore I fly now to meet in a still happier hour’ (Isabella here looked as if another long trial of endurance was before her, till her mother resumed): ‘in a happier hour close approaching;’ and it may be close indeed, for it is now about the time when he expected to be here again.”

At this moment Mr. Goldrich returned, alone, but in a prodigious bustle.

“Now, wife,” said he, “kill the fatted calf, for the lost son is found, or will be shortly; that's to say, he's as good as found, and

you'll have before long another son-in-law; no, hang it, that's not it exactly; but your son-in-law that is to be has found his lost brother, with a sister-in-law that is to be; and the witnesses to the fact—a young gentleman and lady—will be here in half an hour, to stay until all is made clear to your willing apprehension. They are in the condition of Giacomo—Edmund—what's his name?—and Isabella; almost married, and therefore all but inseparable; by no means to be lodged in an inn, because, not only uncomfortable, but improper. Therefore, lose not a moment in preparing; only bear in mind they are a country couple, not accustomed to state apartments; so put the enamoured bachelor into the little room next Mr. Ridotti Blackleigh's, and the loving spinster into the governess's room next Isabella's; also, confine your observations to the spinster, because her bachelor is deaf and dumb, and only to be communicated with through her, though, saving in the parts of speech, there's not a pin to choose between them. Time has disallowed of their appearing in other than their ordinary rural habiliments, and circumstances have hitherto left them to their native rural manners; therefore, do you and Isabella dine in your simplest morning dresses to-day, and show with what exquisite taste in modest attire and bearing you can fashion yourselves to the occasion."

Never before had the good-tempered and placidly-cheerful merchant been seen in such a state of intoxicating hilarity. It is not improbable that the steward had produced a bottle of his "old particular," and that there might have been a thirstiness generated by the fevering excitement of the occasion. Mrs. Goldrich was perfectly confused by this strange outpouring of compound ideas and mystic intimation of principals and witnesses in couples; though, of apparently three parties, she could distinctly only make out two—Isabella and her lover, and the deaf and dumb gentleman, with his beloved interpreter, who she supposed were to bear testimony to the "lost son found," and to a sister-in-law never before heard of!

"Why, good Heaven," said she, after a pause, "are we to see the deaf and dumb son of the widow of Antonio—Tony, as they call him—and Mary Morgan, who was with him when they lived at old Rawbold's? But, whoever they may be, they shall have my hearty welcome. And now I think of it, the deaf young man, who was born in Genoa, may somehow have become instrumental towards the recovery of the lost Ridotti boy."

"You are right, my dear," said Mr. Goldrich, "in your supposition that you are about to see the Tony you speak of, and the pretty Mary Morgan; and you are to know also that he *has* been, as you say, instrumental to the discovery of the lost Ridotti, pro-

perly to be recognised as Francis Ridotti Blackleigh. Should you know the deaf Mute on seeing him?"

Mrs. Goldrich said she should not, but immediately afterwards she exclaimed:

"Stay; yes I should, if I may look at his profile. Do you not remember the remarkable peculiarity I observed in the child when he appeared in his mother's arms at Sir Richard's fête some twenty years back?"

"Right, wife. And do you not remember certain rather impudent remarks being made touching the child's dissimilarity to his father, and a complexional resemblance to the Blackleigh family?"

Mrs. Goldrich here looked reprovingly on her husband, and pointed to Isabella, saying:

"My dear Goldrich, consider! We had better hear no more of *that*."

"Nay," continued her husband, "you make a very rational mistake; but there is nothing to hear save what exempts the then suspected parties from all censure in regard to what you mean. Now listen. I call on you to believe (on evidence to be afforded you hereafter) that on the very day that child was born at Genoa, was there born the lost child of the deceased Edmund Blackleigh, brother of Sir Richard. Now, put that fact and the family resemblance just mentioned, together with what you will find in this paper, and with what you will not find as the lower termination of Tony's ears; and, when you have seen the young man's countenance in full, you will favour me with your conclusive opinion."

Saying this, he placed in Isabella's hand an old printed paper, headed "Genoa," dated twenty years back, and bade her translate it to her mother.

The reader will anticipate the amazement of both translator and listener, when it appeared to both that they were on the point of greeting the reunited brothers! Mrs. Goldrich seemed to be as much perplexed as convinced; but her daughter brought her calm discrimination to bear on the subject.

"The mere facial peculiarity," she remarked, "would not of itself have been conclusive; since, on my once saying to our curate" (this was he who replied to the high lady, when she was speaking of the presumption of the "lower orders"), "when I was calling him 'a very odd person,' he answered dryly, 'I am so, for I have no lobes to my ears.' This was a fact, proving that there might be even many persons incapable of wearing earrings; but, taken as a final evidence, without which all the rest might be open to question, I will stake, not only my ears, but the diamond drops

depending from them, on the truth of my conviction that the heretofore supposed Tony, or Antonio Barucci, is the Francis Ridotti Blackleigh spoken of by my father; and that my mother's imagined three couples are no more than two, Giacomo with myself, and Francis with Mary Morgan."

"So be it," said Mrs. Goldrich. "It is probable that Sir Richard may, by his influence and manners, have elevated the feelings and manners of the Mute and May; and indeed there ever has been a remarkable refinement about the Morgans; but how pitiable is the affliction of the young man, and how grievous will it be to the grandfather!"

Isabella replied:

"No, mother mine. Unconscious of his dumbness as an affliction, Tony has ever been happy and contented, or, if otherwise, only in the consideration of others. He had not known the delight of the love uniting Mary Morgan and himself but for the circumstances which occasioned it, and the grandfather will consider that but for those circumstances he might never have recovered his lost grandchild."

There was no time for more. A carriage drove up. The three Goldrich's were instantly on the door-step. Lovell, Frank, and Mary stood before them.

"Come, my dear fellow," said the merchant to the lawyer, "my people know all about it; we shall be only in the way till they seek us. Giacomo Blackleigh will effect all introduction and explanation; so let us go into the library."

The merchant then gave instructions to his man-servant to meet the carriage in the stable-yard, and to bring in the luggage, which, by the way, was nothing to speak of.

The Mute was immensely astonished by being taken fondly in hand by a wondrously beautiful girl, then courteously greeted by a dignified-looking matron. Poor Mary was equally amazed at being taken cordially in hand by the dignified matron, then embraced with sisterly fervour by the beautiful young lady. Then the two ladies seemed to be contending for Edmund Blackleigh, till they saw Frank and Mary Morgan waiting, hand-in-hand, for further instructions; and, lastly, they all swept higgledy-piggledy into the drawing-room, where Isabella took off Frank's neck-comforter, hat, over-coat, and gloves into the hall, while Mrs. Goldrich revealed Mary's pretty head and shoulders by the removal of her bonnet and shawl.

Then Isabella began chattering to Frank, in momentary oblivion of his deafness, though he seemed to understand almost every word she said; and Mrs. Goldrich made herself fluently unintelligible to Mary by fruitlessly endeavouring to commingle past

and present in a manner so confusing to both, that, after laughing for feeling's sake and crying for joy's, they all fell back in their chairs exhausted, and Edmund gaspingly asked if he might ring the bell for a glass of wine-and-water.

What a lull! When the butler came in, he might have fancied it was to revive the dead rather than to refresh the living.

"What do you please to want, ma'am?"

"Oh—a—wine and biscuits," said madam, "and—but stay; I'll go about the beds myself."

Away she went. On returning, she found, as the result of the wine and biscuits, that a mildly cheerful serenity prevailed.

"Miss Morgan," said she, "I hope Mr. Giac—Edmund and my daughter have taken care of Mr. Frank and yourself."

The poor girl, who had never been called "Miss" before, blushed; and Mrs. Goldrich, affecting not to observe it, prevented her reply, adding:

"But as you are now one of *us*, I may call you 'Mary;' and you must accompany Isabella over the house, to be made acquainted with your new home."

The real object being such converse with her, and with the servants in respect to her, as might at once put her quite at ease. She was so touched by the unequivocal kindness of the two ladies, that the grand things about her were comparatively unregarded. Enough of her romantic story was now known in the servants' hall; nor was there man or maid who did not rejoice in the final good fortune accruing to the gentle niece of William Morgan and his sister Bessie; so that from that day they be-*miss'd* her as if to make her used to it in no time.

Edmund was astonished at the quickness of his brother in comprehending him, and scarcely less so at his own facility of apprehension. The Mute's first signs were that Edmund should, in addition to his pantomime, slowly and clearly, *speak* the words expressing what he would say to a hearer. When the gong sounded for dinner, it was observed that Frank seemed to listen; but Mary explained, after questioning him, that he was only sensible of a vibratory motion in the air.

That he might not be left without his interpreter, Mary and the ladies remained in the dining-room till they all adjourned to the library, where, joined by Dr. Lovell and the steward, full conclave was held, as Mr. Goldrich expressed it, "to consolidate the joint-stock amount of their information." On the steward's reading aloud Sir Richard's letter, given in our last chapter, the hearers were deeply affected, and would have desired the writer's presence, had not his own wish for seclusion forbidden even the expression of it. All that Sir Richard desired to be known, with what

more, by his permission, might be made common among the company assembled, was communicated; and at this moment an express messenger brought the following letter for Lovell:

“DEAR SIR,—I write to *you*, supposing the last letter to my steward has been made known to all interested therein, and that Francis Ridotti Blackleigh and Mary Morgan are now received at Belmont, with the fullest belief in all my statements concerning them. My object in this communication is to improve upon the former one, by stating my intention to bequeath to my nephew, Sir Edmund Giacomo Ridotti Blackleigh, the estate of Blackleigh Hall, to be hereafter inseparable from the Blacklock baronetcy; only requiring, during my life, a certain annuity, and other arrangements in favour of my nephew, Francis R. Blackleigh, and the Morgan and Rawbold families; nor can I doubt the immediate concurrence of yourself and my heretofore wronged nephews.

“The conditions solicited will be made known to you by my steward, to whom I have forwarded them; and he will confer with you before he replies to me. I am now actually on my way to Geneva, where I shall take up my future residence, for reasons you may readily surmise. It is possible my nephews and my friends may see me again; but it may be otherwise; and, in thought of the less favouring probability, I bid you all adieu!

“RICHARD BLACKLEIGH.”

The women with [tearful eyes, and the men with thoughtful expressions, sat silent, excepting only the merry merchant, who burst into laughter at what he called a “fit of sentimental extravagance in his old friend Blackleigh, whose sudden impulse of over-bountiful reparation for an intended wrong had upset his common sense.” No argument could have so tended to restore the cheerfulness of the moment; and therefore we need not state the very sensible remarks he made, concluding with his reading aloud to his hearers the following “old song,” that he said had “turned up in his writing-desk,” on the subject of the trials that beset us in all the relations of life and love:

Oh, what were our joys without griefs in our history;
Concealings, revealings, and muddle and mystery?
If all things went smoothly, the strong ones would sicken,
And the eagle would bear but the heart of a chicken.

The vexings, perplexings, that come forth to fright us,
Are the trials of wrong, to prove—then to right us.
Toledo’s the toughest of blades, for it bends well,
And the prize for the trusting is “All’s well that ends well.”

What lady is won, if her lover but sigh for her ?
He is the true one who's ready to die for her.
 The shark cannot frighten the valiant pearl-diver ;
 And who plunges the deepest for woman shall wive her.

"Why, Edmund, you look abashed ! If our friend Hotspur would 'dive into the fathomless deep to pluck up drowned honour by the locks,' would not you plunge—aye, into the Black Loch itself, to pluck up our Isabella by her nut-brown tresses?"

"Oh, dearest papa," said Isabella, "never mention that horrible place—if only in thought of poor Mr. Wilton."

"Really," replied her father, "this dread of the mere name of a locality (which is inseparable from the very title your intended husband is to bear), with the mysterious secrecy now connected with it, inclines me to fear there is a new tragic something, if not worse, among its associations."

Edmund remained for several minutes in thought of the constant discomfort that must attend the secrecy suggesting Mr. Goldrich's suspicions, and he therefore solemnly thus addressed his hearers:

"There *may* be more (though the reverse of guilt) than Mr. Goldrich and others here are desired to know of associated with the Black Loch; but this could not be made generally known, without danger of revealing to public curiosity an especial retreat in seclusion that Sir Richard and others have the most innocent reasons for keeping secret. Mr. Goldrich has recited some merry verses, bearing wholesomely on some here present, and I will venture on a brief parable that may indicate the nature of certain facts that are only withheld for the reasons alluded to:

"Two brothers had been separated in their infancy. It was supposed they were both dead; but the elder was discovered to be living. He loved a lady; and suddenly hearing she was on the eve of being married to another, he rushed to a lonely lake with suicidal intent ! In its waters he would have perished; but he was saved, though life had been apparently extinct. Resuscitated, he found himself in the tender care of a young man and woman, with assisting others, who informed him that *she*, for whom he would have died, was not married, and that she only lived for *him* ! This was joy indeed; but more was at hand; for the young man, who had rescued him, proved to be his long-lost *brother* !"

The sagacity of the hearers was equal to the occasion. There was no longer any secret reserved from *them* as to the cause of the further secrecy required; but so far as regarded all others outside the forest bounds, the secret was now safer than ever. Not a question was asked. Mr. Goldrich was now subdued into gravity. Dr. Lovell and Mary had to attend upon the overwhelmed Isa-

bella; the lawyer and steward departed together; and so let this chapter end.

A word more. Neither Mrs. Goldrich nor her daughter had thought of looking at poor Tony's ears; being in their perfect satisfaction otherwise unmindful that a Barucci babe and a Ridotti babe might have been born on the same day, in the same locality, and with the same featural defect; but that the confessions of his foster-mother, corroborated by the statements of others ignorant of her existence, the family likeness, and all the indirect concurrent evidence to prove the family alliance—all this would not have counteracted the *dis*-proof of it, if Tony's ears had not been lobeless.

LONDON OF TO-DAY.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

WHAT is London in our day?
Monster city growing still,
Stage where all the passions play,
Bright with good, and dark with ill;
Mazy streets perplexing, winding,
Alleys, courts, past strangers' finding;
Square on square, and tower on tower,
Speaking wealth, religion, power;
When they seem at length to end,
On, like Alps, they still extend.
City growing, ceaseless growing,
Thy great mission never done,
Arms around thee wider throwing,
Carthage, Nineveh, in one.

What is London in our day?
People-masses, like the waves,
Surge immense, but laws obey,
Yet, obeying, are not slaves!
Ever through the streets they throng,
Urged by countless aims along;
Good men mourn for others' woe,
Rich men strive more rich to grow,

Needy starvelings hoping still,
By good chance, their purse to fill.
Oh, the sight of that vast crowding,
Minds, like bodiea, ne'er at rest!
Each his inner being shrouding,
Some most sad, and some most blest.

What is London in our day?
Civilisation's opened flower;
Mighty lens that draws each ray
Of bright science, art, and power;
Queen of commerce, at whose feet
All the Nations bowing meet;
Ships from every clime are riding
In that river, dusky gliding.
Tumult fills the City air,
Smoke a dun pall spreading there.
Chime, ye brooks, blow musky breeze,
In the country all the year!
Pipe, ye birds, 'mid rural trees—
No such happy Eden here.

What is London in our day? .
Home of fashion, throne of rank,
Pleasure tripping ever gay,
On life's sunny, flowery bank!
Music, theatre, and ball,
To charmed thousands ceaseless call;
Thousands feast, while, to and fro,
Thousands roam in want and woe.
These press warm and downy beds,
Those on door-steps lay their heads.
Some are clothed in purple sheen,
Others loathsome rags display;
Oh, the varied, wondrous scene!
Such the London of our day.

THE MAD DEAN.

A keen brain with a touch of madness.

HERE are three pictures. These two little oil-paintings lay for a long time unbought in a shop-window in Wardour-street. And the third—a print—was discovered on a bookstall in Holborn. The little oil-paintings are not portraits. Evidently they are fancy sketches drawn from some written description. But I think the artist who did them must have been a good, kindly man. Has he risen to fame, I wonder? Alas! I fear not. The canvas bears date twenty years back, and the initials correspond not to those of any whose pictures hang upon the Academy walls. They are the likenesses of two women. That one hanging to the left is of a pale-eyed, devout creature, with a sad smile hovering around the lips. She might have stood to Fra Angelico as a model for a Mater Dolorosa. The whole face gives you the idea of a great love, mingled with a great grief. But what strikes you most in the picture is the expression of the eyes. You remember Tennyson's line:

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

Such are those on the canvas. And on the lower part of the frame is written—almost effaced now from long residence in Wardour-street—the word STELLA. The other picture, that one hanging to the right, immediately under the somewhat mildewed engraving of Hogarth's "March to Finchley," is very different in character. Buxom, black-haired, and haughty, with a fine sneer drawing up ever so little of the edge of the nose, she must have been a woman to love or to dislike extremely. How those black eyes would have flashed in a moment of anger; how that bosom would have heaved; how that little hand would have become clenched! Ah! madam, I can almost fancy a dagger in that tiny hand doing devil's work, directed by those wondrous eyes. Underneath the picture there is this word written: VANESSA.

The third picture—the print of which I told you—is a portrait—a portrait difficult to describe, although it lies before me now. That work of art of which it reminds one most is the celebrated head of Cæsar, in the British Museum. The shapely mouth, the intellectual eyes, the firm nose, the determined expression in the face. It is in the matter of forehead that the bust and the print differ. The print gives the idea of a man with a receding forehead. There is a variety of information printed and written at the foot

of the picture. "B. Wilson, Fecit, 1751." That must refer to the engraver, as will appear presently. Then there is inscribed this legend :

DR. SWIFT.

Cives aliquos virtutibus pares et habemus et habebimus, gloria neminem.

PLIN. *Epist.*

Upon the very edge of the plate there is written in time-faded ink, by some former possessor—former possessor dead this many a year—the following interesting item of intelligence: "This head is taken from a profile in crayon by Mr. Barber, which belonged to Dr. Mead. Mr. B. published a vol. of poems under Swift's patronage." I have never seen Mr. B.'s vol. of poems. But I should like to see it, particularly if I knew it to be embellished (that's what they used to call it in those days) by Mr. B.'s sketches in crayon.

These three dingy reminders of a former time place before us the actors in a drama as touching and terrible as any ever enacted. They may help us to realise a story which contains in it a more varied experience of the beautiful and of the awful than any ever written. A story, truly, that has been told over and over again. Well told, indifferently told, badly told. Told generally with feeling on the narrator's part, and consequently leaning unduly in its deductions as to character to this side or to that. A story of passion, and pride, and jealousy, and indifference, and madness. The story of the love of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. So often indeed has the story been told, and, for the most part, so well, that a writer having no possession of new facts, gifted with no special power of analysis, nor having any original theory of causes to offer, must feel it incumbent to offer some apology for touching it at all. Still, surely one may speak words of reverence and praise, even though others have laid offerings upon the shrine. One may gaze lovingly upon the dead features. And if he feels what he writes, may shout honestly and sturdily, looking back upon the figures that spread themselves upon the background of the past: "This was the noblest Roman of them all." In his own time this was the greatest genius. Outshining the other as Shakespeare outshone his contemporaries; as the sun outshines the lesser stars.

In dwelling for a short time on the story (or on a part of the story) of Swift's life, we will do so in view of Thackeray's lecture, arriving eventually at an estimate of Swift's character, differing somewhat from the one adopted in that inimitable composition. One word in justification, or rather in explanation of our title. We trust that the line quoted immediately under it will free us from the charge of being even seemingly offensive. To any one

who has read the fourth chapter of "Father Prout's Reliques" the words will not sound jarringly, or seem inconsistent with the devoutest reverence, the most abject admiration, the sincerest sorrow.

In two papers contributed to this Magazine a few months ago under the title of "Thackeray and Sterne," we made an attempt to determine Thackeray's point of view in dealing with the Humorists; we endeavoured to define his method of criticism, and to indicate the various feelings which might be supposed to dictate certain lines of thought, and colour the ultimate deliverances of opinion. And our object in so doing was to account in some way or other for a fact which, in the face of any explanation whatever, must remain singular—namely, that the most satirical humorist of his own time declined to enter heartily into the universal homage which it has been customary to pay to such writers as Swift and Sterne. What was said at that time we cannot repeat now. We will simply state the fact, and appeal respectfully, if strongly, against the verdict. If the outcome of Thackeray's Lecture on Swift—one of the most vigorous pieces of prose ever penned—may be stated in a few words, it is this, that Swift was a man filled with the lowest and the most criminal kind of personal ambition; that he was cruel, treacherous, deceitful, revengeful; that he was filthy in word and filthy in act; that his favourite pastime was stabbing in the dark; that he cringed to every superior and bullied every inferior; that he was incapable of a sincere affection; that he knew women only to deceive, and children only to hate; that his patriotism was a carefully studied hypocrisy, indulged solely with a view to the furtherance of the petty and personal interests of the hour.

Surely a terrible picture. And if we suppose an admission of correctness in the main features (which we do not for a moment), does the author make mention of no redeeming traits, of no rays of light athwart this blackness of darkness, of no palliating cause in nature or in circumstance? Not one. The physical weakness against which the spirit had to contend is not urged; the early school of the soul is not pleaded; nor is there special mention made of that touch of madness which accompanies more or less all genius, and which in this case grew eventually so masterful as to overshadow what once it had nerved.

No! there he stands, the wicked man; every act of his to be judged as your acts or as mine would be measured. And the plain inference is this—indeed, it's no inference at all, but is stated in so many words in the Lecture on Steele and in the Lecture on Goldsmith—that mankind must be judged by a common standard. The falsest of all canons this. Why, there's Joynt, the butcher.

Well, Joynt is a respectable man—a *most* respectable man. He possesses in a large degree the *mens sana*, and it is palpably encased in the *corpore sano*. He never makes mistakes, he never says bitter things, and his family is the joy of the entire neighbourhood. Now, are we to be told that this gifted man, possessing his gifts with and by reason of his fatal mediocrity, is to be measured by a process the same as, or similar to, that adopted in the case of a human being largely endowed with a mind? God forbid! When we would discover somewhat of the heavenly bodies we call in the aid of astronomy. But to ascertain the cubical contents of a barrel of beer there is necessary only a smattering of mensuration. And the criticism which takes the rule of life most becoming to Joynt, and applies it with a view to the measurement of Swift, is false criticism.

The most deplorable result of a prejudiced opinion strongly stated by a great and popular man is this, that it is instantly adopted by a host of smaller writers, who take up the cry and prolong it feebly and clamorously in places where it receives unquestioning credence. Take a case in point. I have here a Handbook of English Literature, which has, I am informed, been largely adopted at educational establishments. Now, it is a primary desideratum in a schoolbook, which in a few hundred pages deals with a topic so immense, that there should be little more than a careful statement of facts, with here and there perhaps a cautious and clear criticism of certain books. If the school-master lapses into the essayist, he entirely misunderstands his position, and criminally forgets his responsibility. Mr. Collier, the author of the book in question—who is, doubtless, a very worthy sort of man, although his dearest friend would scarcely accuse him of possessing any literary ability—in speaking of Swift, speaking, mark you, words which are at this moment being read in a hundred class-rooms, takes up the cry, and gives us a chapter of the most nauseating Thackeray-and-water. Thackeray badly diluted is a terrible emetic. Judge for yourself, reader. King William, you know, met Swift once in Temple's garden, and offered him a troop of horse. Alluding to this fact, the following is the horribly cool way in which the writer contemplates the possibility of a stupendous blank in English literature:

“One cannot help wishing that Swift had accepted the troop. We should not, most probably, have had ‘Gulliver's Travels’ on our shelves, but the sabreing of French dragoons might have acted as a safety-valve to the poisonous humours which so many years of bondage had generated in his breast.”

In whose breast? Gulliver's? “One cannot help wishing,” quotha. Verily one cannot help wishing for an entrance into

every academy in which the handbook is used, and a free permission to destroy every copy discoverable. The mere reading of such a sentence is calculated to make the blood run cold. But there is more to come. Speaking of the two ladies whose portraits we have been admiring, and about whom, when we have done with Mr. Collier, we will have a word to say, he says:

"The two hearts thus moved with a strange tenderness for one who had so little of the amiable in his nature were kept dangling round him by the cruel genius, like silly moths round a lamp, until one after the other they were burned to ashes."

Poor moths! Poor Mr. Collier! Poor schoolboys and school-girls of the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy! I know what Thackeray would have thought of such a sentence. "What a hoighth of foine language entoitely!" I fancy I can hear him exclaim. There is much more in the chapter as correct in taste, and as historically accurate, as the foregoing, and as one seldom gets hold of a school-book now-a-days, it may be interesting to discover the way in which the young idea is taught to regard the English classics. It may console us to reflect, at a moment when the press is groaning in the publication of books far greater and grander than any ever produced—Homer and Shakespeare not excepted—that schoolboys are taught to hold Swift in contempt, to approach Pope on terms of easy familiarity, and to crack jokes at the expense of greatness generally. Here, then, is a little bundle of beauties gathered at random. "Gulliver's Travels" is spoken of as being "filled with the mad freaks of a furious, fantastic, and cankered genius." Bravo! "Of the last voyage we may say that none but a bad man could have imagined its events, and none but impure minds can enjoy such revolting pictures." Bravissimo! Speaking of Swift in his last days, he calls him "the lonely grey-haired lunatic." And alluding to his sad death, this pure mind, which cannot enjoy Gulliver, says of the loving and to the end beloved wife: "Stella was well avenged." When Thackeray speaks of Swift, it is one man speaking of another. But when from the highways and hedges of literature tiny hands are stretched forth to smite, and squeaky voices are raised to defame, it is Gulliver on the ground vast but inert, and held in the degrading meshes of the Liliputians.

And now to illustrate Swift's character by some account of his love—for he loved once and only once, and the woman that he loved he made his wife. And that woman he continued to love till she died. And till her death that woman continued to love him. And in that last stated fact—for that it is a fact we are all of us agreed, however we may differ as to particulars—is the answer to the charge of cruelty, of treachery, of filthiness. It

will not be attempted here to trump up any pretty pictures of complete happiness as existing in this union. Doubtless there were periods—it may be whole days, weeks—of serenity and peace. Of such periods the letters to Stella give ample evidence. But that the entire period of married life presents a scene of uninterrupted joy is what no man in his senses would write. That for one of the parties it was fraught with much misery is what no man in his senses can deny. It is a hard sentence to write, but there is no more harm in stating it than in holding it seriously as a matter of belief that this misery was the price which Stella had to pay for the priceless possession of the dean's affection. And there are women living now, I dare say, who would consider the treasure inexpensive at that cost.

The largest cause of a great deal of misconception in judging of the case of Swift and Stella arises from that species of cheap gallantry which, because it costs nothing, Englishmen are in the habit of evincing about matters not immediately affecting themselves. The facts that Stella was a grievously wronged woman, and that the wrongs under which she laboured hastened for her the end of all things, are taken for granted. Men draw a picture of her and fancy they can perfectly realise the position by supposing the circumstances concerning some one dear to themselves. In the background they draw in rough outline the figure of a terrible ogre enjoying the effects of his tyranny, and unmoved by the spectacle. Here are two questions, the answers to which may somewhat affect the value of opinions formed in this way: First, is it a very easy thing for an ordinary individual to realise Stella's position and to hypothecate the state of her feelings there anent? And second, was Stella the sole sufferer from the dean's insurmountable objection to a publicity being granted to the rites? In a word, did not this unaccountable shrinking from such publicity involve as much bitterness of spirit for the man as for the woman? And our answers to these questions are, that it is *not* possible for us readily to realise the position of the wife as understood by herself; and that in and by reason of the secrecy of his union, Swift was indescribably tortured, with a torture which was rendered more intense by the consciousness that at any moment he might have by his own act ended it for ever. As to the absence of an acknowledgment causing or hastening the death of Stella, we will, if you please, dismiss it as being inconsistent with the story, and flatly contradicted by the correspondence. There is an item of contemporary evidence against our view. It is the item, indeed, in which the whole story of hastened death takes its rise. John Earl of Orrery—a most humane and estimable nobleman, in a series of letters to his son, the Honourable Hamilton Boyle, whom

he tenderly addresses as "My dear Ham"—speaks of her as being "absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate." Women, as a rule, do not die by peculiarities of fate. So long as they possess the dearest of all treasures, the love of him they love, and can believe their lovers legally their own, the circumstances under which they hold the possession are mere secondary considerations. If we would know what a woman will relinquish in order to retain *that*, we have but to refer to history. And if we would fain hear the poet's comment, let us look for a moment at the most affecting and beautiful of the treasures of our early literature—the ballad of "The Nut-brown Maid." The lover in that poem urges as a reason for his bidding a final farewell to his lady-love that he is "a banished man," but the lady declines to accept the excuse—"For in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone." He declares that he must eventually die the death of his outlawry; that in the woods there are no comforts; that she would have to draw the bow; that she must sustain the thorny ways, the deep valleys, the snow, the frost, the rain; that she must cut her hair up by her ear, her kirtle by her knee; that there will be "no sheetes clean to lie between maden of thread and twine." And, supposing that this catalogue of miseries will deter, he says:

Lo, mine heart sweet, this ill diet should make you pale and wan,
Wherefore I to the wood must go alone a banished man.

But he urges vainly, for the reply is upon her lip:

Make you ready, for so am I, although it were anon,
For in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone.

He speaks of the ill-fame which her course would necessitate; how old and young would remark, that "ye be gone away, your wanton will for to fulfil." But the same answer follows: "I love but you alone." And then comes the final test. The lover declares that in the wood he has a paramour. Womanly affection can overlook even that, and in one of the most touching passages in the whole range of English literature, the blushing maid whispers to her lover that for his sake she will be "soft and kind" to the woman, and "corteous every hour."

For had ye loo* an hundred mo, yet would I be that one,
For in my mind of all mankind I love but you alone.

Woman's love in the year 1720 and in the year 1870 is exactly the same thing that it was in the year 1502, when that ballad was first printed. There were other causes than the tacit renunciation of marriage rites affecting the health of Hester Johnson during the three years which presaged her untimely death.

* Loved.

It is a matter of small moment to determine now whether Hester Johnson was the natural daughter of Sir William Temple, or the legitimate child of Sir William Temple's steward, or, as Swift himself puts it in his "Life of Mrs. Johnson," the daughter of "a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree." Assuming any of these statements to enshrine the exact truth, it contains the reason for Swift's conduct. Most unjustly he conceived that there existed here a taint which precluded public marriage. He loved her, and had he acted after the example of many a man in those days, he would have taken one of two courses; either he would have "thrown her over," as the modern slang has it, or he would have possessed her affection in the ruin of her fame. Taking into account the laxity of the age, remembering his own pride, considering the hundred temptations that presented themselves, and the thousand examples which might have weighed with him, be it recorded to his eternal honour that he adopted neither of the two alternatives—he married her. We are apt to overlook sometimes what a man might have done, in judging what he really did do. The Earl of Orrery, virtuously expatiating on Swift's course and on the parentage of Stella, denies that she was the natural child of Temple, "because," he says, "the same false pride that induced him to deny the legitimate daughter of an obscure servant, might have prompted him to own the natural daughter of so eminent a man as Sir William Temple." Spoken like an aristocrat, but spoken in utter forgetfulness of the spirit of much of Swift's writing. But there are other things to be taken into consideration as affecting Swift's determination, besides this taint of birth. What was the earlier relationship existing between Swift and Stella? Was it not that of pupil and teacher? Thackeray, with one of his happy touches, places the girl before us, "the housekeeper's little daughter, with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face." She is a childish, simple girl, looking up to this oftentimes sad and sometimes angry countenance, and begging for instruction; reverencing him exceedingly, and profiting much by every word of his. Supposing that Swift had not met her in those early days, there never would have been any Stella. Little Hester with black ringlets would have developed into big Hester with black ringlets. But a mentally undistinguished Hester. It was he who sharpened that wit, who cultivated that intellect, who refined that taste, who stored that memory. All the wit, and refinement, and culture, all the brilliancy and ability which made her so agreeable to so many great people, all that made her worthy of the love of Swift, she owed to him.

Admitting that the dean had an exceptionally fine nature to

work upon, still can you not think of these circumstances as affecting the relationship, and can you not allow it to be in some degree exculpatory? No? Well, at least you must admit this, that Hester Johnson's early and extensive experience of Swift must, to a woman of her perceptiveness, have given her a tolerably complete knowledge of his character, and of those peculiarities of character which are termed eccentricities; further, that the principles which he had inculcated, and the opinions which he had expressed, must have resulted in a knowledge of what she must undergo in case of his falling in love with her and offering her marriage, if indeed it could not succeed in entirely reconciling her thereto. After all, a secret marriage, an' the husband be faithful, is better than a lover with a paramour in the woods, so Hester Johnson, having counted the cost, commits the act with open eyes:

For in my mind of all mankind I love but you alone.

What the story of the married life of Stella was you know from the dean's letters to her when he was away in London and she remained obscurely in her lodgings in Dublin; from what men have written, and spoken, and sung. But don't accept what the Earl of Orrery says concerning the cause of her death. It's a cruel thing to believe, and an unnatural one to state. Judging from the warm description which his lordship gives of Stella's personal charms and the asperity with which he alludes to Swift, I cannot help thinking, "my dear Ham," that your noble parent had a sneaking regard for the wife, not unaccompanied with a latent jealousy of the husband.

And now we turn Stella's portrait to the wall and look at that other picture. It will be an easier task to write of Vanessa, if those mild eyes are not regarding us. And so this is Vanessa. I have said that the painting is evidently evolved from the artist's imagination. He had carefully read, doubtless, all that had been written, and possibly heard a great deal that had and has *not* been written. Then, seemingly, he had devoted some time to the study of Rubens' wonderful compositions in the National Gallery. And then he gave us his idea—and no bad one either—of the voluptuous, almost vulgar beauty of the lady who, because of one attachment, has become historical. It is this part of the story of Swift's life that has an element of the terrible in it. This Dutch lady fell in love with Dr. Swift, and, right or wrong, was for marrying him. She loved him with a fervour almost fearful to contemplate. She so plagued him with her demonstrative protestations that eventually he flew into a violent rage with her, refused to see her or to correspond with her, upon which the Dutch lady took Dr. Swift's name out of her will—and died. Died of rage, of mortification, of pent-up and baffled passion.

Esther Vanhomrigh—"the name is pronounced Vannummery," considerably remarks Lord Orrery—appears from all accounts to have been afflicted with two evils, which, under other names, all right-minded young ladies pray against when they go to church, vanity and ambition. To some extent Miss Vannummery was able to satisfy her vanity in the ordinary ways. She could order fine dresses and expensive jewels; she could dazzle small men with her witty pertness; but her vanity was still not quite sated. To have given her complete satisfaction she should have been generally regarded as the mistress of Dean Swift; her ambition went further, *that* made her long to be known as the dean's wife. But it was not to be. She was to be gratified neither in the report of concubinage nor in the fact of matrimony.

This, after all, is a horrible picture to gaze upon, this woman's heart being gnawed out by an unfulfilled desire; this woman dying in the long run by reason of her fatal vanity. Dean Swift's own feelings with regard to Vanessa are left us in Dean Swift's own words. She flattered him, and to some extent, possibly, appreciated him. Appreciative flattery—if that term be admissible—is a species of incense by which few men are entirely unmoved; besides which, Miss Vannummery's undisguised affection was in itself a tribute of admiration. And so the dean, not disliking it altogether, was found often in her company, enjoying her conversation hugely, and paying it back with interest.

It is quite true that Swift's own account of his acts and feelings must not always be received as exact truth. He disguised his soul. He was determined that no man should read *his* heart. But as the heart was by no means engaged, in the Vanessa affair the pretence for disguise had no existence, and the account in "Cadenus and Vanessa" may, I think, receive all due credence. He there describes Vanessa calling for "the poetic works" of Cadenus, unaware of the presence of the boy who "in secret lurks," and who (when he commits this outrage the dean calls him an "urchin"), selecting a dart of "prodigious length," propelled the missile "with all his strength," so that it pierced the feeble volume and transfixed the Vanessian bosom. Cadenus, far from rejoicing in the success of the urchin's aim, thus lectures the wounded maiden:

VANESSA, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes, with reading, almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanc'd in years:
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor further looks but thinks him young.

She might have read her fate in those lines and have fled. But vanity blinded her, so she died; for all the time her hero was clinging with profound if secret devotion to his "Dear Stellakins," his "roguish, impudent, pretty M.D.!" We have done with Vanessa. Let us turn the pure face of Stella to the light.

Read in the light of these two stories, what manner of man was this Dean Swift? Cruel, repulsive? How then account for lifelong devotion of one woman and the overwhelming passion of another? Or will you prefer to take his books and read his character from them? Why, then, is it that you keep in the background those whole pages of genial and sunny humour, of innocent joke, and quaintly perpetrated pun? Why judge him solely by those works of his which give us least of the man and most of the politician? Why search sedulously for the possibility of a misconstruction? Why even, when taking him solely as a politician and pamphleteer—not the greatest of his glories being gained in those capacities—is dishonesty and insincerity suggested where the printed page gives no hint of dishonesty and insincerity, and where the printed page and the performed act do not give the lie to each other? He was no Irishman, says Thackeray, and then, knowing that all his political acts were performed with relation to the sister island, he is forced to declare that his patriotism was a mockery and a sham. How are we to judge of the honesty of a patriot? Is our own verdict on the life, or the verdict of the country in behalf of which the patriotism was displayed, to be accepted as the candid and final one? If the latter, the denial of Swift's insincerity is complete. It is generally known that when he lived in Dublin, the dean was so popular that lives would have been freely offered for his safety.

Possibly it is *not* generally known that at the present day there is no name more revered by the Irish peasantry than that of Jonathan Swift. I will take you into an Irish cabin, and at the mention of that potent name I will evoke an expression of reverence and respect, equal in intensity only to the expression of detestation and horror which would be elicited by a mention of the name of Oliver Cromwell. And his spirit has lived and lives in that country. Quite recently I was shown some numbers of a humorous and satirical journal lately started in Dublin, and which to a mind depressed by a frequent perusal of what are popularly known as "comics," is positively refreshing. A credit to any country, *Zozimus*—for so the paper is called—is especially creditable to the country, the organ of which, to a great extent, it is. And the spirit that gives it breath and life to-day is the same spirit which won popularity and affection for the Dean of St. Patrick's a hundred and fifty years ago. But after all this question of the nativity of great men is

for the most an empty and vain pursuit. Genius knows no geography. Its birthplace is the universe, and all that is contained therein is its birthright.

But we must not be further prolix. That "great genius and mighty intellect" was dashed always with a touch of madness. In that, and not in depravity in natural badness, find the true secret of some chapters of his life, which are sad and strange. Of that madness he was himself conscious. Great, lonely spirit! As I fancy his outline athwart the panorama of his time, I recal what some one quoted—Boswell records the story—as the great lumbering figure Dr. Johnson stalked into view: "Look, my lord, it comes." But the quotation in our case applies to the motion of a great spirit, and not to the appearance of a bulky body. That last scene of all when the touch of madness became a thick darkness; it has been written about frequently—too frequently. It is a dreadful sight to see. Well for thee, Stella, that thou didst not survive to witness *this*. Let us turn away from it. Let us turn away from it.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

STRAY THOUGHTS AND SHORT ESSAYS.

IV.

ON THE COMMON DISTINCTION BETWEEN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALITY.

THIS distinction, so commonly made in modern times, is fallacious. The idea is that a man may easily be a rogue in public matters and honest in private matters, or *vice versâ*. This distinction arises from the common tendency to take low views of duty, and to compound for performing all our duties by the discharge of some of them. Instead of striving to be honest in all matters alike, men fall into the way of contenting themselves with honesty in some matters. In other words, instead of endeavouring to elevate their practice to their theory, they lower their theory to their practice. To countenance this proceeding they vaunt the distinction above referred to, and seem to think it not only possible, but a very common case that a man is honest in one of the grand relations of social life and dishonest in another. But a little reflection will show the fallaciousness of this distinction, the frailty of this partial honesty. Why is a man dishonest in any one of

his capacities? Because he thinks it his *interest* to be dishonest. It follows that whenever he may *think* it his interest to be dishonest in another of his capacities, he will be so. Hence there is no *valid* security for his honesty in that other capacity, and no security at all, except his view of his own interest. Now we never can have any assurance as to what such a man, under certain circumstances, may *think* to be his interest in this other capacity.

A deliberate delinquent in one capacity must be a rogue altogether. Conscience makes no distinction between public and private misconduct; the common sense of mankind is against the distinction. Can we think, for instance, that a man who has deliberately betrayed his party, and abandoned it at a time when his co-partisans cannot guard against the consequences of his defection, can we feel such a man to be trustworthy in private matters of importance, where his honesty must be wholly depended upon? Or, *vice versâ*, can we expect a man who has been guilty of gross private treachery, the malicious revelation of honourable confidences, the betrayal of friends, to be an honest man in public matters, when dishonesty would serve his turn? In neither case has the man the *principle* of honesty; and what is to be thought of the honesty of that man who is without the principle of it? In point of fact, mankind in general, not excepting those who are fond of pressing the aforesaid distinction, do not *themselves* trust a man in one capacity who has proved himself a rogue in another. Would a man, for instance, who had been convicted of dishonesty in private matters, be prudently charged with a public trust? Then on what ground can a man who has been guilty of political dishonesty be thought trustworthy in private affairs?

No doubt, if we could know a public knave's whole life and history, we should find him unprincipled in private affairs. Experience is in favour of this supposition; all who know the private life of some man who in public life has wilfully violated the laws of honesty, know him to be such a man as they themselves cannot confidently trust in his private relations.

As to facts, how depraved has been the *private* conduct of most political rōués! Witness, John Wilkes, many of the heroes of the great French Revolution, Mirabeau, for example, Fox, Sheridan, and certain of the chief actors in the revolutionary disturbances of 1848-9 in Paris and Vienna, whose memory in most instances has now nearly perished from the world at large, but not in many private circles.

In fine, he who acts with the single eye and pure intent in either capacity will act similarly in the other; while corruptness in either will be accompanied with corruptness in the other, when interest would seem to point to corrupt conduct in it, notwith-

standing some apparent inconsistencies which the history of mankind presents.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

The men who dominate over others are they who seem to have no misgivings, but that everything they say and do is the right thing. If a man "believes in himself," others will readily believe in him. Unfaltering self-confidence is the parent of personal influence. The strange thing is that this self-confidence is often possessed by men who really have no right to it. There are bad people who so thoroughly believe themselves, or seem to believe themselves in the right, that others too will believe them to be so. This self-confidence is only another name for strength of character or force of will, which always gives ascendancy over other men. People can with difficulty be brought to believe that such persons are not in a right course—are not worthy of imitation. The hesitating and diffident bad man is an object of general contempt and dislike. A mixed and fluctuating character goes for little or nothing in the general estimation. Bad or good, if a man seems to believe in himself, others will believe in him, follow his leading, and quote his authority.

A SIMILE.

As when you draw the curtains of a room at night you think that the sunlight will be entirely excluded, and notice not the little interstices which you have left, and which, when the flood of daylight is poured forth, will be disclosed by its beams, so small defects and flaws in the character lie unconcealed till the daylight of the open world poured upon them brings them out in all their reality and clearness.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Everybody appears in a somewhat different light, and stands in a different relation, with every different person who knows him. No two people have the same impressions from the same object.

VANITY.

It is easy to condemn vanity, but when we see how largely it enters into the motives of many characters, and to what useful results it may lead, it were better, instead of passing an indiscriminate condemnation on it, to determine within what limits it should be restrained, and what are its proper ends and uses in the formation of character, in the composition of motives, and in the promotion of social good. As a secondary and auxiliary motive it may be good, and it is very often allied to amiable and generous qualities and warmth of heart.

WHICH SHALL IT BE ?

A SEQUEL TO "WORTH THE WINNING."

XXII.

A FLOOD OF TEARS.

"KATIE!" cried Mrs. Treeby.

Kate looked up, and seeing her mother at the window, stopped and leaned back against the parapet, looking up at Mrs. Treeby, and twitching a flower that she held in her hand. It was most graceful abandon; it made an enchanting picture. The dainty little hat on her head had got pushed back from her forehead, and showed her face radiant with health and sparkling with vivacity and intelligence. Her roseate cheeks glowed against her milk-white skin; a sunbeam sat on her brown hair, enriching its glossiness; the full sunlight flooded her figure, incomparable for roundness and symmetry; she was Hebe, smiling with perpetual youth.

"My *darling!*" exclaimed Mrs. Treeby, no less in fondness than in admiration.

"Mamma, I was looking for you. I wondered where you had gone. We have been through the picture-galleries; such splendid pictures! Why didn't you come with us? What made you hide yourself up there? You look like an old lady of the middle ages, whom some knight or somebody of that sort has run away with and shut up in his castle."

"Come up to me, my love," said Mrs. Treeby, a little gravely.

She had observed with some uneasiness for some time past a change in Kate's manner. She thought she detected an excitability, mingled occasionally with a certain flippancy and artificiality of tone which contrasted painfully with her old free and natural temper. She had not been blind to Kate's restlessness and unsatisfied demeanour during the interval they had spent at home. There had been a ball lately at Ashleigh, Kate's first ball, in which she had seemed to "walk in beauty like the night," and where she had danced with wonderful ease and grace, considering her sole knowledge of that accomplishment had been derived from one or two practicings about a week previously with Lady Mary and the Duc à Duc children. Kate had been wild about the ball ever since, and seemed to think there was little worth living for but dancing. In fact, at the present moment Kate was intoxicated with the new life to which she had been transplanted, and Mrs.

Treeby was becoming always more painfully conscious that her daughter's innocence had received a worldly tinge. She was the more struck with the change just now because she felt a little hurt at Kate's apparent lack of interest in the reasons which made The Clumps so dear to herself. It was quite *natural* that Kate should forget the peculiar interest of the place, and be absorbed with the merry party in the picture-gallery; but still she felt that it was not quite like her own old Kate, the Kate of Treeby Cottage, whose first thoughts and sympathies were always for her mother.

"Well, mamma," said Kate, entering the room, "you *are* a hermit. Fancy shutting yourself up here all this time."

"This is my old bedroom, Katie."

"I was hunting for you, mamma. I remembered you said you would show me your old haunts. *This* was your room, was it?"

"Yes, dear. What do you think of it? Can you picture me to yourself, Katie, as a girl a little older than you are now, with cheeks as rosy and fat? I was as fond of riding as you are. Look at that riding-habit hanging upon the door; I could almost believe it was mine. Shall we take a look through the old house together?"

They wandered along the corridors, and pierced into all the hidden nooks, and crevices, and remote recesses, and undreamed-of bye-passages with which Mr. Buxton had been pleased to diversify his mansion. They visited every room, and Mrs. Treeby called up the old scenes and circumstances associated with each. This was Edward's bedroom, and that was dear George's; here they used all to play blindman's-buff or battledore and shuttlecock on rainy days; and there, "in that room, Katie, your father used often to come when I was practising at the piano, and make me sing 'The Girl I left behind Me.'"

"Did he?" said Kate, laughing. "Well, I never could have imagined papa doing that."

"It is more than thirty years ago," said Mrs. Treeby.

"Was papa fond of singing?" asked Kate.

"I think he liked comic songs. He was always full of spirits, and liked a song that was spirited, or, as people say now-a-days, jolly."

"You must have been very happy in those days, mamma," said Kate.

"Very, very happy," said Mrs. Treeby, in a choking voice, and pressing her daughter's hand passionately.

"Dearest mamma," exclaimed Kate, throwing her arms round her mother's neck in her impulsive fashion, "you haven't always been happy since then, mamma?" she whispered.

"Dearest, I had to learn a lesson which seemed hard at first, but which I am the better and the happier for having learned."

"What lesson?" asked Kate.

"My love, to know what life means, and to know what I am in the world for. Life is a schoolroom, and I thought it was a playground."

"It seems much more like a playground than a schoolroom to me," said Kate.

"I wouldn't for the world wish you to take a dismal view of life, dear Kate, but it has its serious side as well as its bright."

"Now, mamma, you are beginning to preach," said Kate, with a laugh. "I suppose I shall see the serious side when I get as old as you; why shouldn't I enjoy the bright side in the mean time?"

"My love, my love!" said Mrs. Treeby, stroking her daughter's hair caressingly.

"I wish Archie would come," said Kate.

"Is he not to be here this week?"

"He is not quite certain. Some college friend of his wants him to go to the boat-race. Isn't it a nuisance?"

"Is he bringing his friend Mr. Mannors with him?" said Mrs. Treeby.

"Oh, of course," said Kate, rather sharply. "Mr. Mannors seems to follow Archie about like his shadow. I never hear of Archie being anywhere but his satellite, Mr. Mannors, is duly in attendance."

"What is your grudge at Mr. Mannors, my dear?" said Mrs. Treeby, a little surprised at Kate's vehemence of tone. "Look, Kate, this is the west wing, and this was your father's bedroom. Do you see what a fine view there is of Wandon church? Dear old Wandon church! It is quite natural, I think. Mr. Mannors is Archie's greatest friend, and, Lady Boulder tells me, has proved a friend to him in the best sense of the word."

"That's no reason why he should follow Archie about like his dog," said Kate, impatiently, and writing on the ground with her parasol. "They say he is badly off; perhaps that has something to do with it."

"Kate!" cried Mrs. Treeby, turning sharply round to her daughter in mingled anger and astonishment, for she did not conceive it possible that she could have made such an insinuation.

"Well, mamma, I think it is very hard that he should be always—always hanging on to Archie. He has an uncle, why can't he go to him? Why is he coming here?"

She spoke with such an excitement, almost passionateness of manner, that Mrs. Treeby could only look at her flushed face and her eyes, in which some tears had gathered, in mute wonder.

"My dearest Kate, do compose yourself. I do not understand

this sudden aversion to Mr. Manners. You seemed to have no such feeling towards him when he was here before."

"Things were different," said Kate, emphasising the words with her parasol on the floor. "I want to have Archie to myself, and Archie will want Mr. Manners for ever at his side, I know he will. I must get Archie out of that. He has numbers of other friends much more his equals—Lord Vincent Naseby, for instance; he has rank and money like Archie. Archie is everlastingly talking about Mr. Manners, and so is Mary. I am sick of the name of Manners."

Mrs. Treeby look distressed. She was obliged to acknowledge to herself that Kate had been spoiled by the events of the last three months, and she had thought Kate such a paragon that nothing could spoil her.

"Oh, Katie," she said, "how can you speak in that bitter way? And to taunt Mr. Manners with his poverty and want of social position! What are we, what are you, my love? Are we a bit better in respect of those things than he? and yet you, you know, hope some day to be——"

"*Mamma!*" cried Kate, almost fiercely, and with her face a burning scarlet.

"Well, dear?" said Mrs. Treeby, soothingly.

She stood biting her lips, and scraping on the floor with her parasol, as she muttered, her face still all in a flame, "What is he coming here for?—such a curious, incomprehensible creature; I hate him!"

Mrs. Treeby went up to her and put her arm round her neck.

"Dearest, I want to ask you a question; do you really love Archie? I mean do you love him as every girl ought to love the man she is going to marry, with all your heart and soul, and for himself alone? Would you love him as much if you were to be told to-morrow that he was plain Mr. Tarncliffe with three hundred a year?"

She put her mother's arm aside, and said angrily, "Of course I love him. How could I help it? *Mamma*, that is a strange question to ask."

"Don't be angry with me, dear. I meant no harm; but sometimes I have doubted that you loved him to the extent I mentioned."

"And—and supposing I didn't, what then?" she said, still angrily.

"Why, then, dear Kate, you would be acting dishonestly to yourself and dishonestly to him; and if I were certain of that, I could not sanction your union."

"*Mamma*, six weeks ago you yourself sanctioned and blessed our engagement," she cried vehemently.

"I did," said Mrs. Treeby, gravely. "Did I do that which I ought to regret and repent in sackcloth and ashes?"

Kate moved a few steps away, and Mrs. Treeby watched her with a concerned and yearning face, as she bit her lips and kept her eyes fixed on the ground. She stood without speaking for a moment; then all at once her lips began quivering, and suddenly she turned and hid her head in her mother's breast in a burst of passionate weeping.

"My own, own darling," whispered Mrs. Treeby, in astonishment, as she pressed her closer to her bosom; and she heard her murmur between her sobs: "I wish—I wish I hadn't said that of him."

LETTER FROM COBLENTZ.

August, 1870.

MY prompt exit from Germany in July seems to preclude the idea of my writing from any town in that country in this month of August. Yet my mind is so much in Coblenz, that I allow it to speak from the place in which it is. I see that town as I saw it at the end of June. All was then peace and gaiety. If we found many military there, they brought no thought of war. They seemed only meant to enliven the ladies by the glitter of their uniforms, and cheer them by the music of the regimental bands giving their concerts in the pleasant walks one evening on this side the Rhine, another evening on that. The air everywhere was full of the sweet odour of the lime-trees, growing in the open places of the town and in the wider streets. High over these flitted perpetually numbers of swallows, making their shrill little cry audible above all the noises, musical and non-musical, military and non-military, in the thoroughfares below. I could not see them darting from under the eaves of the houses—could not listen to their call without saying:

*This town hath a pleasant seat, the air
Sweetly and nimbly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses; this guest of summer
The temple-haunting martlet doth approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, or coign of vantage, but that bird
Hath made his procreant bed and pendant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have remarked,
The air is delicate.*

During my first week, when the weather was intensely hot, I was far from disposed to agree in this estimate of the delicacy of the air in places loved by the temple-haunting martlet. At the end of that week there came a great storm of thunder and lightning, followed by a heavy fall of rain; afterwards, for as long as I was permitted by the hurry of events to stay in Coblenz, I thought that its air did sweetly recommend itself and was delicate. Nothing could be more beautiful, more enjoyable, than the Rhine walk was, with its trees, gardens, and little *châlets* for those who required the refreshment of coffee or of ices in the afternoon, and for the young ones who desired the more substantial support of a good German cake.

This scene comes back to me sometimes in all its gay colours—with all its gay sounds:

The laugh of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children in their earliest words.

Then, again, I see nothing but clouds of gunpowder smoke, hear nothing but the roar of cannon.

As yet, however, Coblenz has been safe from that. A week has passed since we left it; we have come to the 1st of August, and nothing has been heard of but trifling affairs. My friend there writes to me that the aspect of all around the town and within it is grave and threatening. Men are busy, not only in the day, but in the night. Those who, like her brother, are allowed from the state of their health to escape military service, do not escape arduous duties. He superintends the cooking and preparing of food for the soldiers, and the distributing of it to them. She is making her house ready for the reception of the wounded who may be sent to her, to whom she will be nurse. She has undertaken such a task before, and performed it admirably—and admirably does she prepare to undertake it again, although at this moment she might well say, "Woe is me! my house is left unto me desolate," and might wish to fold her hands and sit down to weep. Yes! but she has no husband, no children. The desolation in her house is caused by the departure of strangers from it. What is that to the desolation of thousands of homes from which are gone husbands and fathers, with slight hope of ever beholding wife and child again? Theman knows how slight the hope—the woman tries to believe in the hope she must retain—the child is too ignorant either to hope or fear—happy in that and in a sorrow which is short-lived and does not burden the memory.

But this month of July that had so startled the world with the alarm of war—and which had startled me away from pleasant Coblenz—came to an end. We are in August. Still no news

of a battle between the two great armies who stand face to face, ready to slay and to be slain, for what cause they themselves know not—no one knows; the Heaven above us may know, that is all we can say. Still there are none of us who have not expectations on one side or other of the combatants. The 1st of August was Monday. London was rife with the notion that there had been a great battle fought on the Sunday, yet I think few were so hardy as to use at that time the old saying: "The better day, the better deed!"

News does come at last—not of a great battle—it is only of a petty, an undecisive triumph of the French over an ill-defended little town. Two days more, then the tidings reach us of a great decisive battle won by the Prussians. Two days more, and they have gained another as brilliant and as bloody as the first. Who shall tell the number of the slain?—the thousands, the tens of thousands, swept from life into death without time to form a prayer in their thoughts? We sit at our ease in our homes and repeat with pleasure the words of the poet:

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Here he speaks of what is natural to every human creature who has known the happiness of home and of civilised life even in its lowliest form. To the peasant's grave he applies the lines. The peasant he supposes as little likely to be indifferent to a future life as the highest dignitary in the land—perhaps even more likely than the latter to cast a longing, lingering look towards the cheerful day, the witness of his toils when he was about to leave it for ever. But he is to be made a soldier; all the finer instincts of the human creature are to be subdued in him; he is to be trained up to meet death on the instant, as careless of the future and of the past as a dog that is shot. Some soldiers acquire this not human carelessness, and others assume it as a virtue, when they have it not. But suppose that all who fall this week in battle, all who will fall next week, to be men utterly indifferent to the value of life, and fearless of what lies beyond life, so that the tender fancies of the poet do not apply to them, will this make their death a lesser sorrow to those who are bound to them by the ties of kindred and of friendship?

One of our great lecturers, in addressing ladies, not long ago, on their influence for good, suggested that they might put an end to war by the simple expedient of putting on mourning as soon as war was declared, and persisting in the black exterior until the male sex, weary of its gloom, would make peace. One would

think that a certain old book, which says, "Rend your hearts and not your garments!" would have inspired a better idea than that. For those who can pass their days in considering the important matter of personal adornment, and whether they shall put on black or not, could he not devise some process by which, through their own heart, they could penetrate into the heart of the peasant woman, widowed by the war? She, if a mourning-gown of the meanest stuff could comfort her in her wretchedness, would find it a luxury beyond her reach. It belongs to the superfluous, a word of which she does not know the meaning; she can only think of her grief and of the necessities of her little household. Yes, even if the soldier had learnt to be careless of life, there were many, too many, who were not careless of him. What a contemptible idea is that of mourning-garments when the thought passes from the one little household of the peasant to the thousands of little households in which are mourning hearts throughout France and Germany! Throughout the length and breadth of those lands, in all the homes of farmer, peasant, labourer, artisan, mechanic, tradesman, there are sorrow and fear—sorrow for those who have fallen in one week; fear of the loss of life that another week may bring. In this great sorrow and fear each country suffers equally—the victorious no less than the vanquished. What will be the end? That no one can tell. All that we know is, that there must be more and more slaughter. The battles are to be soldiers' battles, and the power that can bring for the longest period men to be sacrificed will be at last triumphant.

I spoke of the sorrows of a week and paused. Its sorrows had not ended for those who have to keep at home whilst men go to war. The news comes of a third battle gained by the Prussians. The rapidity of these blows, with results so different from what were anticipated, bewilders the world outside of France and Germany; but in those two countries there is simple acknowledgment of a fact—of victory and of defeat. At least, it is so among those who bore the hardest brunt of the battles. We hear of no insulting words of triumph on one side, nor of any weak ones of despair on the other. Both feel that they must fight again—yes, and yet again. That although three battles could once have sufficed for a whole campaign, they are now but the opening of one. In the old days of old battles, among old pagans, we read of a truce being made for time to bury the dead. Perhaps it was not a bad thing for the soldiers to have to perform this duty on each side to their dead comrades, and to have a little time for reflection, even though they were heathens. But Christians have brought war to so admirable a condition, that there is no need of any truce for so foolish a purpose as that which I have named.

No time is lost in dying, interring, reflecting. The Prussian organisation has its grave-diggers in a band, with spade and shovel ready as the battle ends, to do the work of consigning friend and foe to "one red burial," for which no truce is needed.

I paused again. I seemed to myself to have spoken in a light tone of that which is too terribly serious, and I said, "Am I becoming hardened by hearing of the murderous work which is every day reported?" No! my heart is no harder than it was; pity and indignation possess it only, there is no scorn in it; there is pity for the two peoples driven into this death-struggle; indignation against the two men who could coldly plan it, that in it each might accomplish his own purpose. Napoleon, that he might find a way out of his debts and difficulties with contending parties in France, and Bismark that he might effect the consolidation of Germany. His purpose is patriotic, no doubt, but he has pursued it *too* unscrupulously. Is it to be inferred by this "too," that there is a certain amount of unscrupulosity allowable for the accomplishment of a great patriotic purpose? No! I answer at once, as a woman should, that a really great purpose must be accomplished without fear, but also without stain. Men, I know, think that the great deeds which have brought about the most desirable results in the progress of a nation, could not have been effected with stainless hands. Would that stainless hands might more frequently be allowed to try what they could effect in that way!

But if we allow so much of good to Bismark as that he is stirred by patriotic motives, and that he has no selfish desire for personal aggrandisement, we can permit no such plea to be offered for Louis Bonaparte.

History gives us many proofs of the utter disregard of the waste of human life with which great conquerors have pursued their work. Yet it gives no portraiture among them of a man of so much intellect and courage, so entirely governed by cold-blooded selfishness in the pursuit of ambitious designs, as was the elder Bonaparte. A courageous and intelligent nation too generously gave unbounded admiration to his great qualities, and determined either not to acknowledge or to forget his base ones. Dangerous generosity! It left the French open to the deceptions of a name used by different parties for selfish purposes—purposes at last successful in the person of the younger Bonaparte, who brought to the guidance of a great but rash people all the meaner traits of his uncle's character without one of his great qualities. For him now shut up in Metz, and surrounded by the victorious Prussians, there can be no feeling of compassion in any just mind. But how great our compassion for the nation driven by him into so disastrous a condition!

There seems to have been a pause in the war, and we have reached the middle of the month, the 15th, the anniversary of the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte one hundred and one years ago. The superstitious may look on this entrance on a second century for the now famous Corsican name as rather ominous. Let us hope that it may be so, and that here its power for ill may end. Some may ask, "What has been its power for ill?" Its power for ill lay in this, not that it had become another term for despotism and for arbitrary personal rule, but that it was that of a despotism masked by a show of liberty. The despot was the chosen of a free people as the best security for their persons. Change the word despot to emperor, and the simple-looking phrase was sufficient to deceive a people wearied by years of strife against the enemies of liberty at home as well as abroad. Thus was it that the French were betrayed, and thus has been brought on this terrible war, threatening to their future liberties, perhaps even to their existence as a nation. That a Frenchman, a patriot, one who would gladly have served his country, but whose intelligence told him to what a war with Prussia must lead, should on hearing of it have been driven by despair to commit suicide, one can readily understand now.

This *vice of suicide* does not run in Corsican blood we may presume, otherwise we should find it difficult to understand how it is that the thought of self-destruction had not been hailed by *one man* shut up in Metz as the only means of escape from wretchedness. But that man is not a patriot—the wretchedness of France does not make him wretched. He is not even a soldier; the humiliation of the French army does not touch him; he was never the soldier's comrade; has no fellow-feeling with him. Even that feeling alone gave something tragical to the fall of the elder Napoleon, which is altogether wanting in the present case. In vain do we look in it for anything that could give dramatic grandeur to the fall of the once successful conspirator.

Thinking *from* Coblenz when I first took up my pen, I gave some lines suggested by memory out of Macbeth. Thinking *from* Metz as I am about to lay down the pen, other lines of the same play come to remembrance. We have in it the successful conspirator shut up in a fortress to meet his doom; but there is so much of the warrior, the hero in him, that for a moment he awakens our sympathy.

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour,

he says; then:

What cry was that?
I have almost forgot the taste of fear.

But one piece of ill news after another is brought to him, and then we have :

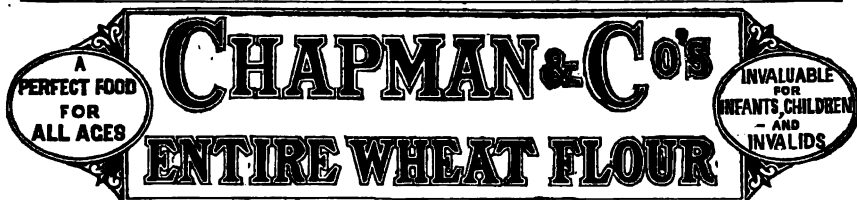
I pall in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

We can well imagine that the man shut up in Metz has moments in which he, too, 'gins to be a-weary of the sun, and to doubt the equivocation of his flatterers in court and senate, who lied to him like truth as long as he allowed them to pay themselves for their lies out of the public treasure. Yes, in so far he may resemble the old Scotch usurper, but wanting the savage greatness that could cry,

Blow winds! Come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back!

We can feel nothing but contempt for him.

A few days have brought more tidings. Another battle fought—slaughter great on both sides. It was fought before Metz, and the French are retreating. If he, who, less than a month ago, was the master of devoted legions, had to retire under their defeat and shut himself up in a fortress, there was in such reverse an element of the dramatic, the poetic, the tragic, one could not but feel. The situation had, indeed, in it that element. The man had not. There was no greatness in him. He has left Metz; has secured his own safety and that of his son. French soldiers are left to fight and die, as others have fought and have died since this month began. And for what? For the nation or for a dynasty? Will they know that before the month ends?



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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN

XXXIII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY LOUIS LUDWIG.

"AND lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me." It was in these words that St. Paul records his spiritual experiences, when writing to his Corinthian converts, and in them I may also record mine since I came to live at Welminster.

"Lest I should be exalted above measure!" Perhaps, after all, there is not so very much to be exalted about in my Prosnitz life; perhaps more may be due to surrounding circumstances than I imagined, and something, too, may be set down to the notice which I attracted from my superiors, and the kind praises which led me on to concentrate every thought and desire to the church that was parent, relative, and guide to me, all in one. If but I could have stayed there, in that so peaceful home, where life's trials and hard temptations came not near me! But the cross must come before the crown, and it is through much tribulation, ah, so much, that we must enter into the kingdom.

My wife is to me my tribulation, but that is only what I well might expect, for I do not suppose that a heart answering to mine, and trained in devotedness to the church and to our people, is to be found among females, whose minds are small and narrow, like their bodies, and whose lamps do burn unevenly, and flicker with every passing breath of wind. I knew that with Priscilla I should have much to do in bending a will so stubborn and unsanctified, and indeed my efforts to cast her earthly desires and affections into a heavenly mould were met by her with a scornful resistance, which proves that the carnal mind is indeed at enmity with all

good desires and aspirations of the soul. Thus far I knew the disease and its so varied symptoms, but just when my heart grew faint with want of faith and hope, and I was ready to despair of a miracle of grace being wrought in a soul thus hardened and impenitent, I beheld in her a change so sudden and so wonderful that I could but stand still to admire it, saying little indeed, but thinking all the more. For Priscilla did turn upon me fully a face on which one might almost see the stamp of divine grace, so clear and loving a light shone from her eyes, that I began to hope her soul was preparing to blend with mine, and that both together would be dedicated to the service of the Herrnhutter Communion. Small and trifling duties, such as a woman is able to perform, and which she had aforetime neglected, became sweet to her, or so it would appear; and if in some things she still resisted my will, I yet believed that a good work was begun, which would surely be carried out to such perfection as her feeble nature would be capable of attaining. When I speak of her resisting me, I mean in such things as her persistent attendance on the services of the cathedral, dead though they be, and with no life or fire kindling them from above; for Priscilla did earnestly maintain that our Herrnhutter services, being oftentimes in German, were unprofitable to her soul, forgetting that the blessing is not straitened to the narrow bounds of tongue or language, but can overleap the unknown syllables, and pass on to the devout and expectant soul. Moreover, that the German is most easy to apprehend, even though the learner has no more wit and intelligence than is commonly assigned to females, as their lesser and more suitable portion. I considered what I had perhaps too much allowed myself to forget, that only small advances in the path of duty were to be expected from her, and I gave in to this her great desire to attend these cold and alien services, conducted in a place so large that the worshippers do but fill a remote corner of it, while the rest is openly made over to the service of sin and Satan, being used for a walk in which to display fine clothes and worldly fashions, and to talk over every kind of subject least fit to take up the time and attention of a Christian. Once only did I attend a service there, blaming myself the while for an unprofitable employment of this my leisure time, but being curious to see by what snares a soul so feeble, yet not without good desires, could be led away from our pure and scriptural mode of worship. And truly I found the service most cold and barren, for to begin with it was in the English tongue, which to me presents great barriers of constraint, and furthermore the words were kneaded together, as it were, with droning notes from the organ, so that one could scarce snatch a grain of sense from a page of gabble. These mummeries remind one of the

prayers in which a sect among the Chinese do place great confidence, that are uttered most rapidly before a senseless idol, which these ignorant heathen do thus suppose to be pleased and propitiated! Alas, that in these days persons who call themselves Christians should place faith in such unmeaning observances!

The sermon, being in English, drew not much of my attention, but seemed to be a medley of rules whereby life is to be guided, with little reference to the roots of faith and doctrine, from which all Christian perfections do surely grow and flourish. And the people were drowsy, as beeseemed their rites, fluttering oftentimes the idle toys with which they do pretend to cool themselves, and which for the most part were painted in the likeness of birds and flowers, and such-like heathen representations of this poor and perishing world. And young men and maidens did sit near together, diverting of themselves with coloured bottles, that held smells and essences displeasing to my nostrils. And when the sermon was completed, a song was sung in many keys, with divers and deafening changes; and while my ears yet quivered with its discords, the preacher did commend us to the peace of God, of which one can find but little within those hollow and resounding walls. These are the rites that draw Priscilla away from her duty and lawful allegiance to our services, so comforting and so full of meaning!

But it is not of matters like these that I complain, important though one may well consider them; Priscilla has shown me something that I own I knew not beforetime, and that my heart yet doth almost recognise as a revelation from above. For why does a glow of pleasure steal into my soul when she proffers to me some small service, with a face on which a new and tender light shines forth upon me? Sometimes I do really believe that a snare has been most cunningly laid for me in these soft and unwonted moods which do now often come upon her; but more usually I think that my mind has been closed against most sweet (and not unholy) influences, by reason of my early training, and of the circumstances that did hedge me in from infancy, keeping me no doubt from many snares and pitfalls, but still secluding me from pure and lawful pleasures, which do shine on other lives.

And oh! if they would but shine on mine! Am I desiring anything wicked in wishing for what God was pleased to bestow on our first parents in their time of innocence? For the love and soul-movement towards me of a woman, who has been specially given me as my wife, and in whose affection I could find my greatest earthly happiness, although the pinions of her soul may be, perchance, too weak to mount with mine into the regions of uncreated life and love. Nay, I would dispense with this, would

hold myself too happy if I could but know for a certainty that out of an earthly love to me, her husband, do proceed the unaccustomed changes and yieldings of spirit that my eyes can well espy in her.

It was but yesterday evening that she lighted for me the small reading-lamp by which I write my sermons, and placed for me pens and paper, speaking to me the while some kind and gentle words. And it did seem to me as if a skilful hand had touched some unseen instrument that made a part of my soul, and one not known to myself till then, and did draw from it some tones to me most sweet and pleasant. But afterwards, when I was drawn to look up to her often from the page before me, which my pen so slowly covered, her face told me that her soul was not with me, but was travelling in some place so distant, and to me so unknown. This would not have disturbed my peace if I could have verily believed that her meditations were directed to the source of life and light, but my sore heart told me that it was not so, that some interest in which I had no share did thus enkindle her soul, so that her face shone upon me with the light that shineth from within. And the pen dropped from my hand, and my thoughts did wander from my theme, and my soul did close against the imaginings that but now were shaping themselves before me, for I could think of one thing only, of the happiness that God seemed to have destined for me, and that slipped away when I would lay my hand upon it, as if on every page of it the words stood plainly written, "Not for thee."

And so this, my world so newly found—of faith that is obliged to believe in a shadow, of hope that only lives to die, of love that only aches in loving—becomes to me a torment, and I ask myself again and yet again, "Is this the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan sent to buffet me, that I must expect and guard against?"

And my weak and failing heart replies:

"No, it is a paradise, God-given, from which some evil destiny has shut you out."

Which is right?

XXXIV.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY SARAH WILLIAMS.

AFTER that night when I had supper with Mrs. Ludwig (what names them Germans have! I always have to think of Earwig first), I didn't see no more of her for a good while, partly on account of being busy with making mourning, for there was a

many deaths that autumn in Welminster, and partly because of a feeling that I had as things had got wrong somehow with poor Mrs. Ludwig, though why they should is more than anybody can say. There she was, comfortably married out of the very unlikeliest place in the world, and to a minister, which was what she had always set her mind on, and a learned and pious man, even if he was queer in some of his ways, and where will you find a man that isn't? They're like as if they was made contrairy for us to have something to do in smoothing of 'em out, and I did think as Mrs. Ludwig might have set herself to make things pleasanter if she'd had a mind to; for when a man's tastes isn't looked to, nor his meals well cooked, nor his house kept tidy, what can you expect but that he should get crankier than what he was when the Lord turned him out at first? And between you and me the Lord did turn out a very cranky one when he sent Mr. Ludwig into the world. But Lord bless you, the cranky ones has their uses here, if it's only to make us more particular in cooking for them, not to make their tempers worse by hurting their digestions, and I make no doubt as many good dishes was invented for that reason by wives as didn't dare to put a tough joint before a cross husband. So now we reaps a harvest of haricots and stews. Only Mr. Ludwig didn't—the more's the pity.

But at last when I'd got a little leisure time, I thought I'd go over and ask how she was a getting on. And it came more natural to me to go, because I'd found a nice and suitable place of worship, where I thought as she and me could go, without offending Mr. Ludwig, for it wasn't noways like the cathedral, and it did seem to be only reason that she should like to hear the gospel preached regular in her own language, for what do we keep Whitsunday for but to show that every one likes to hear a sermon in the language that he speaks in, and not to be preached at foreign? We might as well be Romans at once, and say our prayers in Latin, as go to them German services that Mr. Ludwig holds. I haven't heard much German myself, but what I did hear seemed as if the Lord must take it disrespectful to be jabbered to like that, for the words didn't seem to have no meaning in them that any Christian could make out, but to be downright silly and heathenish. But at this chapel that I found they was Wesleyans, and the sermons was spiritual and the prayers was searching, and the hymns was subg very fervent, without any of them droning organs that seem to take the notes out of your mouth and sing them for you, praising God by clockwork or bellows-work, as if all that the Lord wanted was a noise with no heart or soul in it. So one day I went off to Grafton-street, thinking to tell Mrs. Ludwig as I'd found a place where she could hear the pure gospel

preached in English, and where I was sure Mr. Ludwig would let her go now and then if she went with me, for hadn't her dear papa and mamma trusted her to me in days gone by, and hadn't I watched over her very careful, and kept an eye on her and Mr. Stone when both of them was young and thoughtless, and might have got engaged to one another against the wishes of their best friends, if I hadn't have watched how they went on?

I hadn't got no further than to the door of 17, Grafton-street, when I see a change that I noticed directly, for the three steps was so white that they seemed to be made for show and not for use, and the door-handle looked as if it had been spit on and rubbed with a wash-leather, quite recent. I went up very careful, a-treading on the edges of them steps like a white mouse walking on wires, and when you gets to my time of life it's not so easy to climb up on three sharp edges, a-ketching hold of the green railings at the side, as might give way at any moment and send you on to your back in the middle of the road. But I couldn't go for to set my muddy boots on them steps, that looked as if you might eat your dinner off them, and not want a tablecloth.

I give a good rap at the knocker, and the same servant came to the door and let me in, but this time her hair was parted straight down the middle, and her nose shone with yellow soap and a rough towel, and I couldn't help thinking of the time she must have wasted a-polishing of herself like that; and in the little parlour there was Mrs. Ludwig, with some sermon-paper before her and a dictionary, making a German sermon into English, or else an English sermon into German, and when she turned round I says to myself, "Can that be really you?" She was not one as could ever look pretty, but still anybody can make themselves worse than what the Lord has made them, and that was what she did very often, but now she had took pains with herself, and for a wonder she looked pleased and almost happy in the face.

"Oh, is it you, Mrs. Williams?" she says, when I went in. "Sit down just for one minute, and then I shall have finished this; these German texts go out of my head in a moment if I don't keep fast hold of them, they are so different to the English. Just look here. The twenty-first verse of the seventy-first psalm begins, 'Thou shalt increase my greatness,' and in German it is 'Du machst mich sehr gross,' which really means 'Thou makest me tremendously fat,' and that is how Mr. Ludwig will translate it next Sunday, if I don't take care."

"Well, really, my dear," I couldn't help saying, "them Germans does turn the Scripture into downright profaneness; besides you know it ain't true, for it was David as wrote the Psalms, and if he'd been tremendous fat he couldn't have fought the giant,

and look at all the exercise he took a-hunting the Philistines, and all the trouble they must have had in them days with such very large families. Don't read no more, or else you'll be telling me as David had to go down-stairs backwards like Mr. Banting before he found out how to get thin. I've been a-reading of his book, and I do hope as he looked often behind him, and didn't run against nobody by mistake, and squash 'em accidental."

"Who are you talking of?" she says, laying down her pen; "the Psalmist?"

"No, my dear," I told her; "I was speaking of Mr. Banting. We don't want no German Psalmists nor Psalms neither, they ain't what we are used to; but I did want to tell you that I know of a nice Wesleyan chapel with cushioned seats as you sink right down into for five shillings a year each, and the sermons is all gospel, and the hassocks is made of Brussels carpet, not like them rush-work hassocks as leaves a pattern on your knees when you gets up. Now Mr. Ludwig couldn't object to letting you go there with me between whiles, if you were to go to the German chapel once on Sundays, as I suppose it's your duty to, though it does seem hard on you to have to listen to such texts as that one."

"Thank you," she says, "but I do not so much mind going to the German chapel now, and when I am not wanted there I attend the cathedral, and mean to do so."

"Well, there never was a truer saying than that there is no accounting for tastes, and as she didn't seem to know how to value a good offer I wouldn't press it on her. And she cleared away her papers and the great German bible as was full of the most unnatural letters, all standing on their heads, and most of 'em with curly tails, looking for all the world as if you'd frizzed out the letters of a real bible, and done their hair in the new fashion, rough and curly. And she rang the bell for tea, and up it came all neat and nice, the muffins all laying a-top of one another as orderly as if they'd growed so, and two yellow Chinamen with long pigtales grinning at you out of the tea-tray.

"What a duck of a tray!" I says, moving the cups to get a better sight of the pattern.

"Do you like it?" says Mrs. Ludwig; "it was my husband's choice, for he thought, I suppose, that the Chinese figures would remind us where the tea comes from, and give us something to think about while we were drinking it. He did not like the one that I chose, so I am going to return it; there it is wrapped in paper, behind the bookcase."

I took it out of the wrapper, and if there wasn't a naked figure painted on it of a woman rising up out of the sea, as did ought to have had a blue bathing-gown on, and an oilskin cap for her hair.

"Well, my dear," I says, "of all the unlikeliest things to choose, if that ain't the strangest! You're sure she wasn't anyway respectable to go and have her picture took like that, and the sight of her would give me the shivers faster than the tea could warm me; and only think if you was to have company here, how could you look down at that there brazen hussy while you was a-pouring out the tea?"

She only laughed, and said as it was meant for Venus, and was copied from some picture.

"I dare say," I says; "I'd Venus her if I'd had the bringing of her up. There wasn't no police in them days, nor no bathing regulations like there is at Brighton now, or she'd ketch it pretty heavy for going on the beach like that; and what folks wants to go into the water at all for is more than I can tell, as if they was Newfoundland dogs, or sea-serpents, instead of being thankful for nice dry ground to walk about on, as the Lord meant us to do."

And at that very minute Mr. Ludwig came in without knocking, and I felt downright ashamed of myself to be ketched staring at that there owdacious picture, so I tried to pop it into the wrapper all in a hurry, and what does it do but jump out of my hand, being a round and slippery tray, and bowls over to Mr. Ludwig like a hoop, and fetches him a rap on the shins.

"You'll please excuse me, sir," I says, for it looked as if I'd took aim at him with the dratted tray, "I didn't go for to do it." Well, he picks up the tray, and stands it with its face to the wall:

"A sight most heathen and unedifying," he says to his wife, and then he said something to me about hoping I was complete in soul and body, and I suppose as complete is the German for being quite well.

Mrs. Ludwig answered him very nice about the tray, saying as she was going to send it back because he didn't like it, and she thought as the one he'd chose was very bright and pretty-looking, which it was. But he seemed to look at her while she was speaking as if he never heard a word she said, and wanted to find out something from her face.

And that was the way with him all the evening. It seemed as if she tried to please him all she could, and he watched and watched her, as if he didn't half believe as it was him she was really thinking of and working for all the time. And lor, I thought, what fools men are to be sure, for nobody wouldn't have believed as Priscilla would turn out so well, or study her husband in all his little ways, and look so quiet and content over it. It was wonderful to see how she set her mind to do her duty by him, and please him if she could, but some folks can't be pleased,

and he was one of them seemingly, for he didn't take no notice of her nice little ways, but went on watching as if it was to find something out, as a man might do that thinks his wife is making herself nice to please somebody else, and who else was there there for her to try to please except me, as she had always been so contrary with in old times?

"You ain't always a-poring over books now, my dear," I says, when she took up some useful work after tea; "you find as there's something else in the world to be thought of besides all them silly romances and love-tales."

"And yet, amid their so-great dross, they teach us a lesson most sweet to apprehend," Mr. Ludwig put in, "for the love of earth is as a mirror, to reflect the love of heaven."

Priscilla looked at him as if she was going to say something, but she stopped herself, and went on with her seam instead. Well, I did think as they was both turning into somebody else, for there was Priscilla as meek and content as you'd wish anybody to be, and Mr. Ludwig seemed to be growing contrary, as if he didn't believe as she was fond of him, and wanted her to be. And if you'd have seen him when I knew him first, you'd have said as he didn't know how to care for nobody, nor yet to make nobody care for him; all he seemed to want was to be useful abroad and disagreeable at home, and if I was put on my oath I couldn't say as he's much better now, only he's different, and they do say as whatever's movable is curable, so I hope that may be the case with Mr. Ludwig's queer tempers. And when I said good-night, I had it in my mind to tell him he didn't know how rightly to value his blessings and make the most of them, but there was something in his face that seemed to tell one as he didn't want to be talked to, so I just let him be, for there's some people in the world as you can't please nohow, and I really believe he's one of them.

XXXV.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY PRISCILLA LUDWIG.

THE days go by so quickly now that I have little time for writing, though some singular changes have fallen on my life, and on that inner portion of it that makes up our real history, for outward changes signify little as long as one's real self is undisturbed by them. I have not heard from David Stone since the day when I met him in the cathedral, and received a promise from him that he would inquire into and assert my right of inheritance to the property left to my mother, but I do not know

that I very much wish to hear from him at all, and certainly the subject of this legacy does not interest me very strongly. It seems as if I am satisfied with the happiness that has already fallen to my lot; one's cup can but be full, and mine certainly "runneth over."

It is a hard saying, very hard certainly when you come to write it, but yet it is given me to see that it is better—or may be better—for my life not to be united here with that other life to which my thoughts are always turning. Surely, it is better to have one's paradise to look forward to, to keep it whole and pure, unsoiled by the small vexations and petty cares inseparable from our daily life in this world, to keep it as a miser would keep a solid mass of treasure, not touched, not drawn upon, whole and entire; but that is a poor and miserable comparison, though in some sense it really does express what I mean. For was there ever an earthly love, permitted here to prosper and ripen to its full perfection, that was not a little drawn upon, a little worn away, by the friction of daily contact and daily trial? Never, as I believe.

The great hope that I have set before myself is to live here so that hereafter I may be "found worthy" to live with him, and be one with him, for ever. He believes, and so do I, in the revelation made to us in these modern times by the great seer who was permitted to overlook the dread boundary which separates the material from the spiritual world, and believing this, we look forward to a time that cannot be far distant, when we shall live in a state not widely differing from this, not ghosts or impalpable shades, but our real actual selves, freed from the small cares and the small troubles which beset us here, joined by that eternal union of which an earthly marriage bond is but a faint and imperfect type. And if this great hope be indeed set before us, and if we indeed grasp and realise it, every earthly trial must dwindle to a mere pin-prick, nothing can harm us, nothing can touch the sweet centre of content and happiness from which our outer life must radiate.

Thinking of these things with an almost unbroken thread of hope and longing, I have tried to walk here so that I might not miss the happiness to come; and really, the honest effort to do our duty does bring comfort with it, even of itself, does rouse and stimulate our better faculties, and take us away from vain regret and selfish repining. My little home is bright and orderly, and I am pleased to make it so; the poor about us (not the Herrnhutter poor) are growing to know and love me; they are grateful for such little kindnesses, they respond so readily to the least breath of sympathy, their lives are so easily cheered and brightened, that I wonder at myself for not having sooner tried to lighten the small

world around me of just a little of its misery. Then there are "chapel duties" to be attended to; once I hated the very thought of them, and did them by deputy, or not at all, but that was in the old bygone days of miserable indifference to all my surroundings; now I rather like to see that the quaint little chapel is clean and tidy, and that the queer old people who come to hear the service in the tongue in which their earliest prayers were lisped, are accommodated as comfortably as possible. And then there is much to be done at home, and a good deal of help to be given to Mr. Ludwig on English sermon days, for though his knowledge of English really increases rapidly, he is yet apt to give a literal translation of some thought that has flitted through his brain in German, and unconsciously to produce a grotesque or incongruous idea. Thus, for instance, he was about to advise his people to tie a sash of credulity round their waists, bearing in his mind the apostolic injunction to have our loins girt about with faith!

This brings me to a matter that puzzles me at times; what have I done to Mr. Ludwig to change him so completely? I have only tried to be a much better wife to him, to fulfil a wife's duties as far as he understands them; that is to say, to be a good housekeeper and a more regular chapel-goer, reserving to myself of course many scraps of leisure, many odds and ends of time for reading, thinking, scribbling, and for attending the cathedral service. I do this on Sunday mornings when the Herrnhutter service is entirely in German, of which I scarcely understand anything when it is spoken rapidly, though I begin to read it a little; surely in this there is nothing that need very greatly disturb the even tenor of my husband's life, even at least till now, for it has been devoted with whole and entire simplicity to the work of serving the interests of the Herrnhutter Church.

But now? Now he forgets appointments, not very important, perhaps, but that once would have seemed so to him, while he silently watches me from hour to hour, so silently, so watchfully; everything that I do for him is accepted eagerly, and yet with distrust, it is weighed and pondered over, as if it were really a service rendered to some one else, and only outwardly to him. Sometimes he positively frightens me, just for a moment; he looks at me as an inquisitor might look at a criminal, and I feel myself in one instant accused, tried, and condemned; accused of what? tried and condemned for what? I do not know. Yesterday I found him attentively studying my little book of extracts from Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," and from that other work by the great seer, to which he gives the strange title of "Conjugal Love," conjugal standing for conjugal in Swedenborg's diction. What can Mr. Ludwig, with his severe and un-

compromising orthodoxy, want to know of the doctrines of the Swedish seer, which lie outside the notions by which orthodox Christians govern their lives and regulate their faith? Does he want to know what effect these doctrines and precepts would be likely to have upon my life, so as to gauge the limits within which he might say, "This is caused by Swedenborgian notions," and outside of which he would be sure that some other influence is at work? I really think that the subject of my orthodoxy, or want of it, troubles him very little, and that he is silently watching, and groping, and weighing, to find out something that interests him more nearly; I can only guess what this may be, it seems strange that anything about me should interest him at all, except in that subdued and subordinate sense in which a pious Herrnhutter may be permitted to concern himself in any earthly matter. But why does he now so often want to talk to me about the past—a past during which my connexion with the Herrnhutter Church had not begun? It is so strange that he should want to know where I lived, and whether I visited many people, and what friends I had, and who among them I liked the best; I feel sometimes like the man in the old story who heard the statue speak, it is so wonderful that Mr. Ludwig, of all people in the world, should ask me such questions, should try to lead me on to tell him something of what is in my heart, something of my real self. In this way he has learnt a good deal of my lonely and neglected childhood, but when we came to speak of friends, I could only think of one, of David Stone. I did speak of him, there can be no reason why I should not do so, but I had no intention of telling Mr. Ludwig anything more about him. To my utter surprise, however, he guessed that there was something more to be told, and he drew it from me somewhat in this fashion; we speak in English, he understands it so much better than I understand German.

"And this Mr. Stone, he was a pastor of your church, is it not?"

"Yes, he was and is a parish priest of the Established Church, and he works hard, as hard as you do, to reclaim the people from sin and ignorance."

"Ah, precisely, very good, very hard. And he reclaimed you from what sin, from what ignorance?"

"From none that the law would recognise as such," I was obliged to explain; "he gave me what people call wider views, but that is a very poor and vague expression; he taught me to see that the dealings of God towards man are not all comprehended in creeds and formulas—but I am tiring you, I am sure." And I glanced at his face, expecting to see there the smile of superior knowledge, and of pitying wisdom and intelligence.

"No, indeed, you tire me not at all," he replied, quickly. "I would know more—more of what you knew not—more of what you think you learnt."

What was I to tell him? Very little, I thought, could possibly interest him in any way, and that little would probably appear to him profane and unorthodox. But I found out the natural truth which the Psalmist discovered so many years before me, that the tongue is the ready exponent of the thoughts that burn and stir so restlessly within us, and it happened in my case as in his, that while I was musing the fire kindled, and at last I spake with my tongue! I told Mr. Ludwig something of the hope with which I looked forward to a life, a real, human, living life, beyond this one, and which impelled me to use this life, according to my imperfect light, for the highest purposes, for the lightening of human misery, for the spread of the knowledge of God's love, ever so poorly expounded to the learner. And while I spoke the feeling came over me, the thought was plainly before me, that I spoke to myself alone, that to the voice of my own soul, only my own soul listened, that Mr. Ludwig was like one of the walls which were around me, which serve sometimes as a dumb and unresponsive audience when one's heart is so strongly stirred that speech must come at last.

But it was not so; he was watching me with eager, restless eyes that seemed as if they were trying to look *through* the words as they came out of my mouth, and to see some meaning behind them. This at least is the idea that he gave me, oddly as I have expressed it, and I shrank away in spirit, and mentally went over what I had been saying, wondering whether I had said anything that might bear any painful significance to his ear. I felt quite sure that I had not done so, but I was mistaken, for in a few minutes, during which we had both been silent, he said, quietly, "You love this Mr. Stone."

I am quite used to hear him speak of love, both in the pulpit and in his private sermons addressed to myself alone; Christianity is so much a religion of love, that even when it is not practised at all, only professed, love must be spoken of, though it be never felt. We all know what love means when the professors of religion speak of it—a pure negative, an entire absence of ill-will to the human race, and a sincere and positive desire that its members may all be saved, together with an equally positive belief that most of them will be damned. Of course this is what Mr. Ludwig means when he speaks of Christian love, but did he mean it then? His face and manner troubled me; positively he looked and spoke like a man, not like a Herrnhutter. How surprised Balaam must have been when the ass turned round, and he heard intelligible human accents instead of a bray!

I could but answer simply and truly:

"I did love him—and do."

"Did he demand that you should marry him, after the customs of your people?"

It was a very simple question, very easy to answer, but when I tried to answer it, such a rush of memories came over me, such vivid pictures of the past rose up before the dark background of the present, such a desperate sense of loss seized my heart and wrung it suddenly, that I could not reply. I only looked at him, and he—he who has seemed to me like a heart-less, soul-less machine, wound up to preach the gospel and to practise its externals—he understood me!

"I blame you not," he said; and then he got up and left the room, first putting his chair in its exact place against the window, with his accustomed precision and regularity of action even in the smallest trifles.

Since then he has not spoken much to me, but he watches me continually, with an anxious and questioning look. And I find that his ordinary work is certainly neglected; he who used to do everything as if by clockwork is now often too late for his duties, often forgets even such of them as are considered most important, and, strangest of all, does not blame himself for being so forgetful and irregular. Sometimes he watches me all the evening, till the time for family prayers has quite gone by, and the servant has gone to bed, and then he does not concern himself about the omission, but looks at me still with such a strange supplicating gaze.

Can it be that a real human soul is coming into this human machine, of Herrnhutter construction? I never bargained for that; bear witness for me, you who disposed of my life and destiny. I promised to give what was demanded of me, to conform my actions to Herrnhutter rule and precept, to give, in fact, what I had to give, nothing more. The love that is purely human and divine, not taught by creeds and doxies, the love that stirred in His dear heart who suffered that we might reign, who died that we might live, such love as this is not mine to give, and formed no portion of the contract which unites my outward life to Mr. Ludwig's.

Is it possible that to his mind such love exists? If so, how much stranger and harder my life becomes!

XXXVI.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY MARY OFFENBACH.

EXTRACT from the Note-book of the Single Sisters' House at Oak Brook, kept by Sister Offenbach.

It happens not seldom that we have to allude to former inmates, who have left our peaceful and sheltering home to do battle with those evils with which the world unhappily abounds, and to bear witness to the worth of a Herrnhutter training, amidst surrounding sin, and ignorance, and infidelity. The noble army of martyrs, of which a sister church makes solemn mention in her highest hymn of praise, consists not alone of those who have braved the sword and the flames for conscience sake; some there be who have sat with us beneath this roof, and learnt our art of cunning embroidery and delicate needlework, who now are giving their lives slowly but so willingly, hour by hour, not to the sword of the unbeliever, but to the hostile influences that surround the Christian labourer in the hardest and most ungrateful soil. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in anxiety that sleeps not nor slumbers, some of these lives are passed, and when the worn-out flesh gives way, and the weary body is laid down in long-desired rest, we doubt not that the emancipated soul takes its place among that noble army of those who counted not their lives of any value, save as they might serve to stem the tide of ignorance, to extend the triumphs of the church. But what shall we say when one of our own members becomes a stumbling-block and stone of offence? It happens but seldom that our faith is so severely tried as it has been of late, for little by little, breath by breath, the news has too surely reached us, that one of our own loved and trusted sisters, to whose future we looked forward with such confidence of hope, has turned out a upas-tree in the garden of God, breathing a poison-blight on the fair and promising blossoms that should have bloomed beside her. Ah, how hard it is for me to write the name of Priscilla Lawford, loved and trusted and believed in once, and called to be the wife of one in whom the spirit of the ancient Herrnhutters was thought to have revived, in such a connexion as this! But in this world the trial of our faith is oftentimes strange and hard, and we must not shrink from painful facts, or close our eyes to their significance, but must rather look them in the face, as the warrior kings of Scripture looked at their foes, and consider in what way the threatened evils can be best averted from the church.

The facts are these: Priscilla Lawford, so much beloved and

esteemed among us here, and united in marriage according to the decree of the Lot, and under the most promising auspices, to Louis Ludwig, afterwards called to Welminster, did grievously disappoint the hopes which our community had formed of her, by an utter neglect of the duties which naturally fell to her, insomuch that to the members of her husband's congregation she scarce was known by sight, her time being apparently spent in vain and ceaseless re-pinings. This state of things, of which we were duly informed by means of the communications which do link together every portion of our society, did doubtless appear to us to be sufficiently grievous, yet were we far from losing heart concerning her, or from looking on the evil as one without remedy. For it will happen now and again that a young sister, lately married, and placed in new and strange surroundings, will for a while despond and droop, and oftentimes a state of health will follow marriage that may account for nervous forebodings and indisposition to work.

As time passed on, it did not, however, appear that any such reason did exist in the case of Priscilla Ludwig, and we could but trust that the constant influence and example of her husband's life, would in time rouse her to a sense of her own shortcomings and sinful indifference to her duties. We were persuaded, verily, that some such happy change had taken place in her, so good a report of her reached us from a poor inhabitant of Welminster, who has lately suffered from sharp and wearing illness, during which the visits of Priscilla did greatly cheer and comfort her; hearing this and other good reports of her, we were willing to believe with thankfulness that the clouds which had obscured her faith and usefulness were passing away, and that in her case also the divine origin of the Lot would be proved by the blessing which should attend the marriage union thus contracted, and by the amount of useful work done in the world and for the church.

But alas! it did soon appear, as the result of the constant observation now brought to bear upon Priscilla, that these duties were not undertaken in the true Herrnhutter spirit, for large portions of her time were filched away from them, and were given to much unprofitable occupation. Still we hoped, not yet understanding the case, and thinking that the signs were cheering, until we received a hint of such ill news that at first we did but close our eyes against it. In plainer terms, it was presently told us that Louis Ludwig, whose praise was in every section of our church, who was looked up to as the pledge and herald of a Herrnhutter revival, was falling away into a state of sloth and indifference, caused apparently by some influence exercised over him by Priscilla!

The sad enigma would have been incomprehensible, but for a

circumstance which did flash upon my mind as with a light from Heaven. First, as in all such painful cases, I consulted my draw-book, with a prayer for real and living faith in the oracle which should presently reply to my perplexity, and drew from it the following words:

"I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain."

I had but been vouchsafed an echo to the troubled voice of my own soul, no word of guidance was there, no clue to the puzzle that oppressed me so sorely. I had surely been remiss in faith and prayer, or a clearer answer would have been given, and I locked my door, already closed, and sat down to examine my own heart, to detect the hidden sin which had thus in part obscured the oracle.

And suddenly I beheld a slip of paper lying on the carpet at my feet; I had drawn two slips while feeling for one, and one had fluttered down upon the floor. Our rules allow us not to consult the draw-book twice on the same subject, but in this case the second slip was drawn by me without my own will or knowledge, and I did, therefore, receive it with the more especial reverence. The words were these:

"Loving the creature more than the Creator!"

And now it was given me to see, as in a moment of time, the cause and history of Priscilla's sad lapse from duty, yea, and even the more lamentable history of her husband's strange and unexpected fall; the same leaven was too surely working in them both, that idolatrous love for and craving after a created object, which should never be known among Christians, never so much as named among the Herrnhutters.

Too well do I remember perceiving that some such infatuation did possess Priscilla while yet she dwelt among us; the object of this unauthorised attachment is not known to me, but by the inner light which shone upon my mind from the revelation of the draw-book, I did connect the person who came to us after her marriage, seeking to know her place of abode, with her sad estrangement from duty and obedience. Her heart craves weakly for his presence, and takes no delight in the work which should engage her, or if she fulfils her duties it is only with half a heart, and with a divided mind. Sad as this state of things must be, it is not so incomprehensible as the falling away of Louis Ludwig, whose case would seem to be not unlike her own; brought up under the strictest Herrnhutter training, and secluded from all female society, he finds himself now while yet very young, thrown suddenly into close communion with Priscilla, and she, amid various defects, has yet that power of winning love which is at the best but a dangerous and carnal weapon.

I doubt not that he has learned to love her, not as a Herrnhutter should love his wife, as a useful instrument to help him in doing the church's work, but with the earthly and idolatrous affection which steals away the heart from the love and practice of any holy work. And then, alas, that I should have to write it! The wicked passion known in the world as jealousy, will certainly spring up, for one who foolishly craves for an absorbing love will but too soon perceive the fact that that which he wishes for does really exist, and not for him. And now, what shall I say concerning this threatened shipwreck, this impending scandal against our church and institutions?

First, I may say fairly that my opinion of Louis Ludwig was never so high as that of our members generally; they did truly think that his life was set apart and consecrated, and that his lips were touched by fire from Heaven. I thought him young and untried, impelled in one direction by an outside force, rather than by any strength in himself; but whether I was right or wrong, it is certain that our community did praise him greatly, and will be utterly discouraged by his lapse from work and duty, also that great occasion will be given to our enemies to speak against us. The harm that may be done by one such fall of a star from the church's firmament, is too dreadful for me to write about it calmly.

Possibly, as time passes on, the evil may remedy itself, Priscilla and her husband being both young, and increase of years bringing oftentimes increase of wisdom; but even this hope may fail us, and meanwhile, what are we to do? We are threatened with the evil that most of all we dread, discredit upon the most sacred and distinguishing of all our institutions—that of marriage by the Lot. To suffer Louis Ludwig to remain in his present position, would be to bring upon us the impending scandal; to degrade him from his office and ministry would but bring it upon us more quickly.

In this strait, and after long and anxious consultation with Brother Müller, it has been given me to see that a remedy may exist. It appears that Louis Ludwig has ever desired the office of a missionary, and that his call to Welminster was by reason of the number of German Herrnhutters settled there, and of his proficiency in their native tongue. Let him now become a missionary, and let his call come to him from Herrnhut itself, and be so worded as to denote that his piety and attainments have led to his promotion to missionary rank and honour. The question as to the place to which he shall be called must not be submitted to the Lot, for enough light and guidance have shone into my mind through the revelation of the draw-book. Not to any advanced,

and civilised, and populated missionary station must Louis Ludwig be sent; as well might he labour in Europe as in Antigua or any of our West Indian settlements, where he would be surrounded by our members, and be even under their watch and observation.

But on the western coast of Africa, not far from Sierra Leone, and within twenty miles of Timbo, there is a small and little noticed settlement, marked in our missionary maps as Thorny Rose; a rose it may well be called, since Herrnhutter doctrine is preached there, amid surrounding heathenism and idolatry; and the epithet of Thorny is not inapplicable, inasmuch as the natives are cruel and treacherous, and the climate is always unfavourable and generally fatal to the lives of Europeans. Within the last two years, three of our missionaries have gone there, with their lives in their hands, two of these are dead, and the health of the third is failing, yet the little seed is sown, the blessed work progresses, and in time we doubt not that native missionaries will be found, or that children will be born and reared there, European in blood, but hardened against the influences of the only climate they have known. A post of danger is a post of honour, and as a post of honour must Thorny Rose be named in Louis Ludwig's call.

Thus, and thus only, can the threatened scandal be averted; Priscilla and her husband will be placed among a race of people who will not observe their shortcomings, and cannot publish them. The work will be hard and constant, and of a nature that scarce can be neglected. Death will ever stand beside their threshold, forbidding disputes and jealousies, warning them that within a few hours their place may know them no more. Priscilla will be utterly separated from the object of her foolish and unauthorised affection—yea, from the smallest chance of hearing of him again. And I have faith to believe that if they are spared, the dangers through which they must pass will draw them near together, and that if they are taken it will be for the best, they will have given their lives for the highest cause, and the church will accept the offering.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to my visions of conquest and glory,
 Who dreamt of becoming the Lord of the Rhine ;
 I dreamt not my uncle the Corsican's story
 Was destined to prove so prophetic of mine ;
 I thought to steer clear of the rock where he stranded,
 But, duped by the cackle of Capitol geese,
 My destiny drove me to ruin red-handed,
 So soon I had vowed my devotion to Peace.

Farewell to thee, Paris, the pride of my power,
 Bright Empress of Europe! fair Queen of the Seine!
 I thought to have made thee the world's fairest flower—
 It may be I never shall see thee again.
 I leave thee my blessing, imperial city ;
 Of marble I leave thee, who found thee not stone ;—
 Thy gratitude is not for me, nor thy pity—
 I pray that thou mayst not be hurled from thy throne.

Farewell to thee, France! 'twas my Pride to advance thee
 Beyond the front rank of the realms of the world ;
 Alas! I have suffered thy Pride to entrance thee,
 And now from the summit of Pride we are hurled,
 The victims of what but a passion for glory!
 The phantom that fiends have invented to purge
 The Pride of the Nations, and trick out their story
 With lures that may lead living dupes to their scourge.

I bid ye farewell, ye imperial Eagles—
 Alas! it's the turn of the Vultures to reign ;
 I'm cast on the waves like a waif to the sea-gulls,
 The scream of the Osprey I hear on the main :
 The black double-eagle of prosperous Prussia
 Has proved itself more than a match for all mine,
 (As once did the fell double-eagle of Russia),
 So now I must follow it over the Rhine!

THOMAS HERBERT NOYES, JUN.

HOUSE ANGEL IN TRIM ARRAY.

BY PERCEVAL PICARD.

THE Angel in the House, under the present dispensation, has to dispense with wings. Indeed, it may be doubted whether those exalted and exalting appendages might not be, upon the whole, a disturbing influence in the homely details of the economy of the household. For indoors life they would be a superfluous grace—a grace of supererogation. But, failing these outward and visible signs of an inward and not invisible grace, it is meet and right in the Angel in the House, and, by a consentaneous *catena* of authorities, her bounden duty, to be studious and scrupulous in the matter of neat apparel, and to be seen always and only in trim array.

Not, a thousand times not, that she should be overdressed. An overdressed Angel is a contradiction in terms. We associate not angelic attributes with the gorgeous attire and plenipotent jewellery of a Houndsditch Hebrewess. Just as the man who is got up in the loudest of loud costume, and hangs out as a sort of Christmas tree, with incongruous braveries and charms and nicknacks pendent all over, we are apt to deem not a gentleman, but a gent.

Holy George Herbert is for

A fine aspect in fit array,

Neither too mean, nor yet too gay.

Potent, grave, and reverend seniors are not awaiting, who applaud both what was said to the French actress, that the *premier principe* of her art was attention to costume, and what that lively *dame* said in reply, that *le premier principe d'une femme c'est de paraître jolie*.

Boon Nature to the woman bows ;
 She walks in all its glory clad,
 And, chief herself of earthly shows,
 Each other helps her, and is glad :
 No splendour 'neath the sky's proud dome
 But serves for her familiar wear ;
 The far-fetch'd diamond finds its home
 Flashing and smouldering in her hair.
 For her the seas their pearls reveal ;
 Art and strange lands her pomp supply
 With purple, chrome, and cochineal,
 Ochre, and lapis lazuli ;
 The worm its golden wool presents ;
 Whatever runs, flies, dives, or delves,
 All doff for her their ornaments,
 Which suit her better than themselves.

It is a grave and influential Doctor of Divinity, of the Scottish Kirk too, who scouts as pure nonsense Thomson's averment that beauty when unadorned is adorned the most—which is much as to say that a pretty young woman, in the matter of physical appearance, is a person of whom no more can be made. Now taste and skill, it is contended, can make more of almost anything. "And you will set down Thomson's lines as flatly opposed to fact, when your lively young cousin walks into your room to let you see her before she goes out to an evening party; and when you compare that radiant vision, in her robes of misty texture, and with hair arranged in folds the most complicated—wreathed, and satin-slippered—with the homely figure that took a walk with you that afternoon, russet-gowned, tartan-plaided, and shod with serviceable shoes for tramping through country mud." The lovely young Lavinia once had friends, of one mind with Thomson that a simple robe was her best attire,

Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned adorned the most.

Otherwise minded are most of his and her critics now. Only now and then is to be met with a sentiment like Giovanna's, in Landor's *Fra Rupert*, in answer to Agnes of Durazzo's girlish plea, "We, at our time of life, want these adornments."

Giov. We never want them. Youth has all its own.

Colonel Whyte Melville, like Dr. Boyd, makes a dead-set against the Lavinian dogma, and avows a defiant preference of the French maid's *coiffure* to dishevelled tresses; and of the trim silk stocking and neat satin shoe, to the slippers down at heel; and of the shapely *corsage* and its concomitants, to limp and unassuming undress. Who, demands A. K. H. B., would marry a slatternly girl, whose dress is frayed at the edges, and whose fingers are through her gloves? It is all very well, exclaims Mr. Trollope, for the world to say that a girl should be happy without reference to her clothes. Show him such a girl, and he will show you one whom he should be very sorry that a boy of his should choose as his sweetheart. He pleads, therefore, with fathers for a liberal wardrobe for their girls, if they go out into society. "Girls with slender provisions of millinery may be fit to go out,—quite fit in their fathers' eyes; and yet all such going out may be matter of intense pain." We have Homer's warrant for paternal exultation in a daughter's trim array:

A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.

A modern Jewish adage runs thus: "Let a man clothe himself

beneath his ability, his children according to his ability, and his wife above his ability." To the first clause, Mr. Trollope would take exception, to judge from a passage in another of his books, where he counsels souls masculine as well as feminine to dress well; adding, "In my mind, men, like churches and books, and women too, should be brave, not mean, in their outward garniture." Dr. Oliver W. Holmes pronounces dowdiness to be clearly an expression of imperfect vitality. And he defies us to produce a sweeter portrait of humility than in Esther, "the poor play-girl of King Ahasuerus; yet Esther put on her royal apparel when she went before her lord." And elsewhere this most genial of medical literati expresses a fervid appreciation of the general effect, in a well-dressed woman, of clear, well-matched colours, of harmonious proportions, of the cut which makes everything cling like a bather's sleeve where a natural outline is to be kept, and ruffle itself up like the hackle of a pitted fighting-cock where art has a right to luxuriate in silken exuberance. The laureate has taught us how brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court, loved his wife Enid as he loved the light of Heaven—

And as the light of Heaven varies, now
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night
With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint
To make her beauty vary day by day,
In crimsons and in purples and in gems.
And Enid, but to please her husband's eye,
Who first had found and loved her in a state
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him
In some fresh splendour.

And in an after passage the caution is given,

Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

To Lady Eastlake we owe the same caution couched in prose. Let no woman, she warns all women, suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance: the instinct may have been deadened in his mind by a slatternly negligent mother, or by plain, maiden, low-church sisters; but she may be sure it is *there*, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. "As regards an affectation not unfrequent in the sex—that of apathy towards the affairs of the toilet, we can only assure them, for their own sakes, that there is not a worse kind of affectation going. We should doubt, in the first place, whether the woman who is indifferent to her own appearances be a woman at all." One of these unwomanly anomalies is embodied by Mr. Trollope in the person of Mrs. Prim (Dorothea Ray), who, in selecting her widow's weeds, seemed to have resolved to repress all ideas of feminine softness—as though she had

sworn to herself, with a great oath, that man should never look on her again with gratified eyes. Not yet twenty years old, the young widow was "rough with weeds." Her caps were lumpy, heavy, full of woe, and clean only as decency might require—not nicely clean with feminine care. Her dress was "rough, and black, and clinging—disagreeable to the eye in its shape, as will always be the dress of any woman which is worn day after day at all hours." She was, in effect, a proselyte of that eminent divine who asked why should we pet and pamper these bodies of ours, which are soon to be reduced to a state of mucilaginous fusion? About which question there is what has been called a plausibility that for half a minute, perhaps, tends to make you think it may be proper to leave off taking your daily bath, and brushing your nails and teeth—and that instead of employing tailor or milliner for the future, it might be well to assume a horse-rug. "But of course anything that revolts common sense, can never be a part of Christian doctrine or duty." And the natural reply to the rhetorical question aforesaid is offered to this effect: that after these mortal frames are so fused, we shall wholly cease to care for them; but that meanwhile we should suitably tend and clothe them, because it is comfortable to do so, and God's manifest intention that we should do so. Joanna, in *The Gayworthys*, is a pretty antithesis in petticoats to the widow Prime. She could not help her habit of niceness, her author says; could not turn away from that image in the little mirror until every wavy line lay smooth upon the bright head, and rolled itself away gracefully into the braids behind; any more than an artist could turn from his work, leaving a heedless or mistaken touch. "It was habit—instinct; sense of the pure and perfect; these more than vanity. She could not have done violence to her nature—she could not deliberately make herself dowdy—even though Gershom should have really liked her better so." Which, knowing something of men and their contradictions, we may, with the author, feel tolerably safe in doubting after all.

Robert Burns, his biographers tell us, was always anxious that his wife should have a "neat and genteel appearance." She sometimes pleaded that the duties of nursing and kitchen economics ought to excuse her being not quite point device. Burns was ruffled by the excuse—so far at least as to remonstrate against it, and he showed himself in earnest by buying for bonnie Jean the best clothes he could afford. Any little novelty in female attire was sure, Mr. Robert Chambers affirms, "to meet with patronage from Burns—all with the aim of keeping up a spirit for neat dressing in his wife." We are assured, for instance, of the excise-man's wife being one of the first persons in Dumfries who ap-

peared in a dress of gingham—a rather costly fabric at its first introduction, and almost exclusively used by the Quality. Gingham has had a fall in the market since then.

Adverting, in his *American Notes*, to the well-dressed factory girls at Lowell, Mr. Dickens avowed his pleasure in seeing the humbler classes of society careful of their dress and appearance, and even, if they please, decorated with such little trinkets as come within the compass of their means. Supposing it confined within reasonable limits, he would always encourage this kind of pride, as a worthy element of self-respect, in any person he might employ. "Ah, sir," said a costermonger girl to Mr. Mayhew, "a neat gown does a deal with a man; he always likes a girl best when everybody else likes her too." A solicitor-general of Mr. Trollope's making owns to a similar preference: "I love women dearly," says Sir Henry Harcourt; "I like them to be near me; but then I like them to be nice. When a woman is nasty, she is very nasty." Sharp and ready is Piero's retort on Romola, when the latter, in self-vindication, reminds him that he too has been heard to declaim as indignantly against gew-gaws, and wigs; and rouge-pots, as Fra Girolamo himself:—"What then? I never said that a woman should make a black patch of herself against the background. Va! Madonna Antigone, it's a shame for a woman with your hair and shoulders to run into such nonsense—leave it to women who are not worth painting. What! the most holy Virgin herself has always been dressed well; that's the doctrine of the Church:—talk of heresy indeed!"

Beauty is a blessing, argues the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*; and whatever innocently adds thereto is a blessing likewise; else should we never have advanced from fig-leaves and beasts' skins to that harmony of form and colour which we call good "dress." Essay-writing *On the Subject of Clothes*, this lady asserts, that from the peach-cheeked baby, smiling from behind her clouds of cambric, or her swansdown and Cashmere, to the picturesque old gentlewoman with her silver-grey or rich black silks, her delicate laces and her snowy lawns—there is nothing more charming, more satisfactory to eye and heart, than a well-dressed woman. "No," Grand'mère *loquitur*; "whatever Netty may think when I check her occasioned outbursts of linen-drapery splendour, I do not undervalue dress either in theory or practice; nor, to the latest hour of conscious volition, shall she ever see her grandmother looking one whit uglier than old age compels me to look."—Every woman, contends a masculine essayist on Beauty and Brains, is bound to make the best of herself. And explicitly he pronounces the strong-minded women who hold themselves superior to the obligations of dress and manner, and all the plea-

sant little artificial graces belonging to an artificial cultivation, and who think any sacrifice made to appearance just so much waste of power, to be "awful creatures, ignorant of the real meaning of their sex—social Graiæ wanting in every charm of womanhood, and to be diligently shunned by the wary." This making the best of themselves is demonstrably and undeniably a very different thing from making dress and personal vanity the first considerations in life. But the charge against them is, that they are apt to be either frights or flirts, fashionable to an extent that lauds them in illimitable folly, or "so dowdy that they disgrace a well-ordered drawing-room, and in an evening party, among nicely-dressed women, stand out as living sermons on slovenliness." Clouds they are on the sunshine. And can such things be, and overcome us as such summer clouds, without our special wonder?

The Angel in the House has her own particular laureate in Mr. Coventry Patmore. And in the poem bearing her name and style, Jane is made to write after this familiar sort to Mrs. Graham:

—I fancied long
That care in dress was very wrong,
Till Frederick, in his startling way,
When I began to blame, one day,
The Admiral's wife, because we hear
She spends two hours, or something near,
In dressing, took her part, and said
How all things deck themselves that wed;
How birds and plants grow fine to please
Each other in their marriages;
And how (which certainly is true—
It never struck me—did it you?)
Dress was, at first, Heaven's ordinance,
And has much Scripture countenance.
For Eliezer, we are told,
Adorn'd with jewels and with gold
Rebecca. In the Psalms, again,
How the King's Daughter dress'd! And then
The Good Wife in the Proverbs, she
Made herself clothes of tapestry,
Purple and silk; and there's much more
I had not thought about before.

But desint cætera. And here accordingly *cætera desunt*.

THE ORPHANS.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

I.

THE CENTENARIAN.

IN a pretty little village, not far from the venerable city of Canterbury, there are people still living who remember well the persons described and the circumstances related in the following narrative. Upon a spot so quiet and out of the way, the smallest rarity was a wonder; no strolling ballad-singer or brawling tinker ever made their appearance in the half green lanes, called streets, upon whom every window, every pair of eyes and every mouth—at least of all the children—were not opened as wide as they could set them. Added to this, not unnatural, curiosity, the quiet inhabitants of this place had not only the common quantity of the love of the marvellous, but were more than ordinarily tinctured with superstition. Many of the old customs and observances of times past, such as are generally forgotten in more civilised places, were still kept up here, and signs and warnings, dreams and omens, were regarded with superstitious reverence: all sorts of supernaturalisms, in the shape of voices, noises, and sights, had been seen in abundance, some even by daylight. Perhaps these good people differed but little from folks of similar condition and in similar remote situations, but this weakness made them the more liable to be acted upon, and to yield readily to the influence of the circumstances which now beset them.

The story is of no very marvellous cast, and may be introduced by a relation of some simple facts with which it is connected, and perhaps it may be taken as a proof, too, that something of a primitive character still existed in this village, when so simple an event as the one in question should have been celebrated with so much good feeling and with such "pomp and circumstance."

It was just at the end of the harvest-time that an old woman who had inhabited the same cottage all her life long, attained the age of a hundred years! This event certain of the better class of the village determined to celebrate by a kind of festival, or public demonstration, which was to include, first a procession and a little matter of ceremony, then a good substantial dinner to all comers, and, lastly, this memorable day was to finish with a dance for the active, the young, and the gay. For some weeks previously the thing was talked of with the usual anticipations, and for several

days preparations were making by those concerned, and as this included the whole population, there was certainly no deficiency of helpers. At length the happy day arrived, and not as appointed days generally do come, in gloom and damp; but in real good, warm, and bright sunshine. Everybody was astir at daybreak, running to and fro in different directions, holding consultations, and talking and laughing in groups, and a certain party were busily and importantly engaged at a certain gate which led into a corn-field, in which stood in rich abundance a full ripened crop of tall brown wheat, the heavy ear bending slightly the clear, bright, yellow straw. What *were* these busy people doing? Two tall boughs of trees were being fixed to the two gate-posts, and from the stems of these ribbons and flowers of various colours were attached, so that a kind of arch was formed. Furthermore these stems were made to support on one side a spinning-wheel and a distaff, with wool and flax upon it, tied of course with bright-coloured ribbons, and on the other were suspended the implements of husbandry, a spade, a hoe, a hedging-knife, and a reaping-hook. Everybody was too busy to observe such an appearance, otherwise it might have been seen that the sunburnt faces of a farmer, who did the directing part with proper dignity, and three or four of his labourers, gave evident proofs that this same cornfield was to become the theatre of some grand event.

Conjecture was very busy to little purpose for several hours; never, perhaps, before did green boughs, bright ribbons, a spinning-wheel, a *rock* (as the distaff was then called), and the other matters already named, create such marvels. However, about one o'clock in the day the mystery was unravelled. The crowd had gradually drawn off, and had surrounded the cottage in which the centenarian lived. This cottage kept continually receiving visitors, composed of all the genteel people of the village. Ladies and gentlemen came very smartly dressed, and all were decorated with blue ribbons. The churchwardens and the constables had wands tied with ribbons, and waited at the door, occasionally plucking a honeysuckle from the shrub that ornamented it. Presently there was a great stir within, and it was evident that something was coming out. The movement first appeared in the constables, who drove off the boys, who, from the universal good nature shown by everybody, had begun to verify literally the old proverb about "inches" and "ells" as regards the distance they ought to have kept, so that some of the forwardest did not hesitate to flatten their noses and their full-blown cheeks against the small diamond-shaped panes of the old lady's lattice window, by looking in. But now off they flew, and at the same moment

their issued from the cottage-door two ladies, and, resting upon the proffered arm of each, with tardy, but not very feeble step, came the cottager of one hundred years. She was a little creature, stooping slightly, and still bearing an aspect of health and cheerfulness, and with a complexion that all the cosmetics in the world would not produce—one, indeed, of which a maiden of twenty might have been proud. Her dress was neatness and cleanliness itself, her grey hair was turned up in front, her face surrounded by a cap, a black silk bonnet of an antiquated fashion was fastened upon her head with two steel pins, the heads of which shone bright in the sun; first a white, and then a second and a third handkerchief covered her shoulders, the ends neatly pinned down; a gown of a very large flower pattern, partly covered at the back a quilted petticoat, but on each side it was shown, by the happy contrivance of drawing the hem of the gown through the pocket-holes; a snow-white apron, betraying the folds in which it had been carefully laid up, was tied in front; shoes with buckles adorned the feet, and a pair of short black gloves on the arms completed the costume. Two and two came the ladies and gentlemen, each wearing a rosette of blue ribbon, and laughing and talking most affably. The procession thus formed amounted to about ten couples. It began to move forward at rather a solemn pace, it must be confessed, but the attentions paid to the old cottager fully accounted for it, and gave it an extra air of interest. The populace were directed to join in, which they readily did, and thus formed a very goodly show, continuing to move forward with certain little interruptions, but in the best possible humour, until it reached the gate of the cornfield we have described. Necks were now stretched out, and every eye strained to see what was to be done. Presently the line was broken, and all approached and surrounded the gateway.

As people in authority do not readily condescend to let the vulgar into their secrets, but few were aware of what was to be achieved at this halting-place; but in a minute or two the gate was thrown open, the sickle was removed from the place where it had been suspended, and taken by the farmer to whom the field belonged, and who, in conjunction with one of the gentlemen, led the old cottager into the field, and to the first margin where grew the ripe and abundant wheat. And now the grand secret came out; the old lady took the sickle in hand, and being left to herself, commenced at once to grasp in her thin hands a small handful of the ripe grain, and to cut it off with the other. A simultaneous shout of wonder and approbation ascended to the skies. She continued to cut handful after handful, until there was quite enough to make an ordinary sized sheaf. The farmer

and others looked at their watches, as if *timing* the reaper, while the bystanders, pressing nearer and nearer, shouted, cheered, and expressed their delight in all sorts of ways. The farmer declared, after noting the time, that the performance was equal to that of a full-priced labourer, and that at that rate the whole field would be *down* in the time he named. After this remark a loud huzzza greeted the old reaper, and it was curious to listen to the ejaculations of wonder, surprise, and delight as she proceeded. Everybody had seen wheat cut often enough, and not a few had witnessed the personal prowess of the operator now employed, as in earlier days; but nobody had seen corn cut by a person who had lived and looked upon a hundred harvests on the same spot. The operation finished, the old lady declared herself as fresh as a lark; but some person, not over credulous in human endurance, had ordered into the field an arm-chair, into which the old lady, most unnecessarily, as she said, and much against her will, was placed, and being hoisted upon the shoulders of a couple of sturdy rustics, she was borne off in triumph at the head of the procession, which was again formed, and which, with accelerated pace, marching to the music of rather a noisy band that now struck up, made its way to a large booth erected in a green field at a few hundred yards' distance. Here it was that the best of the fun awaited the happy parties concerned, and as they neared the place many were observed to lift their noses into the air with a very significant and expressive action, as if some savoury odour were in the breeze. And it may be observed this was not done without good and sufficient reasons, for in furtherance of the grand project no small number of rounds of beef, sirloins, and legs of mutton, with the never-to-be-forgottou plum-pudding, in company with large round apple-pies, had been getting ready for the last six hours, and were now all meeting in one savoury and happy focus—the booth. The feast came pouring in from different quarters, converging to a point the great centre of attraction, round which in a few minutes all were seated, and none but happy faces were to be seen. One long table served the whole party; at the upper end the gentlefolks and the most substantial farmers were placed, and at the other the villagers and labourers, with their wives, and sons, and daughters. Grace was quickly said by the curate, and as the ready response died away, it was mixed with such a clatter of plates, knives, forks, and spoons, as will admit of no description. Let it pass, as the best of enjoyments will, and fortunate are they to whom such events, and the morrow that follows them, bring nothing to regret. Nothing appeared to distract the enjoyment of the moment, and the only little incident that occurred was one which made an addition to the general mirth. The poor old centenarian had the

misfortune to upset her plate! Never did another's mishap create such delight; peals of laughter attended the occurrence, until good manners, making a virtue of necessity, interfered. Just at this juncture one of the active people whispered to the chairman, who, quieting the good-natured laugh upon his face, was heard to say, "Oh, by all means; most certainly—do, do!" No small curiosity was the consequence of this, but the next minute explained all. It appears that the old lady was too much bent to sit up comfortably at the table, and that she had in consequence, for the last twenty years, eaten her dinners from a plate placed in her lap. A block of wood was at hand, which was put under her feet, and thus accommodated, the old villager enjoyed her dinner and the feast, upon her hundredth birthday!

After her health had been drunk with unusual honours, the chairman in very good phrase, and as good taste, complimented the old lady on her long, harmless, and industrious life. He took occasion to advert to a fact but rarely touched upon by our mouthing philanthropists, and to mention the patient endurance, the meritorious perseverance, and the uncomplaining sacrifices made by the poor in general under circumstances which admit of no amelioration, and are sweetened by no temporal hope. He spoke of the large family which had been so respectably brought up by the centenarian and her late husband. He observed, out of thirteen sons and daughters *all* had turned out good and honest members of society. No single exception had occurred—Here the speaker was interrupted by some one touching his arm. He ceased for a moment, looking round, and then resumed his harangue. He did not retract what had fallen from him, but, taking his glass in his hand, he drank to the good health and success of Deborah's family—her sons and daughters. After this a farmer or two followed, and talked as incoherently as men *on their legs* generally do. But the fun was now getting too boisterous to be kept under by any powers of oratory not properly stentorian. There was a kind of reluctant move among the ladies; they were going, but they did not go, and while this was pending, a very musical and not uncultivated male voice struck up a sea song—one of Dibdin's charming melodies.* All eyes were

* If the understanding and taste of professional singers were at all to be depended on or reasoned upon, some one out of the mass would spring up who would undertake the study and the execution in public of these beautiful and scientific melodies, and which, if we have any claim to national music, may be regarded as splendid and peculiar examples of it; and, as a reward, such singer would receive the applause and admiration of all classes of Englishmen. The neglect of Dibdin's compositions for the trash that has taken their place is a national disgrace.

immediately turned towards the singer, and there fixed with an interest and attention which objects of an ordinary character seldom or ever create. It was then seen that the performer was an old man in the garb of a sailor, a stranger—a common, but not one of the lowest order of trampers, and one whom the festivities of the occasion had attracted to the spot. It is singular how soon the influence of personal character is felt and acknowledged even by ordinary observers. This unknown intruder was not listened to for his voice alone or his mode of using it, but many appeared touched by the air and expression of his head and countenance. His hair was perfectly white, and hung about his head and shoulders in wild abundance; his eyes had the brightness of youth, his nose and mouth were finely formed, and his whole face, flushed as it was, had a joyous and a somewhat reckless look. He was short of stature, well built, having all the air and manner of a sailor. His dress was a pea-jacket, his waistcoat red, and his trousers of Russia duck, made large and wide. Across his shoulder and breast he wore a leather belt, to which a basket was attached that held the articles he sold. These were principally prettily made and painted ladders for shrubs and flowers, and a few light baskets of peculiar form and manufacture, and mixed with some children's toys. The basket was placed at his feet; he stood upright and free, with a long stick in one hand and a low-crowned glazed hat in the other. For many minutes attention was so fixed upon him, that an object of far greater interest than himself remained unobserved. This was a girl about twelve years old, who, shrinking behind the old man, for some time attracted no notice. But on a sudden necks were stretched out and places quietly changed in order to get a sight of the new object of curiosity. This scrutiny was performed with more delicacy than might have been expected, the circumstances of the case considered; and if the appearance of the old man had excited surprise, that of the young girl created wonder and almost admiration—an effect which was not a little heightened when one of the softest and sweetest voices ever heard joined in a passage or two of the old man's song. A hushed attention followed, expectation was breathless, but with that strain the song finished. An uproar of applause followed. Cans, and cups, and jugs, and glasses were handed from all quarters; but to the surprise of everybody, neither the old mariner nor the girl would touch anything. The ladies, who had risen to depart, appeared more struck than any else, and the chairman was requested to ask the singer to come nearer. As soon as his wish was known, the old man, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the girl, came towards the head of the table, and made his bow in a manly

rather than a servile manner—a movement which nobody saw, all eyes being fixed upon the girl, who advanced with the ease and grace that are the peculiar attributes of nature, and a happy ignorance of the world. Although evidently modest and timid, she did not appear abashed. She continued, with eyes cast down, to work at the straw plait she held in her hands, and but very slightly to notice the salutations or the remarks made to her. As curiosity was wide awake, the old sailor was asked a number of questions, all of which were answered shortly and civilly. But from his replies little more was to be learnt than that the girl was his grandchild. And during these inquiries, and whilst all eyes were upon her, the young creature continued her employment with a look as abstracted as if in perfect solitude. Although her general aspect and character impressed you with the idea of a child, she was in stature a woman, for she was as tall as the old sailor, and, without being thin or devoid of flesh, was so slender that no one could avoid being struck with the peculiarity. Another singular characteristic was her extreme paleness, which was greatly increased by the jet-black colour and profusion of her hair, the intense darkness of her eyes, and the long fringe of eyelash that rested upon and shadowed her cheek. Her nose was perfectly straight, and carved with extreme delicacy; her mouth was small, and the expression like that of a child. She wore on her head a coarse straw hat, a short, grey cloak on her shoulders, thrown off the arms for the convenience of working, and under it some sort of dark frock. An apron or a kind of sack, with a broad linen strap across the loins, supported a pouch or pocket filled with straw plait, while by her side hung, one within another, three or four straw hats finished or but half made.

Curiosity was by no means satisfied; but as the leading lady had less of it than the others, and had prepared herself to depart, the rest, as a matter of course, followed. The chair was brought for the old cottager, the rustics who had carried her were standing ready to take her away, and all were giving her their good wishes and taking leave of her. At the moment of her removal, the old sailor stepped forward, and saluted her.

“How do you do? I am glad to see you. More birthdays to you Deborah.”

The old lady stared wildly at the speaker, and muttered an ejaculation or two, which were unattended to, and being hoisted upon the shoulders of the rustics, she was borne away; but she remained with her head turned and her eye directed towards the old sailor as long as he was in sight.

Before the company separated, the old man, by his good humour and his vocal powers, had so ingratiated himself with some of the

farmers and villagers, that accommodation for the night was profusely offered to him and his grandchild. But he excused himself, saying that he had a tent, with which he always travelled, carried on the back of a donkey on which his grandchild rode when they made long journeys, and if any one would give him a sheltered corner in a field, or, if it was bad whether, in a dry barn, he loved his liberty so well that he preferred that to the best accommodation a house could afford; and this, of course, was readily conceded to him.

Everybody was surprised to find that very early in the morning the tent was struck, and the old sailor and the girl had departed.

II.

THE MYSTERIOUS WANDERERS.

ABOUT two months, however, after this, they again made their appearance, and were received with more than the ordinary welcome by the people of the village. They remained for two or three days, sold their little articles of traffic, sang their songs, to the delight of everybody, and were again just as suddenly missed.

These kind of visits continued at uncertain intervals for a year, and were repeated for another year, and again for another and another. Four or five years passed, and these strangers continued to come and go, always increasing the number of their friends and exciting fresh interest, but somehow or other, with or without cause, all at once they began to be regarded as people to whom some mystery was attached. Nobody was struck with the notion for a long time, or could in any way account as to how they became possessed of it, but so it was. The old man had always money, plenty of it, as they said, although it does not appear that any one ever saw more of it than was just necessary for his purposes; but how did he get it? that was the question everybody might, but nobody did know, or would know. Then there was a certain wildness in the manner of the old sailor, and a romance or a singularity in his habits. But the thing which peculiarly struck all the sharp-sighted people, and was soon talked about by the whole community, was, that although the old man had considerably changed, and exhibited fresh marks of old age, the young girl had never varied in the slightest degree from the first day she appeared, six years ago, to the present hour; she was exactly the same, a tall child still, although she had evidently arrived at the age of womanhood. How was it possible to account for this?

It is certainly curious to observe, sometimes, what trifles and natural occurrences will excite wonder in this wonder-loving world, and how many really wonderful things pass for ages unnoticed. Many inquiries had been made, but nobody had ever heard of these strangers being seen in any other part of the country; they came and went like spirits, as the people said.

From talking of these harmless people as spirits, and availing themselves of the mystery that enveloped them, they were soon regarded with suspicion, and at last with fear and alarm. When spoken of, it was with a peculiar shake of the head. At first it was doubtful whether it was all "right," and at last the character of a wizard was fairly fixed upon the old man, and that of a witch, or a familiar, or something else, upon the young girl. Many people observed that they frequently communicated together by signs, a fact which often occurred, and was made necessary by the noise and bustle by which they were surrounded, and although the girl appeared not to see what was done, yet she always understood the old sailor, followed his directions, and attended to his wishes. Indeed, it was often remarked that she appeared to attend to nothing else, and neither to see nor to hear anything to which she was not thus directed. The old man appeared always naturally gay, talking, laughing, and singing; the young girl never smiled, and, unless in one of her wild songs, never exhibited the slightest animation. Then her excessive paleness, and the peculiar thinness of her hands and fingers, which, as she stood plaiting straw in the sun, were noticed by everybody, and sometimes she would oblige the rustics by holding them up against a strong light, to show how it came through them. The children loved to hang upon her slender arms, to touch her thin hands, and to handle her work, and, above all, to hear her sweet voice; but all at once it was observed they were shy of her, failed to caress and hang upon her as usual, and at last actually to fly from her when she made advances towards them.

This change was so sudden and so marked that it could not fail to be noticed. The old man did not appear to see it; he talked and laughed as usual, but the poor child was evidently affected, and although too meek to seek an explanation, gave evidence of being deeply hurt.

As has been said, these wanderers had grown into great respect during the five or six years they had continued to visit the village, and even now they had some friends. One of the warmest and kindest was a farmer, or rather one who had been a farmer. He was a man of rather a singular character; he had been in good circumstances some twenty years ago, but a domestic calamity had induced him to give up his farm, and to retire upon the

remnant of his property. He was possessed of several cottages, one of which he retained as his residence, but his visits to it were altogether uncertain; he would sometimes remain for a week or two, and then be seen no more for half a year at a time. An old woman, who had formerly been a servant with him, lived in the cottage, so that it was always in order whenever he chose to return to it. He was much respected for his kind and charitable disposition and pitied for his misfortunes, and the singularity of his way of life, to which the people about him were now familiarised, passed almost unnoticed.

The old man had frequently been urged by the farmer to accept accommodation in this cottage, but nothing could induce him to desert his tent and his out-of-door habits.

However, just at this period an unhappy change took place, which left no choice, but compelled the old mariner to accept the hospitality of the farmer and the shelter and comfort of a house. The young creature, his companion, whose existence appeared to be a part of his, suddenly and unaccountably sickened, and, to pass over a painful part of our narrative, let it at once be told, died. Everything was done for her that skill, attention, and kindness could do, but she died! No words can paint the grief and distraction of the old man. A wild frenzy seized him, and he raved as a maniac till his strength was exhausted; he then sank into a state of the profoundest melancholy, refusing all sustenance for some time; but suddenly he became drowsy, and sinking into a kind of dead sleep, continued in that condition for a week. At the end of that time, as if Nature had found some secret means of restoring herself, he awoke gradually, but still more abruptly than could have been imagined, appeared conscious and rational, began to rouse himself, to recal his faculties, to stir about, and was presently after missed, just as suddenly as upon former occasions.

The superstitious folly which had seized the villagers at once gave place to grief. All expressed their deep regrets, and denounced their own weakness. Every one attended the funeral of the young creature they had so ill treated, and never upon any occasion were so many tears shed; nor in the midst of this was the old mariner forgotten.

On the day on which this poor girl died there had been a great stir in the village in consequence of the bishop and clergy performing the ceremony of consecrating a piece of ground that had been taken in from an adjoining field and incorporated with the churchyard. The population of the village had of late years greatly increased, houses and cottages had been rapidly rising as conveniences for the living, and it was now found necessary to provide more ample accommodation for the dead.

It is singular that a superstitious fancy prevailed which became talked of as soon as the project itself was known, that the first tenant of this grave-devoted spot of earth would be a stranger, and curious that the fact should coincide with the prediction, but so it was. At the corner of this piece of ground, as if commencing a series of graves, and as if fearing that this newly-obtained space might too soon be filled, the grave of the young girl was dug as near the corner as it was possible to place it. A few yards from this corner there was a rude stile, which intersected a well-beaten path crossing several fields, and continuing through this which had now become part of the churchyard. It was observed, however, that this large portion of the path, although it was left open as a thoroughfare, soon began to change its appearance and to assume that of the field itself; the grass grew in it, it was seldom trodden, and instead a new track was seen running along by the side of the hedge outside the churchyard, and branching off from the old one some distance from the stile. In short, after a little time, it was found that no one passed through the new burying-ground, and it was soon ascertained that very few would go near the corner in which this young creature slept, who could avoid it. It was some time after this before a death occurred in the parish, but it was at once pretty generally declared that nobody would be buried there if they could help it.

III.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

THE autumn had scattered its withered leaves over this now dreary field; the winter had robbed it of its shelter, laid it bare, or covered it with snow, or bound it in ice; the hoarfrosts, and the rain, and the cold winds had chilled it; spring came, and renewed the verdure of the trees and the grass; and with the warm summer came the fresh herbs and the scented flowers, but the sweet young creature, sole occupant of this lonely spot, slept unconscious of all. Here the toils of the husbandman had ceased, his song was no longer heard, nor were any traces of the footstep of the passenger to be seen. The rank nettles, the wild weeds, and the long grass grew everywhere; the path was choked and lost, all but a faint streak of a sickly green, which indicated where it had once been. A few sheep were turned in to graze, but the boy who tended them never approached the corner of the young stranger's grave; long branches from the hedge had spread over it, and the bramble and the bindweed had run together and formed a dreary bower, which contained nothing but the earthy mound within;

upon its sides the new short grass had sprung, and the fresh daisy, in its modest way, had spread its leaves and simple flowers to decorate and hide the brown unseemly earth, while the cowslip and buttercup, scattered all round, grew in quiet companionship. On the bank supporting the hedge knots of the fragrant violet bloomed and perished where they had their birth, for there was no hand to pluck them. No one would approach the spot.

More than a year had now passed, and the memory of the strangers was fading away, when a circumstance came to light which revived all again, and excited fresh wonder and alarm. One of the gossips of the village having to pass the corner which all regarded with such terror, had the courage to look over the stile, and there, to her horror and astonishment, beheld the grave of the young girl newly done up, as she said; the hedge had been clipped, the nettles, the rank weeds, and the long grass cut and cleared away, and the brambles neatly bound over the long, slender mound, and fastened down most carefully all round. It was evident that many hours' labour had been bestowed upon the task. The question was, who could have done it? Here, then, was a foundation for the wonder that at once took root, and grew faster than the weeds which had so long obscured the spot. The old woman, the first to make this mighty discovery known, was perfectly electrified with astonishment. She was on her way to the next village, but having such important news to communicate she turned back, in order that she might be the first to tell it. In half an hour the fact had spread itself over the whole community, who received it with uplifted hands and wide-open eyes, and as if doubting the wonderful fact, man, woman, and child, leaving their houses and their work, ran directly to learn the truth of what had been told them. All were thunderstruck at what they saw. Sure enough it was just as the old gossip had described it: who *could* have done it? The question was asked on all hands, "Who could have done it?" but it was asked in vain; nobody could tell.

A year passed away, and another and another followed it, during which time the same marvellous thing occurred—not once, but four or five different times, to the increasing wonder of the rustics. Some talked of watching to see who it was that performed this tender and pious work for the dead, but a lack of courage stood very much in the way, and the fact remained hid. Time passed on, and as if to bring the new burial-ground in to worse repute, only one of the villagers died, and as the friends of the defunct were rich enough to follow their own inclination, the body was conveyed to a neighbouring village and there interred, all the community protesting that when it came to their turn they would do the same.

Indeed, the corner of the stranger's grave had been so productive of terror, that even the path under the hedge had been deserted, and a new one tracked on the other side of the field as far away as possible. Several timid creatures had been frightened half into fits, and one or two wholly, by a white figure seen sitting on the stile or stalking round the enclosure; and lately, as if not content with these narrow limits, the same figure had walked down into the village. According to report, not one but a dozen people had seen the spirit of the young girl sitting upon the broken steps of the old cross that stood in the midst of the village. At last, as the thing got more and more talked about, not only on the spot but in all the villages round, strangers who happened to come, being sure to hear of so wonderful an event, were asked questions; the person of the old mariner and of his grandchild were described, and one of these visitors, after hearing what was said, most unequivocally declared they had seen exactly such people at a fair at the other end of the kingdom! Whatever doubts might rationally attach to this relation, it was immediately laid hold of and swallowed at a gulp. There was one difficulty in the way of belief, and that was the presence of the girl, while all the village had attended at her funeral. Yes, but who knew she was really dead and buried? There were strange things in the world. One old crone knew a circumstance in which a rich man murdered a servant who offended him, and being immediately seized by the hand of justice and imprisoned, he committed suicide, and was buried; but many years after, when the ground in which he was interred was opened, no remains of a body were found, but, on the contrary, it was well known that the murderer had escaped, and was still living somewhere abroad. To be sure the two cases bore but a slender parallel, but the one proved what was at least possible in the other. Many, therefore, shook their heads, and some of the best reasoners amongst them proved, to the satisfaction of the rest, that if the girl was really what she was suspected of being, a supernatural creature, it might be all very well to make a show of burying her just to throw dust in their eyes, but she was, nevertheless, just as much alive as ever. And thus the account of the stranger was fully borne out and explained, so that if anybody chose to believe the story it was not without some sort of reason.

Without adverting to some fact in real life, nobody would believe to what an extent the superstitious fears and gullibility of the good people of this quiet little village extended. Nobody would go near the terrible churchyard corner, of course, and after nightfall no one would stir out who could help it; or if necessity compelled, a companion was indispensable. Without and within

doors the gossips talked of nothing else but what the stranger had told them, and from a vague notion it came to a certainty that the grave in the corner was a mere sham, and that the singular young creature who was said to be confined therein as her last home still walked the earth. Most of those who remembered her—and that everybody did—suddenly found out that there was something very extraordinary about her, and not at all like other people. She never joined in any girlish sports, and never danced or laughed like other young folks, and at last it was said, after being first put as a question, that no one could remember to have ever seen her eat or drink even, and everybody knew the fact, that during the six years she came backwards and forwards she had not changed in the least degree, or become in appearance a day older.

IV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE STATUTE FAIR.

THIS was exactly the state of things at the end of three days from that in which the stranger was among them who brought the account of the mysterious wanderers he had seen at the other end of the kingdom, or—some people like them. On the fourth day a circumstance occurred which drove the excited villagers half frantic, creating such a ferment as was never known before.

This forth day brought about the anniversary of a statute fair, which was a good deal altered from what it once was, but still numbers flocked to it to sell cattle and other commodities, and, in addition, it was the day on which a "Mop" was held for hiring servants, so that the little town was pretty well thronged with visitors—showmen, pedlars, and trampers of all sorts. The *locale* of these festive doings was a strange kind of oddly-shaped place, neither a square, nor a market-place, nor a green, but something of all three. It was surrounded by cottages, with here and there a house of the better sort, and in the midst stood a Gothic cross fallen into that state of dilapidation which is everywhere found, and may be regarded as a monument of the general taste and respect of the public, churchwardens and overseers, and the little respect paid to such relics of antiquity. However, a portion of the upright shaft, surrounded by a broken flight of three steps, was still left. Here was the thickest and funniest of the throng; and just about the hour when the place was fullest, and the stir and excitement at its greatest height, a clear, strong voice was heard singing a well-known sea-song, and, looking towards the cross, there was

seen, standing upon the upper of the three steps, the old mariner! All the notes of admiration in the world would not express the surprise, wonder, astonishment, dismay, terror, and alarm that took possession of the villagers, to whom he was well known. In a moment there seemed to be a general suspension of everything, even breath; people in the midst of a long talk, a hard bargain, or a loud laugh, suddenly stopped short as if electrified, and stood with stupid wonder and staring eyes directed to the old cross. There was a hush and a suspension of movement so sudden and general, that the voice appeared to be given out with a tenfold power, and was, in consequence, heard to the extreme limits of the crowd. There stood the old sailor, looking the same as he had done many years before, his dress the same, his face as flushed, as ruddy, and as careless as ever, and his long white hair, as he held the same low-crowned glazed hat in his hand, waving in the breeze. But who shall describe another sight that appeared at the same time? By his side, rather behind him, and one step lower, stood his grandchild—the same slender, pale creature, arrayed in the same way, and engaged in the same occupation! The straw plaits were in the same long thin hands, and by her side hung the unfinished and the completed coarse straw hats she made and sold. Wonder of wonders, how it is to be told; and who shall describe the sensation produced, when the same sweet, touching voice was again heard to join in with that of the old mariner? Words are mere empty sounds when employed upon such an occasion as this and mean nothing. The song was heard to the end before the people at all recovered themselves, and still they stood staring with fearful astonishment. Before any movement had been made, and before any one had addressed a question or a remark to the old sailor, he had lifted up the basket that stood at his feet, had attached it to a strap that suspended it before him, and in the same voice and manner all knew so well, he stood recommending the flower ladders and the toys he was accustomed to deal in, while the young girl at his back continued plaiting straw. As people became somewhat bolder, and approached him, he nodded familiarly to them, and offered his wares. It was some time before any one ventured to ask him a question as to where he had been so long, or what he had been doing, or anything else. Some children who had come into the world since the old man left the village, as they approached the girl in order to touch the long straw plaits, or the hats and bonnets that hung at her side, were suddenly plucked back by their affrighted mothers, and for some time everybody kept his distance.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the young creature by the old man's side was *not* the same grandchild who had been buried in

the new churchyard six years before, but her sister, and that the resemblance, which the vulgar fears of the village converted into identity, was really no more than is often found to exist in families. The girl herself was altogether unconscious of the terrors she created, and, being absorbed in her work, she failed to notice many occurrences and remarks which would have struck another. During the day the old mariner disposed of the greater part of his stock, as well as that of his grandchild. He kept the place he had chosen, and sang over and over again all his songs, to the great delight of the listeners; and the girl was repeatedly asked to sing, but she shook her head, and only now and then joined in with her grandfather.

Late in the day, as the old man and his child appeared to be leaving the scene, they were met and stopped by a party of respectable people. Before a word was spoken these persons exhibited evident marks of surprise and some fear. The gentlemen nodded and spoke to the old man, as the ladies did to the young girl; but as one of them, who had been present at the festival in the booth, approached to shake hands with the girl, an elderly woman made an attempt to prevent her, and exhibited some show of displeasure, if not dread. However, it did not prevent the long thin hand from being taken hold of and examined: the lady spoke kindly, the rest looked on with a singular expression upon their faces.

"Oh, how like, how like!" said the kind lady. "I can scarcely persuade myself it is not the same." The party moved a step or two backwards. "How many, many times have I thought of that sweet creature, and shed tears that anything so beautiful should be so——" Here the lady stopped, as if something in her throat prevented her finishing what she was about to say. But, recovering herself, and still holding the hand she had taken, she said, looking at the old man, "How many times I have thought of that wild song she used to sing—the sea-bird's song, I think you used to call it. Can this girl sing it, and will she?" said the lady, relinquishing the hand of the young creature, and putting her own into her reticule, as if searching for something to give her. "Will she sing it for an old friend?"

The old mariner, perceiving the intention of the lady, checked her respectfully in what she was doing, and remarking that kindness would do anything with his grandchild, he made a sign to her, and she immediately commenced the required song, which she sang to a wild air, with a peculiarly sweet and touching voice and cadence, and with a gentle sway of the body and arms that gave it a singular charm full of the sentiment of the subject.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

I revel and rove o'er the wide, wide sea,
The crest of the billow's a home for me;
I rise in the foam, and I ride on the spray,
Untouched and untired I wing my way,
 Buoyant and bright
 As a gleam of light;
The waves they are wild, and the winds they are free,
I'm a thing of life, of the air and the sea.

O'er the reefs and rocks that the mariners dread,
I fearlessly, carelessly, merrily tread;
And I laugh at the fathomless depths of the sea,
Its threatening growl and its savage glee;
 Buoyant and bright
 As a gleam of light;
The waves they are wild, and the winds they are free,
I'm a thing of life, of the air and the sea.

When the sky is blue and the sun is bright,
I'm a spark of his fire, a flash of his light,
I'm a voice in the storm in the gloomy night,
When the dark, dark clouds meet the billows white.
 Buoyant and bright
 As a gleam of light,
The storm and the calm are the same to me,
I'm a thing of life, of the air and the sea!

As the last cadence of the song died away, no vulgar applause followed it, but the lady again pressed the singer's hand without speaking, and the rest of the party retained their position, as if listening still. The old man made his seaman-like bow, and placing his hand upon the shoulder of his grandchild, and shutting his eyes, as those who knew him had often observed to be his practice, he followed very much in the manner of a blind man.

The old mariner and the girl had proceeded to some distance before the party, who continued looking after them, had recovered themselves, and the first remarks made were that they had never heard anything so wild and beautiful, or had seen such extraordinary people.

The evening was now closing in, and the old man and the young girl continued their walk. Curiosity was by no means satisfied, and it was more likely than not that there would be a crowd of inquisitive people at their heels, but as most of the villagers had some visitors, relatives, friends, and acquaintances, or were engaged upon such a busy mission in some other way, this probably prevented it, and the old mariner and his grandchild passed on with but little interruption. Every now and then they were pointed out, and called to, and two or three times there was a cry

of "The ghost! the ghost!" of which no notice was taken. The alehouses were full of people singing, shouting, and drinking, and just as the old man and girl were approaching, and about to pass the end of a long straggling street, a party of young men, far from being sober, came suddenly upon them. The young girl attempted to lead the old sailor aside out of their path, but the drunkards obstructed the road, and before it was possible to pass by, one of them seized her in his arms, and lifted her from the ground. The old sailor in an instant lifted the long stick with which he walked, and struck the fellow such a blow over the head that he fell to the earth as if shot. The young girl freed herself, and flew directly to the arms of her grandfather for protection. An uproar was the immediate consequence; the man was taken up from the ground rather stunned than hurt; but, at the same moment, one or two of his companions fell upon the old mariner, who got very roughly handled, and if a powerful arm had not been interposed to protect him, he would have fared much worse.

"What outrage is this?" said the person who had come to the rescue, casting aside the assailants, and placing himself before the old man and the trembling girl.

"Oh, it's you, farmer, is it?" said a voice; "oh, ah! these are old friends of yours—I remember now. Well, never mind, some people like to keep company with vagabonds. We don't, and so we'll wish you good-night, and some other time you may get a good turn done for you."

VALE AND CITY.

XXXIII.

The City, Berlin.

I SAID, I believe, my dear friend, that I should write to you next from Weimar. I suppose it will be *next*, for we still think of visiting that town, but for the present we remain here, having fallen in with some acquaintances, who make our stay more agreeable. They have resided for a winter in Berlin; they are not, therefore, guide-book people going through museums, and palaces, and public places with us, and then bidding us good-bye, but are able to tell us what is of interest about social and political affairs. At least, Mr. W., the father of these new friends of ours, and Mr. N. find much to talk about on those subjects, and we of the weaker-headed sex take in what we can from their discourse.

I recollect that once, after some talk of our own of that kind,

what you replied to me, when I said, "After all, you know, this is only the emotional politics of woman, of no value to man, perhaps of even less to women themselves."

Your reply was, "What you call the emotional politics of woman spring often from a surer source than those of men—from natural feeling—from instincts unperverted by reasoning selfishness. Woe to woman if she abandons the emotional side of her nature, and seeks to compete with man on the safer side of reason and self-interest!"

"You admit something against yourself," I replied, "when you say 'the safer side of reason and self-interest.'"

You answered that you only admitted that it was the safer side in the social morals of our domestic life, but that you did not hold it to be the safest in the great social morals, or that which should be the great social morals of nations—politics. You believed that in them, if men trusted more to the emotional side of their nature, it would be well for societies—trusted to their instincts that prompt to the true, the just, the generous.

Are you of this opinion still? I do not think you could indoctrinate our two gentlemen here with it. Mr. W., who knows the most about public matters in Prussia, would more especially object to it. He would laugh at the idea of men trusting in politics to any instinct but that of self-preservation as a nation, but that being something different from the selfish desire of an individual to save his own life at any cost, even at the cost of another's life, there may be much that is generous in it. In efforts to save the national life, individual life must be sacrificed. So far, perhaps, you will agree with him. But then, he says, the next political instinct of national life that must be trusted, must be yielded to, is that of growth, of enlargement, of aggrandisement. Here you will differ from him, and say that a small but free country, satisfied with its boundaries, is in a much better condition than a larger contending with its neighbours around for greater extent of territory.

Even such a reply did Mr. N. make to him with little effect; it was ridiculed as belonging to romance, and, be not offended, to woman's politics. He has become thoroughly *Prussianised* in his ideas. He is more Prussian than a vast number of the Prussians themselves, for there appears to be now among all who are not actually of the army a sort of indifference to public matters—a *laissez-aller* feeling that things must be as they will, we must do as we can. That will pass away whenever the people are called on to do any great work as a people, so says Mr. W.

He may be right. But what has been the cause of this feeling? No doubt the sense of disappointment at the result of the struggle

between governments and their subjects after the events of '48 in Paris. Here, however, Mr. W. offers something new to our consideration. In the different states of Germany, he says, it was not a mere impulse to be on the move which '48 gave from France that stirred them. It was real wants within them. Even the old Scandinavian races, retaining, as England has done from her Saxon ancestors, strong aspirations towards liberty—even those races were restless before that fatal year. This was shown by Denmark in the new constitution, which she demanded and obtained in '45. There can be no question among those who know anything of the German mind that all the *populations* of the different states of the confederation would rejoice in having such a constitution granted them, each and all, until they could get a better. But to grant it would not suit the inclinations of the rulers of those states, and they set themselves to do what seemed best to their minds to decry Denmark, and to harm her in whatever way they could. She had the provinces of Holstein, Lauenburg, Schleswig, which were included in the confederation, and these it would not permit to accept the new Danish constitution. Prussia takes the lead in all this, and what she does our friend declares to be right.

We asked him if he had lost all liberality—all English sense of justice. No; he asserted that it was because he was more liberal than we, that he approved of the course things were taking in this country; he did not venture to say that it was because his sense of justice was stronger than ours. He argues that the Germans cannot be fitted for better institutions, for greater freedom, for deliverance from the police providence that now rules, until they are one people, not a collection of populations. An united Germany can only be formed by Prussia, not as a head, not as a leader, but as either Germany absorbed into Prussia, or as Prussia *Germanised*. Let her have her way, then. She must, she will have it, and she will find out what is best.

What do you think of all this, after the Italian poet's emphatic detestation of this military and despotic power, which I lately quoted to you? I do not know what to think of it, neither does Mr. N., so to put an end to the discussion he proposed that we should all make another excursion to Potsdam—the Versailles of this Paris—a town of palaces and barracks, a little world of princes and soldiers. After our dinner at a restaurant there, we asked our friend with the new political ideas to count on his fingers the number of palaces in Potsdam, and to add to them those that we had seen in Berlin and its neighbourhood, but when he got very near a score of them he stopped short, saying that there might be so many; he, however, had not seen them.

"There are so many," Mr. N. replied, "for our young people

have seen them. Now, what do you think of a people, by no means a rich people, who display their greatness in this way? Was it very wise in your boasted Prussians, who are to do such marvellous things in the future?"

"They were not in past times wiser than others. Everywhere in Germany we see, even in the smallest states, proofs of the oppression of the people in the buildings erected for their princes. But when princes will no longer be the great men of Germany; when there shall be greater men than they, we, or those who shall come after us, will not have such edifices as this to look at."

This was said as we were entering what is called the Marble Palace. It is true he took no interest in all its splendours—nor, indeed, did we. But Sans-Souci, though we had all visited it before, did please us all—it was, in fact, almost the only place that did so. Though in the reminiscences which it awakens there is nothing appealing to our common humanity in a tender or touching way, still it does appeal to what is human in us by recalling the dead. We shall all die. In that we are one with those already dead. And that thought brought to our hearts something solemn, if not tender, with the remembrance of the hard despot who had died in that pretty little royal home, as we looked at the clock in his bedroom, said to have been stopped at the hour of his death. Then, too, we walked in the evening light on the beautiful terraces formed by his command, and listened with patience to our new friend's declaration that Prussia could never again have so great a king, but that she would produce many a better man—many a man of a nobler stamp than he, to do her good service in her great cause.

May it be so! And now adieu!

XXXIV.

The City, Weimar.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If you should have replied to either of my letters from Berlin, your letter will be sent on from that place, to which we do not now think of returning. We have left behind us Mr. W. and his political speculations, you will, therefore, have no more of them, only just this, that if we believed in them we should have to relinquish an old notion in which we were brought up. Do you remember it? That to England, by her naval superiority, was assigned the empire of the seas; to France, by her military genius, that of the land; to Germany, by her mental culture, that of the air; this last meaning power in the realm of intellectual life. Our new friend's theories aim at a

much more solid empire than that for Germany. But no more of them, and let me tell you of the little nook of boasted intellectual superiority to which we have come—the town of Weimar.

We travelled in company with a well-informed German doctor, who, being with English, ventured to speak exactly as he thought and felt. In the first place, then, he said of the great little town of Weimar that there prevailed in its society a very bad tone, that of pride and pedantry combined. That was not encouraging. But we were not going into its society; we were only going to look at the outsides of things—things to which an interest had been given by their connexion with the names and the lives of men of great intellect. The German, however, quoted to us what Herder had said of the Weimar of his day—let me add that he apologised for the quotation as soon as he had made it—that it resembled a finely-powdered and pomatumed head, but not a clean one, and the courtiers were the unclean creatures that ran through its well-arranged curls. A startling thing to be said by one who had lived in the ducal court, accepted its patronage, and kept his mind to himself in the ducal presence. Is it better that he should have revealed it afterwards or not? I cannot answer that question. It does seem as if most men who reflect needed a confessional at one time or another, and that is what compels so many to utter their thoughts by the pen. Herder, a minister of religion, must have surely had some conscientious misgivings on his acceptance of favours from those for whom he had no respect, and on his living among those whom he despised. To end all this talk about Herder, of some of whose writings I have heard you speak with admiration, let me tell you that I secured for you at Berlin a nice edition of his works. No, not exactly that, but of a selection from them in some half-dozen volumes. I glanced at a passage here and there in them, and found them not altogether attractive to me, and that I had to come to the conclusion that he is as little of an author for woman's reading as is Montaigne. In spite of all that, you shall have him, as you have the old Frenchman.

Now for this town of Weimar. What pleased me most in it? A rainy sunset, when a bright gleam between dark clouds shot through the openings of the tower of the town-hall, the Rath Haus, with most picturesque effect. I have to note it, though I am far from being a seeker after the picturesque. What gave me the least pleasure in the place? Certainly Schiller's house. A mud-built cabin—a small ruinous old house in a town—a poor little cottage in a garden—a large house, looking decayed and deserted, as if forgotten in the turmoil of a great town—the aspect of any of these may be poetic when they bring to your memory a great name. But it seemed to me as if nothing could make Schiller's

house poetic. It is so mean, so bare, has so much the stamp, not of the struggle of genius with poverty, but of toil with poverty, that it gives a chill feeling of misery, that one forgets the man's intellect and thinks only of his life. Then follows the too sad, the too painful recollection of the circumstances attending his death in that house—circumstances which you know too well, as showing the destitution of his family at that time, and the careless ignorance of his so-called patrons and friends of his real wants. One can imagine such ignorance as possible and excusable about a poet hiding his misery in the depths of Paris or of London, but in Weimar, where everybody knows everybody's affairs, it was unpardonable. Where was Goethe when his brother poet's poor body was laid out on a deal table, with one tallow candle burning beside it, and when his servant had to borrow the money to procure the commonest of coffins? Where, when his poor funeral set forth in the evening darkness, with only a solitary mourner whom no one knew?

After this, shall I take you to Goethe's house, a pleasant-looking, small one, in which a simple, honest, uncourtierlike person might be comfortable, one would think, if not happy? I know that you, like me, have little regard for the man Goethe, however great your admiration for him as a poet. After having heard "Faust" well declaimed, I must acknowledge to a great increase of that admiration in me. Still I am far from joining in the Goethe worship, either of English or of Germans who approve of all that he has said and done, as well as of all that he has written. The feeling of want of respect for his personal character was strengthened, not lessened, by the reminiscences of him in the Residenz, the ducal château of Weimar. There, in the suite of apartments called "the poet's halls," decorated by the taste of the Grand Duchess Amelia, are represented Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller in a way intended to be of the apotheosis kind. But all that recalled those men of genius in this little feminine court made me think of them with pity.

Brave old Samuel Johnson! how proud I felt then of you in *your court*—Bolt-court—and of your poverty! In the centre of the great human tide of London you lived a man's life among men, and yet a life of as great literary labour as that of any of those men whose excuse for coming to Weimar was that they might have leisure and means for writing. Melancholy must have been the state of Germany in the last century, if we must believe that genius could not have cultivated itself, unfolded itself, and lived unless such protection as that of the court of Weimar had been held out to it. Much, indeed, was the great Revolution in France needed to send into this land some fresh and free air to quicken

political life, for it was the deadness in that which compelled talent, and wit, and worth to seek what breathing place they could for literature and art.

After all this, I should not be surprised if you would say that things are worse now than they were then, as far as literature is concerned, when I tell you what I have learnt on that matter from a German. "We have floods of lyric rhyme," he says; "we have enough and to spare of maudlin romance; no novels of real life and manners, amusing and instructing us, as your modern English ones amuse and instruct you. We are even worse than you of the present day with regard to the drama, and we have no Shakespeare, no Molière from whom to take example, or on whom to rest as all-sufficient."

So he said sorrowfully. But with all that, things are much better than they were because of the great spread of education in this country, though it may be this, too, which makes so many paltry writers. Still, it is good that all men should know how to read and write; we are coming to a time when it will be absolutely necessary that they should know that at least, and should have in that the means of knowing more if they choose. More than one German, however, has said to me, when I spoke of the great want of education in England:

"Oh yes! but your freedom is much better than our education."

"That may be," remarked Mr. N., "if we now begin to keep pace with you in education, and prevent our ignorance from dealing some fatal blow to our freedom. France may make us tremble for what ignorance has been led to do against freedom in these last few years."

We hear that the prudent princes—*klug* is the German word for them—prudent princes of Coburg keep a court in which the tone of Weimar pride and pedantry is *mauvais ton*, and society is more agreeable there. But we have neither time nor inclination to try whether this be the case or not. We think only now of visiting the most interesting place in this neighbourhood, the Wartburg, and perhaps after that one or two German towns on our way back before winter to the land of good coal fires and no stoves—of many other things comfortable to us, but far from being so to other nations.

You are well, I hope, and able to enjoy the fine weather under your tree, if you are not to be tempted by summer and fine weather to anything further from your home. If you have written to me I shall get your letter wherever we may be. Expecting it, then, I say good-bye!

THE MARSEILLAISE.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF ROUGET DE LISLE.)

BY CHARLES KENT.

I.

ON, sons of France, with roll of drum
The dawn of glory's day has come!
Against us, tyrants of the world
Their blood-stained banner have unfurled.
Hark! from yon fields, with roar of joy,
Ferocious troops bring wild alarms:
They come within your very arms
Your wives and children to destroy!
Arm! March! to their storming, battalions swift forming!
Till our soil drink the foul blood their dastard hearts warming

II.

What mean these hordes of villain slaves,
Of traitors and of kings forsworn?
For whom prepared, these pitfall graves?
For whom these long-forged chains forlorn?
Frenchmen for you! Ah! taunts so base
What transports of disdain inspire!
'Tis you they dare to cross in ire,
And spurn as some old slavish race!
Arm! March! &c.

III.

What! these rude foreign cohorts, these,
Make laws around our household fires?
This phalanx of mere mercenaries
Trample in dust our warrior sires?
Great God! beneath such yoke abhorred
Our fronts abased by fettered hands!
The power of these vile despot bands
Our future mould, as Sovereign-Lord!
Arm! March! &c.

IV.

Nay, tremble tyrants! tremble you,
 Th' opprobrium ev'n of party vice!
 Ere parricidal blood imbrue
 Your recreant hands, receive your price!
 All soldiers are, to meet your band:
 And if our youthful heroes fall,
 Why France new hearts to life will call,
 To scare you from this outraged land.
 Arm! March! &c.

V.

Frenchmen, like warrior chieftains true,
 Restrain or hurl the bolts of war;
 Sparing alone the piteous crew
 Who 'gainst ye arms reluctant bore.
 But sanguinary despots grim,
 Th' accomplices of Bouillé's guile,
 Such ravening tigers, ruthless, vile—
 Slay all, yea, rend them limb from limb!
 Arm! March! &c.

VI.

O sacred love of fatherland,
 Conduct, sustain avenging arms!
 O cherished Freedom, bare thy brand
 Beside the champions of thy charms!
 May Victory 'neath our flag unfurled,
 Speed on before thine accents dire:
 May all thy foes, as they expire,
 Behold thy glory sway the world!
 Arm! March! &c.

VII.

(VERSE SUNG BY CHILDREN.)

We, too, will tread our paths in life,
 Our elders having passed away;
 And of their virtues, proved through strife,
 Find traces in their glorious clay!
 Less eager to survive their doom
 Than to partake their funeral chime,
 Ours be the patriot pride sublime
 To avenge or follow to the tomb!
 Arm! March! to their storming, battalions swift forming!
 Till our soil drink the foul blood their dastard hearts warming!

THE DREAM PAINTER.

BY DR. J. E. CARPENTER.

BOOK I.

VII.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

VERY adroitly had Madame Werner contrived to hurry on the marriage of her daughter with the baron, a marriage anxiously looked forward to on his side, and tacitly consented to on that of Geraldine, or rather, we should say by Bertha Werner, for Bertha being her first baptismal name, she had to drop the one by which she was generally called when the marriage ceremony was performed.

The chief reason that Madame Werner assigned was the absolute necessity that existed for Werner's leaving Bonn at an early date. Urgent private affairs have covered many a dishonourable retreat, and they were made to serve the turn of the Werners.

Thus, at the château of the baron there was a rush of upholsterers, and painters, and decorators, while at the temporary home of Geraldine's parents there was a constant passing in and out of milliners and dressmakers, and an intercourse with certain tradesmen of the town who had not previously been honoured by Werner's patronage.

Very vigilant was the watch that Madame Werner kept on her daughter; she was at once taken from the school, as we have seen, but she was not suffered to go out; not that she was told she was to consider herself a prisoner—on the contrary, her mother appeared kinder to her than ever, she lavished upon her all her endearments, she endeavoured to keep her constantly excited by talking to her about the grandeur that awaited her, but an excuse was never wanting for keeping her within doors. As to the name of the young artist, it was never once mentioned.

At last the day was appointed, and it was arranged that the baron should take his young bride to Carlsruhe and afterwards to Baden. This was to occupy them several weeks, by which time all would be in readiness for the reception of the youthful baroness in her new home.

The wedding breakfast given by Werner was a grand affair; for when it became known among the tradespeople that his daugh-

ter was about to marry the wealthy Baron Rosenthal, the credit that he was enabled to obtain was unlimited.

As to the wedding itself, Geraldine was carried, rather than walked, half fainting to the altar, and the ceremony was performed on her part as if she were in a dream. The baron appeared vexed and surprised, but Madame Werner reassured him "it was nothing but an overwhelming sense of the honour that had fallen upon her, the unexpected novelty of the situation in which she found herself placed, that had unstrung her nerves and completely overwhelmed her. But she would soon be herself again, he might rest assured of that."

The bridesmaids, two daughters of a neighbouring proprietor, were much shocked; they thought that, in Geraldine's situation, they should have acted very differently.

Then the party returned, and Geraldine, having been taken by her mother to her dressing-room, was forced to swallow some restoratives or stimulants. The worst was over; she had now before her only the inevitable future, and when she returned to the drawing-room arrayed in her travelling costume, she was more calm and collected.

The carriage of the Baron and Baroness Rosenthal was at length announced, and then the parting took place, with mingled expressions of regret and congratulation on the part of Madame Werner, with some real feeling on the part of her husband.

The baron's man and Geraldine's new maid occupied the rumble of the carriage. They saw the little pantomime of Leopold, but they attributed it to some frantic student who had imbibed something stronger than lager beer or Rhine wine.

When the last guest had rolled away in the last carriage it was getting on towards the evening. There was no mention of play at the Werner's that day; none of the pigeons were asked to remain; everything had been conducted with the etiquette proper to the occasion, and once more the Werners were alone.

"Now," said Madame Werner, when all the servants had left the room, "he is at liberty to come as soon as he likes, for Geraldine is safe."

"Charlotte, you have managed everything admirably. I hope," added her husband, in a tone of half regret, "that Geraldine will feel the advantages of her position, that she will see it was all for her good."

"Why should she not?" replied his wife; "wild and imaginative as she is, her position will afford her a thousand opportunities of gratifying her little whims. I have remarked in her a growing restlessness, an impatience of control, that would have given us much trouble with her a few years later."

"She has seemed pliant and obedient enough since you persuaded her to accept the baron."

"I did not persuade her," replied Madame Werner, with a meaning smile; "I pointed out to her her duty; I showed her how necessary it was to her own happiness that her future should be perfectly independent of our own; I remarked on the improbability of so splendid an opportunity again presenting itself——"

"Surely," said Werner, interrupting his wife, "surely, you did not tell her——"

"Werner, I am not a fool," she replied, gathering from the expression of his face the meaning of his unfinished sentence; "I told her how extremely improbable it was that the fortune you have been expecting would ever come into your possession, and that a mean marriage, or at most a convent, was all she had to look forward to."

"I see," said Werner, smiling bitterly, "you did not persuade her."

"When," pursued Madame Werner, without pretending to notice the sarcasm, "Geraldine shall have come to realise her position, the baron will not find her the yielding, timid girl he thinks her now, and he will like her the better for it. She has, thank Heaven, some of her mother's pride, her old spirit, that has not been crushed down by repeated trials, by a lowering of position step by step, as mine has been. She will begin life in the position that you led me to believe I might aspire to."

"Charlotte! why revive old troubles? Surely this is not a day for reproaches," replied Werner, in a tone of mingled sadness and regret.

"You are right, Gerald," said his wife, giving him her hand; "but what I have gone through to-day reminded me so strongly of the past; forgive me, I had no intention of wounding your feelings."

"Say no more about it, Charlotte," replied Werner, conveying her hand to his lips.

"And now," she said, forcing a smile, "what do you intend to do?"

"To leave here, assuredly, at the earliest possible minute."

"But what necessity? It may be a month—two months, perhaps, before the baron and baroness return."

"You seem to fall into Geraldine's new title very naturally," observed Werner, before answering his wife's question. "I do not know how soon the count may arrive. Foiled of his prey, he may turn round upon me and expose me among the baron's connexions."

"Your fears are groundless, Werner; the count has too much at stake himself to risk retaliation."

"Still, he will always be here; he will use my house to further his own ends, or propose again some odious confederacy; he will play me some devilish trick and involve me—he is not satisfied with moderate gains. I tell you it is better we should get away."

"But can you get away?" demanded his wife, abruptly.

"How—can I?"

"The tradespeople, Werner? The rent, I know, you paid in advance; they are very shrewd people these German proprietors; have you the means of satisfying the tradespeople? It will be necessary for the fair fame of the baroness that we should not get out of here as we did out of the last place."

Werner smiled, and took from his pocket a little morocco case, from which he extracted a roll of bank-notes, upon which armorial bearings and engraved engine-turning, almost obliterated by dirt, together with the words "Fifty dollars," were just perceptible.

These he held before the eyes of Madame Werner.

"Two thousand six hundred dollars," he said.

"Two thousand six hundred dollars!" she exclaimed, in surprise—"nearly four hundred pounds in English money! Where did this come from?"

"Our good son-in-law, the Baron ——"

"No, Gerald, no! I hope not. When did you have the opportunity? I never saw the baron sit down to play."

"How impatient you are, Charlotte," replied Werner. "I was about to explain to you that our good son-in-law, the baron, hearing me regret that my remittances had not arrived, very politely volunteered to be my banker. I objected, of course; but he insisted, asked me what the amount was I had been disappointed of. I named the trifle, couldn't imagine the cause of the delay, and—everybody shall be paid, Charlotte—paid honourably."

"And the baron?" she asked, fixing her eyes on her husband.

"Yes, certainly, the baron—when my remittances arrive."

"Which means——"

"When my private bank will afford it. We must keep a little to the credit of self, or how are we to carry on?"

"Oh! Werner, Werner, this life is wearing me away; is there no way of relinquishing it?"

"None that I can see, unless you can invent some means of living without money altogether," answered Werner, dryly.

"There must be some appointment. Surely your friends, when they hear of our new connexions, will do that for you."

"I know not," said Werner, gloomily; "I have tried them often enough, and they have made some proposals to me degrading enough; but I could never forget that I am a gentleman."

It is singular, or, rather, it is not singular, how men circumstanced as Gerald was cling to the pride of birth, even while pursuing a nefarious and unlawful occupation. The public, too, has more commiseration for the swindler who has been a gentleman than it has for the common pickpocket, whom he ought by his example to teach better. The judge on the bench pities him as he condemns him to transportation for life, and previous to his committal the feeling magistrate orders him to be accommodated with a chair. After all, then, Gerald's idea of a gentleman did not differ so much as might be expected from that acknowledged by society generally.

Madame Werner did not scruple to keep the baron in the dark as to Werner's true position. Werner, himself, had no hesitation in taking the baron's money. Yet Madame Werner would have scorned the imputation that she had been guilty of selling her daughter, and Werner, the gamester and blackleg, would have given a ragged vagabond into custody detected of picking his gentlemanly pocket.

A very few days sufficed for Werner to get in his little bills, and "pay the people." The servants, too, all received their wages and remained to the last, packing the trunks of madame, the portmanteaux and carpet-bags of Werner, and assisted in removing them to the wharf.

Werner did not know precisely where he was going; he seldom did when he was starting on a journey. He was governed by circumstances, making a stop here and there, and only settling down for a period where he saw a good opening.

On this occasion he selected the steamboat to commence his tour, because, from the information he had received, he would be the less likely to meet the man he wished to avoid, who would travel by the road.

If Werner had any real cause to dread a meeting with the Count Basil Lamberti, he had not taken his departure a moment too soon, for the steamboat was yet in sight when the post-chaise conveying that personage rolled into the town.

The count's first care was to drive to the post-office for his letters, directed to him in an assumed name—a precaution he always took care to adopt; then he inquired the address of the Werners, and as the latter had not deemed it necessary to announce their departure to the postmaster, he concluded that they were still there. Satisfied of this, he next proceeded to establish himself in one of the principal hotels of the town; then he ordered dinner,

retired to divest himself of his travelling-suit, and some little time afterwards returned to his private sitting-room to partake of his solitary meal.

The Count Basil was an Italian by birth; he had scarcely reached the age of thirty-five, but habitual late hours, dissipation, and, above all, that sinister yet nervous and anxious look which seems inseparable from the features of every professed gambler—from the thimble-rigger and card-sharper of the racecourse to the most elegant habitué of the German watering-place—made him look at first sight at least fifty. Still he was a handsome, an elegant man. He was tall, above the usual height, and carried himself well. His eyes, ever restless, were blue, too blue for a man, his complexion fair, his moustache ample, and his beard, which he was long, were of a light auburn, corresponding with his hair. His hands and feet, singularly small, at once bespoke the aristocrat, while his voice, which he seldom raised, was at once tuneful and seductive. As to the rest, the count always dressed to perfection. His gloves, which he seldom removed, were of the newest, and always fitted *like* a glove, by which we mean that they were of Paris make; his boots were irreproachable, and for his clothes, he would have made the fortune of his tailor had he been known, but as the count kept the name of his builder a secret, the probability is that such was the reverse of the fact.

As we have seen, the count lived upon his expectations, on the strength of which he had borrowed from time to time large sums; for the rest, he was an inveterate gambler. He frequented the German baths in the season, and by "a theory," which did not always serve him, he had upon several occasions managed to coup a good stake.

Thus he was always trying his theory with more or less success. It must be stated, however, that the count was, upon the whole, exceedingly lucky. Perhaps there was at some places an understanding between him and the bank. On one occasion, in Paris, the count had established a bank of his own. He did not appear at his salon himself as a principal, but he had interested Werner in his adventure; in fact, they had been partners, and there had been detection—flight; the name of the count had not transpired in the matter, but this was one of the reasons why Werner wished to avoid him. Another was this: We have said that the Count Basil had a seductive voice. It should be added that his powers of persuasion were extraordinary; they were almost a gift with him; it was next to impossible to resist him.

The count pursued women as some sportsmen pursue game, for the mere sport of bringing them down, and then leaving them for their friends, or anybody, to pick up. Only the true sportsman

sparcs the young birds, while the roué carefully avoids the old ones. He had seen Geraldine Werner when scarcely more than a child, and admired her. Her father knew his man, and he feared him.

The Count Basil dined, then he looked at the address the post-master had given him, inquired his way to it of one of the waiters, and walked leisurely forth.

Arrived at the house that Werner had occupied, he found it deserted by all but the servants; indeed, of these only the house-keeper and the gardener, who were husband and wife, remained. From the former he ascertained the departure of his friend, and he learnt more. In his endeavour to glean as much as possible from his conversation with the domestic the movements of the Werners, he heard all about the marriage—at least, all that the servants were likely to know.

"So—so these Werners play their cards better for themselves than they did for me! To pick up a baron for their daughter! My luck at Baden was not amiss, but it was nothing to this. What a pull Werner must have had out of him! I wish I had come on here before. But are they married? Is not this only a tale to blind the servants? Has not Werner fleeced the baron, and his victim run away with his daughter in spite of him? Perhaps so. But no, I can't think so ill of Werner as all that; he would never have permitted it. Besides, Madame Werner is very, very wary."

These were the thoughts that ran through the mind of the count as he loitered back to his hotel.

"There is nothing to be done to-night," he continued, to himself. "I will pursue my inquiries further in the morning, and then I shall know how to act. If Werner has been able to maintain himself here for nearly a year, there must be plenty of opportunity for me. I know his timid, vacillating disposition; he is content to pluck his pigeons feather by feather, instead of wringing their necks at once. What horrible barbarity—what prolongation of torture."

And the count laughed at his irreverend jest, as if he had been a professed joker, and had an audience to applaud him.

The following morning the count commenced operations; at present he was only an Italian nobleman travelling incog., come to see the Rhine, and taking his pleasure generally. This he gave the landlord of the hotel to understand, in the full assurance that it would soon spread among the other visitors of his establishment.

In order to assure himself of the truth of the story he had heard the night before, Count Basil made his way to the minster, and

obtained permission to inspect the certificate of Geraldine's marriage. Yes! there it was, all perfect and regular; Werner's signature he at once identified, that of the bride was written in such a trembling hand that, but for the collaterals, no one would have been able to decipher it.

"Her name was Bertha, I perceive," soliloquised the count, as he inspected the document. "It matters little to me now what it was; only if I could come across this wealthy baron, supposing him to be wealthy, my slight acquaintance with his youthful baroness might enable me to turn him to some account. All the German barons gamble. I wonder how he has contrived to retain his paternal estate?"

The count had gone too much by hearsay in his knowledge of all the German barons. And he was equally wrong upon another point; that little discovery he had made of Geraldine's other baptismal name was destined to be of the last importance to him.

Perhaps of all the Rhine towns, as regards places of public amusement, Bonn is about the dullest in which a stranger could find himself. In the larger towns, at Cologne, for instance, the inhabitants assemble in the evening during the summer in the public gardens, the men to smoke and talk politics, the women to look at one another's dresses, to watch the crowds as they pass in and out, and to listen to the strains of music which a large and well-appointed band, admirably conducted, usually affords.

In Bonn it is only occasionally that the inhabitants have the opportunity of listening to good instrumental music, when some regiment is quartered in the town, and the military band plays upon the promenade before the university buildings.

One evening in leafy June, at the period to which this history relates, such an event had taken place, and old and young had turned out to avail themselves of the unexpected and inexpensive concert.

In the summer time, when the visitors to the town are tolerably numerous, they flock to this promenade as one of the prettiest walks in the place; the appearance of a stranger, therefore, excites but little notice. This evening, however, a tall stranger did attract the notice of this gay crowd—he attracted it, too, partly by the elegance of his attire, so different to the loose wrappers and slouch hats assumed by the English tourist, even at the time to which we refer, but which had not then been carried to the absurdity which now makes John Bull the laughing-stock of his German cousins.

Although the evening was warm, the stranger wore over his coat a paletot, but it was of the most gossamer texture, light in colour, and assumed only to keep off the dust.

This stranger, we need scarcely say, was the Count Basil;

strolling leisurely through the crowd, pausing occasionally to listen to some favourite operatic air with which he was familiar, the count made the circuit of the place. At last he stopped, drew back a few paces and leaned against a tree, in a spot tolerably well shielded from observation, in order to contemplate the features of a young girl who had suddenly attracted his attention.

The young girl in question, for she was scarcely over twenty years of age, was what a casual observer would call "nicely" dressed; that is to say, there was not the slightest tendency to finery, while at the same time there was nothing in her attire mean or common; what she wore fitted with scrupulous exactness, and displayed a form of rare symmetry and gracefulness of outline. Her face was one of those peculiarly oval ones, not uncommon among German women; its complexion was pale, not the pallid, chalky white which we sometimes see in the female countenance, but of a hue resembling ivory which has been exposed some little time to the sun; the cheeks just tinted with a pale pink flush, the lips red and rather thin, the brows beautifully arched over eyes full and blue, and bathed in a liquid light, quite in harmony with the transparency of her skin. When in repose these features appeared so perfectly regular, that no one would have called them handsome, but they were capable of great expression; the slightest smile playing round the mouth would light them up, just as a sunbeam falling on the surface of a lake clothes all the ripples in beauty, and renders it bright and brilliant.

This young girl is not unknown to our readers, but as she has not hitherto occupied a conspicuous part in this narrative, we had not considered it necessary to describe her.

Bertha Sternemberg, for she it was, was standing under one of the trees, talking to a couple of young girls somewhat her juniors.

We will not pry into the secrets of the young ladies, supposing they were talking any; suffice it to say, that the conversation appeared to be a very animated one, and brought the features of Bertha into full play.

It might have been that they were discussing the points of the elegant stranger; trotting him out, so to speak, among themselves, for young ladies do sometimes indulge in that innocent pastime; at any rate, the count thought that he detected them casting their eyes furtively towards him more than once.

But Bertha and her companions had not been discussing the outward count, they had been talking over the marriage of the Baron Rosenthal, and, probably, indulging in some little pleasantries anent the disparity of the ages of the bride and bridegroom.

"It is a fine thing for her notwithstanding," said Bertha to her

companions; "consider the position that it gives her, and they do say in the town that these Werners were nobodies."

"They seemed to have plenty of money," replied the youngest of the party, who was the daughter of the grocer with whom Werner dealt, "for they spared nothing and paid everybody."

If Bertha had known more of the world she might have retorted that this circumstance rather went to strengthen her assertion that they were nobodies.

"I wouldn't have married the baron to be made Empress of China," said the third speaker; "what did he do with his other wives? They say he has had five or six, and that he takes them out and gets them to break their necks hunting."

"All idle tales," replied Bertha, "the baron never had but two wives, and they died peaceably in their beds."

"I wonder he can rest peaceably in his," said the other. Her father was a bookseller and stationer, and she had read every romance upon his shelves. "If that castle of his is not haunted by their ghosts there is no truth in story-books—to think of his marrying a third even, and she young enough to be his granddaughter."

"A matter that rests entirely with herself," replied Bertha, sententiously; "to be a baroness one would sacrifice a good deal."

When Bertha's companions left her, the count moved also; he did not go straight up to where Bertha stood, but he turned round by the music-stands, which were ranged in a circle on the grass, and formed a sort of orchestra, so that he would pass her, naturally, with the stream of promenaders the other way.

Bertha had not moved from her place, but when the count came opposite to her, she happened to turn her head, and their eyes met. A scarcely perceptible blush rose to her cheek; the count raised his hat with the greatest politeness and passed on.

"They were discussing me," he said to himself.

It was scarcely a week since Leopold had left, and yet here was his sister participating in this gay scene as if she had not a regret in the world. The tear or two which she had shed at her brother's departure had been but the April rain, and now it was sunshine again. And why should she regret? This was the question she put to her mother, peevishly lamenting the absence of her son. Why should she regret, unless it were that she was not a man to go out into the world and seek her fortune as he was doing? No one good enough for her? this was the reproach that her mother was constantly throwing in her teeth; but this was also what Bertha was always saying to herself—brooding over it, feeding upon it, growing scornful upon it—and yet that one good enough never came.

It is quite true that the three young girls had cast one or two stolen glances at the count—not such stolen glances as those which pass between lovers in the presence of a third, but such as those with which strangers regard each other when they meet in public, and when they wish to examine one another without appearing to be rude or intrusive.

When the count lifted his hat to Bertha and passed on, she immediately bent down her head and appeared embarrassed. It was a piece of rudeness on the part of the count, certainly; and one that with any lady of position in society he would not have ventured to have perpetrated. Still, our tailor's daughter, who did not know better, could not help saying to herself: "How very considerate to apologise to me, as it were, for a rudeness of which we were both guilty. I am sure I should never have looked round if I had dreamt he was looking at me. What a very elegant person; and yet he looks pale and careworn. He must be a very recent arrival, for I have not observed him before this evening."

As to the daughters of the grocer and the stationer, they were not given to thinking much, under any circumstances. What they did think, on this occasion, was, that they would have a good look at the elegant stranger, so, like a couple of giddy girls as they were, they took another turn round the walk, and soon perceived him coming towards them.

The look that they did get at the stranger was a more prolonged one than they had anticipated, for, seeing them laughing and merry, he accosted them with an air of easy familiarity, addressing to them one of those commonplace remarks that one would make to children let loose among a crowd of grown people, and which it matters not whether the passers-by hear or not.

The pair set up a giggle which almost proved the estimate he had chosen to assume of them.

"Stop, stop, you little wild things," he said, seeing they were preparing to run away from him, "I want to ask you a question. Who is that young lady you were talking to under the linden-tree yonder?"

"Young lady?" said the grocer's daughter, pouting.

"Yes; the fair young lady—she is standing there still? What is her name?"

"Oh, her name is Bertha—and that is all we shall tell you," was the reply, and the two friends went away laughing, and mingled with the crowd who were gathering round the orchestra—for they were just going to play the last tune.

"What a disagreeable creature!" said the grocer's daughter.

"What could her name be to him," added the daughter of the

stationer. "I wish I had told him that her father was only a tailor."

"He did not want to know our names," said her companion. I declare he spoke to us as if we were a couple of children."

"If he were a little older, and a baron, he would just do for Bertha," said the romance reader, spitefully.

"Bertha!" said the count, turning upon his heel. "Nobody can accuse me of being superstitious, but it does seem strange that this name should turn up again so suddenly. I wonder if this Bertha is as intellectual as she is handsome? I shall die of ennui if I remain longer in this place without something to amuse me or some object to pursue. No tidings of Werner either; nobody seems to know where he is gone, or whether he is coming back again. I may travel half over the Continent before I light upon him. Werner! pshaw! what use would Werner be to me now? Sooner or later I must have avoided him. Let him go, then, with his peddling ways. But it is getting dark. I must find out where my bird of beauty makes her nest. Bertha! It is not much to begin with, but at the next throw I may double it! Come, who knows? my luck seems to be well in lately."

While this jargon, in which the roué thought in the slang phraseology of the gamester, was being revolved in the mind of the unprincipled libertine, he passed round to the spot where he had left Bertha Sternemberg standing; but the spot was vacant, the company were beginning to stream out of the promenade, and he saw her no more that evening.

TURTLE VILLA.

"AND this yere willa is to be broke into, you says, guv'ner?"

"Yes, Bill, it be, and no mistake."

"That won't be werry 'ard with such a flimsy crib, I guess, guv'ner?"

"Lord bless you, Bill, it's all one to we; we don't care whether it's hard or easy, we don't. Have you got the tools?"

"Yes, guv'ner, here they be right enough."

The voices sunk into a whisper. I could hear no more. I was seated in a third-class carriage on the London and Brighton line, Crystal Palace section, on my way from London Bridge to Upper Norwood, where I resided. The carriage was an unusually old one, and so slightly built, that the words, though spoken in a low voice in the next compartment, were distinctly audible where I sat. I kept a good look-out at all the stations we subsequently stopped at, in case the speakers should leave the train, for I was intensely anxious to behold real live housebreakers, and such I concluded them to be.

They did not get out until we arrived at the Crystal Palace station. Then I beheld a small, seedy-looking individual, with a pale cadaverous face, dressed in rusty black, emerge from the train. He was accompanied by a powerful man in a suit of corduroys, with an immense bird's-eye fogle wrapped several times round his neck, a bullet head, a depressed nose, and the general appearance of a decayed prizefighter. He carried a small bag in one hand, and struck me as a most formidable and forbidding-looking fellow.

I determined to point them out to the police. Before, however, I could find a member of that fraternity, Bill and his "guv'ner" had hastily departed, not without leaving their photographs mentally impressed upon the retina of my brain.

B 695, whom I at last encountered sloping nonchalantly down the hill, was evidently a newly caught member of the force, and not, it appeared to me, a very promising specimen of it. He only gaped wearily when I told him what I considered my thrilling little narrative.

"Do you think they are planning a burglary?" I inquired, after waiting some time for him to speak.

"Can't say, I'm sure," he slowly drawled out in reply.

"But can *nothing* be done?" I inquired, with some impatience.

"Not that I knows on," he answered, with increasing phlegm.

(He evidently regarded me as an unmitigated nuisance.)

"At all events, my man, you had better mention the matter to your inspector, or whatever your superior officer is called," I remarked, with some hauteur of manner, nettled at the indifference which he exhibited. He only nodded and expectorated freely in reply!

"And such are the guardians of our hearths and homes!" I exclaimed bitterly, as in a moody frame of mind I wended my way onwards to Turtle Villa.

I had completely thrown away fifteen minutes of my valuable time (I get nearly a shilling an hour for it) in the interests of the public.

Jemima Ann, the wife of my bosom, stood awaiting me on the threshold of our house.

"Oh, Albert Edward," she exclaimed, eagerly, "I am so glad you have come. How I wish you had arrived a few minutes sooner!"

"Why, lovey?" I inquired.

"Because two such strange, suspicious-looking characters have just been prowling about our premises. I didn't like their looks at all."

"Was one dressed in a corduroy suit?" I asked, quickly.

"Yes, ducky, but however——"

"Did he wear a bird's-eye fogle?" I interrupted her, by asking with increasing rapidity.

"What is a bird's-eye fogle, Albert Edward?"

"Why, a spotted handkerchief, idio—my love, I mean."

"Yes, dear, and I am so glad you sent them——"

"Sent them be hang—but——"

"But what, Albert Edward?"

"But what, Jemima Ann? Why, look to the bolts, examine well the locks, try the window catches; we shall have our house broken into this blessed night as sure as peas is peas."

At the same time I informed her of the conversation I had chanced to overhear in the train. This announcement, coming so unexpectedly, was for one minute a *leettle* too much for my wife. She thought at first she would faint, but as I carefully avoided standing where I could catch her, she soon rallied.

I may mention, that her father is a (non) commissioned officer in her Majesty's brigade of Guards, so the martial blood of her race naturally stood her in good stead, and came to her aid at this juncture.

"Get out your horse-pistol, dear!" she presently exclaimed, in a hoarse voice, as the warm blood came mantling back into her cheek.

"I will!" I said.

"And load it," she went on, in a more and more decided tone.

"So be it," I replied, solemnly.

"Their blood be upon their own heads!" added Jemima Ann, piously, looking upwards at the ceiling.

She has a wonderful opinion of my pistol, which, by-the-bye, I forgot all the time *was* loaded.

It belonged to my great-great (several more greats) grandfather, who was a trumpeter in the English cavalry, and who was slightly wounded at the base of the spine at the battle of Culloden. It has always been a cherished heirloom in our family. Domestic tradition avers that it always *was* loaded.

My great, &c., grandfather, I suppose, forgot to fire it off at the battle of Culloden.

It is on the flint principle.

"And, Albert Edward!" resumed Jemima Ann, after a short pause for reflection, "I have an idea!"

"Indeed!" I remarked, incredulously.

"Yes, dear. Oh, such a clever one!"

"Clever!" I repeated, with increasing disbelief.

"Yes, Albert, *clever*. Just listen to it. Suppose you are asleep when the burglars arrive?"

"Well, dear?"

"Well, dear? How stupid you are! How shall you be able to use your pistol if you are asleep?"

"But the noise they make will soon wake me up."

"But suppose they don't *make* a noise? Suppose they put list on their shoes, blacken their faces, and creep quite noiselessly about?"

I confess I didn't like the picture.

"And suppose," continued Jemima Ann, warming with her subject, "they use a horrid centre-bit quite quietly (I have heard they can), and get into our drawing-room, and carry away some of our beautiful things and works of art—the stuffed bullfinch, for instance?"

The notion was *too* painful for me. I groaned aloud.

"But what will you give me if I tell you how to prevent them?" she went on, triumphantly.

"What will I give you?" I replied, in a transport of enthusiasm and generosity; "why, a most lovely bonnet I saw to-day in Whitechapel. A pea-green one, with magnificent red dahlia flowers all over it."

Jemima Ann's eyes glistened.

"A bargain—a bargain!" she exclaimed, delightedly. "And now come into the parlour and hear all about it."

I suppose every one knows Upper Norwood, but every one may *not* know Turtle Villa. It is a beautiful little house, in the centre of Poppet-road. It has an elegant stucco front, and several square feet of garden ground both before and behind. All the residences in Poppet-road are of a similar chaste and pleasing appearance, but I always recognise mine at once by the stuffed bullfinch in the drawing-room window. I pay thirty pounds a year for it—a high rent, certainly. Indeed, on my present salary, I am perhaps hardly justified in giving it, but “noblesse oblige.” Genteel I’ve lived, and genteel I’ll die. Jemima Ann’s relations *may* be in the Guards, but whilst we live in Turtle Villa, we have, we feel, the whip hand of them. Besides, we keep a regular servant, and have everything tiptop and “comfy foe” about us. Quite the correct thing, I can assure you. On one subject only are we rather sore—we have no heir to inherit our property. When Jemima Ann and I sit in our drawing-room on Sundays, and look round at our splash furniture, beautiful photographic album, antimacassars, and what not, we often gaze despondently at each other, and mutually heave an uncommonly heavy sigh. Heigho! but where was I?

Oh, we were just gone into the parlour to talk the plan over. I thought it a capital one.

Somehow or other, after tea was over, we sat up late, discussing its ins and outs. We did not feel much inclined to go to bed. Not that I felt nervous—oh no! not *very*. I think Jemima Ann did. About ten o’clock our front-door bell rang, and she bounded frantically out of her chair, as if Bill and his guv’ner had arrived.

“Pooh, pooh,” I said, calmly, “it’s only the postman.”

It *was* only the postman.

He brought, as usual, a communication of a commercial and unpleasant nature.

At eleven o’clock we prepared for bed.

“Let us go and see that all is secure before we retire,” I said.

Of course the servant, who has to rise very early, had been in bed hours ago.

Jemima Ann seized the candle. I tried each bolt, I examined every window. All was secure.

“Now for my invention,” cried Jemima Ann.

The staircase at Turtle Villa is very steep, and there is *just* room for *one* person to ascend it at a time. This adds greatly to the snugness and security of the house. We proceeded to tie a long and strong piece of whipcord, one foot from the ground, to the banisters (spelt balusters by mistake in “Walker’s Dictionary”); we then stuck a strong fork firmly into the wainscoting on the wall, on the opposite side of the stairs, and passed

the string through it, finally attaching its end to our largest bell in the adjoining passage. And now do you recognise the cuteness of our plan? Look here. Supposing the burglars to have effected an entrance into the house, they would, no doubt (after securing the bullfinch, &c.), grope their way in the dark up-stairs in search of plate, &c. (our plate—best Britannia metal—is always kept at nights in our bedroom for security).

Imagine them, then, gingerly (in their list shoes) ascending the stairs. Suddenly the leading robber stumbles over the whiplcord—down he comes with stunning force and tremendous noise upon his nose, and the bell rings violently! If not *too* much injured by the fall they would probably both bolt incontinently.

Such was Jemima Ann's happy idea. The strategic ingenuity of which she probably owed to her descent from a military man.

We double-locked our bedroom door and went to bed. I *hate* to be taken unawares.

Before getting into bed, however, I placed my great, &c., grandfather's pistol on a chair by the bedside. It has a long brass barrel. It does not seem to cock easily. Indeed, I was totally unable to cock it. For the first time doubts of its efficiency crossed my mind.

The hours rolled slowly on; one o'clock struck, and no burglars. I began to feel sleepy. All Saints' Church clock gave out two. Jemima Ann napped off. Before three tired nature asserted its supremacy. I slept. Suddenly we simultaneously started up in our bed, awakened by a sound as of a heavy fall, whilst the bell rang violently! Suppressed groans were also audible.

"Habet!" I exclaimed, triumphantly. (Jemima Ann, now that the fated hour had come, seemed incapable of action; she only buried her head frantically beneath the bed-clothes.)

"What had I better do?" I asked myself, irresolutely, as I got out of bed and seized my pistol.

It was dreadfully cold that December morning, and quite dark, and I shivered painfully (of course from the cold) as I stood listening at the door. "Perhaps the burglars will go away now," I thought.

But the cries and groans continued. I concluded not to risk my life unnecessarily; besides, there were *two* robbers.

Suddenly I thought I could distinguish a cry for help. It sounded like "Missis."

Moreover, now I came to think of it, the groans, &c., were certainly pitched in a higher key than I should have imagined Bill or his guv'ner capable of.

My heart stopped its tumultuous beating directly; I lighted the candle and looked at my watch; six o'clock it said.

"I am going down-stairs," I remarked, preparing to open the door.

"Oh, Albert Edward, take care of your precious life," groaned Jemima Ann from beneath the blankets.

I proceeded, candle in hand, down-stairs.

A confused mass of clothes was visible in the gloom, lying all in a heap at the bottom of the stairs.

I recognised them at once; they were petticoats. I knew it all now. It was our poor servant. We had quite forgotten to tell her of Jemima Ann's remarkable arrangement to secure our premises (up-stairs) from attack! She had gone down to her work thus early as usual, and had fallen a martyr to her punctuality and habits of early rising. There was one comfort for her: she had suffered in the cause of duty. Consolation such as this I skilfully administered to her, but, I regret to say, she ungratefully refused to appreciate it, and displayed a lamentable want of temper as I carried her up-stairs and placed her comfortably in her own bed. But what can you expect from a workhouse girl?

We were rather late at breakfast that morning, and had just finished it, and were speculating as to whether we were to go on nightly, ad infinitum, laying our little trap upon the stairs, until Bill and his pal thought fit to put in their anticipated appearance, when our wicket-gate opened, and those two individuals, in propria persona, actually walked in! I rubbed my eyes at first, thinking I was dreaming. The proceeding in broad daylight seemed so monstrously, so *indecently* outrageous. Could it be possible, the wild thought struck me, that, deprived by circumstances over which they had no control of the opportunity of "breaking in" at the legitimate and customary small hours of the preceding night, they were reduced to the highly unprofessional course of sacking a man's house in broad daylight before his eyes? Oh, no, I could not, I would not believe it.

Despatching Jemima Ann, however, *viâ* the kitchen and the back-door, to escalate the wall (at any risk from broken bottle glass) into the next premises, with directions to give an instant alarm, I proceeded to answer Bill's ring at the front bell, vice Maria invalided in bed.

Of course I did not commit the manifest absurdity of opening the door. My object merely was to gain a few minutes' time to permit Jemima Ann and her new allies to arrive in the enemy's rear.

"What do you want?" I asked, in, I flatter myself, a firm but conciliatory tone.

"Is Mr. Sprouts in?" (Sprouts is my name) replied a husky voice, which I at once recognised as proceeding from the vocal organ of the "guv'ner."

(N.B. My astonishment at their way of doing business no words can describe—the coolness of the inquiry almost took away my breath.)

“Mr. Sprouts is in, and what may you want with Mr. Sprouts?” I at length replied, in accents which concentrated rage and astonishment must have rendered dignified and imposing in the extreme.

“Why, this yere honvelope is for him,” the guv’ner answered, at the same time pushing a letter beneath the door. “We comes from the railway company, we does.”

“Oh, you comes from the railway company, you does,” I repeated, sarcastically.

I began to be staggered, though, by the preternatural audacity of the proceedings. I duly took possession of the suspicious “honvelope.” It was properly addressed:

“Mr. Sprouts,
“Turtle Villa,
“Poppet Road.”

I decided to open it. I did open it. I read it. This was it:

“Office of the Crystal Palace Wire Tramway Company,
“January 28, 1870, Broad-street, E.C.

“SIR,—By order of my directors I beg to inform you that the site of your premises is required for the purposes of this company, and in accordance with the provisions of the fifteenth Act of Victoria Regina, section xii., parag. 4, 5, and 6, I hereby formally give you notice and require you to vacate your house on or before the 15th proximo.

“I have despatched this by the hands of two of our servants, who have instructions to survey and examine the same in your presence, in order that this company may be enabled to estimate the amount which they may decide to grant as compensation for your interest (if any) in the lease.

“I am, &c.,
“THOMAS DUTTON, Secretary.”

“Interest (if any) in the lease,” I replied, mechanically, as I finished the perusal of the document—my mind seemed to require a little time to grapple, as it were, with the unexpected turn which things seemed to be taking—“then Bill and his guv’ner are *not* burglars, after all,” I soliloquised. “But what did they mean by breaking into the flimsy villa?—I especially remember flimsy”—I asked myself.

Gradually, by a slow, inductive process, I arrived at the solu-

tion of this also, and I saw that they simply referred to the pulling down of the walls of our cherished retreat.

I might undo the door now. I did undo the door.

Divested of prejudice, Bill and his guv'ner appeared quite harmless-looking individuals.

At this juncture, the wife of my bosom, accompanied by a policeman (miracle of miracles), appeared upon the scene. They were both out of breath from the haste they had made. I drew the latter aside, explained matters, and administered an honorarium to him.

He departed well satisfied (if I might judge by the expression of his face) by his day's work. Jemima Ann's countenance, however, during this episode was as good as a picture. Disgust and astonishment seemed struggling for the mastery. But I soon made her understand how the land lay, and (informally) introduced her to Bill and his guv'ner, who were now poking at the walls and measuring the brickwork of our domicile. Some under-current of more than ordinary dissatisfaction, however, still pervaded her fine face. I naturally thought it arose from regret at having to quit Turtle Villa and its aristocratic associations.

"Remember the compensation (if any), ducky," I said, consolingly.

"Oh, it is not that, Albert Edward," she peevishly replied.

"Are you thinking of what your relations in the Guards will say?" I inquired.

"No, dear."

"Then what?"

"Well, if you *must* know, Albert Edward, it is about the bonnet.

"The bonnet!"

"Yes, dear, the sweetly pretty bonnet—pea-green, with dahlia flowers—you promised me. You know it is not my fault that the burglars didn't come."

Need I say that there was no resisting such argument as this, and that, before many days were over, the fashionable White-chapel Magazine was made to render up its choicest treasure for the satisfaction of my wife!

HER WINNING WAYS.

A NOVEL.

XLV.

A BATTUE WITH A VENGEANCE.

COUNT DE FLEURY, young, graceful, gay, had reached Tofts Hall in time for dinner; it was as good as a visit to Paris the sight of him! It was as good as an evening at the Théâtre Comique to witness the joy of Janet at beholding her capital of the world! She took both his hands and jumped; she escorted him to his very chamber. His presence threw a charm over the scene, gave relief to many a sombre thought, and was like sunshine at night!

Two young men, neighbours from a distance, named Bence, were of the party; they had their fun, too, with Olive and Janet till a somewhat later hour than usual; very full of the tremendous havoc they were prepared to inflict on the hares and rabbits that were to be driven up to their guns the next morning.

After breakfast the next day, the party, all in seemingly good spirits, descended the hall steps equipped for magnificent sport, the girls accompanying them to the terrace, their handkerchiefs streaming as the party strolled away.

The subject that had raised a secret storm the day before had not been resumed, yet there was not any coolness between the baronet and his nephew. Sir Jacob's bearing was marked by its usual urbanity, and was reciprocated, the only difference between him and Master being that he had thoughts easy to conceal, and the other deeds hard to hide, which required the better actor.

The man of fashion was practised in leaving the yesterday of life behind as a memory not to return uninvited. The ruin of a past life leaves no man free from sorrow,—many it swallows up; but Master had a pluck that could not desert him while bodily vigour remained. Such men fare ill in private life; they have no forces to back them, no one to pardon and applaud them. They should belong to armies or the councils of rulers, where handsome allowances are made for their crimes.

The direction taken by the sporting party was along the path by the studs, a short cut to the vast preserves across the river. They all saluted old Boggis, who was at his door by the side of his name in chalk. Master, who was last, stopped and chatted with him for a minute, and gave him a guinea. At that time Sir

Jacob led the way through a fence, while Mr. Fawkes stayed behind and warned all as they passed not to get their guns entangled in the branches. He then followed the others, not perceiving Master behind.

The fence stood high, rising out of an embankment; it had not been cut for several seasons, the custom being to lop the hedges once in ten years for fuel. There was a gap in it between two pines, kept open by the passing and repassing of the keepers, and wide enough for one person to brush through. Mr. Fawkes was not more than ten feet in advance, and about the same distance behind the others, when Master was on the bank, which he crossed hurriedly; at the same moment his gun went off, and its contents struck Mr. Fawkes at the bend of the knee, and were lodged there.

At the report all turned round, and saw Mr. Fawkes drop, with his gun still in his left hand. He tried to raise himself and failed. Master was observed to extricate his gun from the branches; perceiving the situation of Mr. Fawkes, he laid it down and ran to his cousin's assistance as the rest had done, all looking equally alarmed. The Count de Fleury quickly ascertained the nature of the wound; the charge had penetrated the joint, and there was very little bleeding.

A keeper was directed to raise the young man and carry him to the road, while another supported the limb. Felix Bence was dismissed to the stables for a pony-chaise, and an order to the grooms to be ready with two horses. The father walked by his son's side, giving him brandy from a flask while he held his pulse, and without unnecessary delay the hall was reached, the young man being very faint.

Count de Fleury's presence of mind was invaluable. Out of kindness he sent Master off to the hall to order a hot bed to be prepared for Mr. Fawkes. He then proposed to the baronet not to send the grooms to Chiltern for assistance, but to allow him to proceed there in the carriage, to send the surgeons back in it, and to permit him to post to town for an army surgeon. This offer so prompt was accepted gratefully, and rapidly put into execution.

All except the Count de Fleury had lost their presence of mind; they were panic-struck. Mr. Fawkes endeavoured to cheer the stricken hearts of his friends by assuring them he was not much hurt. His engaging and careless manner resumed its sway, but his pallor contradicted his words, and was witnessed with the saddest forebodings.

The news spread rapidly through the mansion. Master, not deserted by a sense of propriety, when he had acquitted himself of

his first duty in ordering instant preparations to be made, hastened to Olive's room, and, with anguish on his lips, informed her of the fatal accident. She did not wait to hear more, but rushed to Mrs. Boldero with the instinct of sisterly love to order a fire in the bedroom, though only to find that arrangements were in progress, and to meet the servants rushing to and fro in a state of consternation. Janet was present, and with a scream had sunk back stupefied in her chair. Neither of the sisters had been told who had inflicted the injury, Master had not spoken of that to any one, and the wild inquiry among the domestics was, how did it happen? Some were struck mute with horror, unable to render assistance, some were stultified with grief; but Mrs. Boldero found two or three to help her, and the room was ready by the time John Fawkes reached it: his clothes were removed, and he was placed in bed.

Olive was in the room, and when she saw his face blanched by the pallid shadow of death, yet still lighted by a smile as his eye met hers, the anguish of the moment was ineffable; yet she returned the smile, and gave herself to assist him with her gentle hand.

How the suppressed tears rained at her heart!

It needed a time of trouble to reveal to the domestics how they really loved the family they served, and to the members of that family the affection they bore each other. Then one trouble calls up another, opportunities of kindness that may have been let to escape in other times are lamented, better resolves are taken should only the stricken one be spared; and all this vain turmoil occurs while past and future are of no concern, while the spirit is loosening itself from the body, and the pulse beats out of form preparatory to its last stroke. Yet how great a part of mourning is this!

Suffices it not at such an hour, at a moment so intensely present, that the sufferers' looks are transferred to the faces of all? Can there be more than such love? It is so to the last scene when the curtain drops, when the dead is encored, and reappears in the living!

John Fawkes showed in all he spoke that his mind was prepared for death: his thoughts had but one burden, his pity for Master.

"How sorry I feel for that poor fellow," he said, looking at his father. "Why, it is ten times worse for him than it is for me! Go to him and tell him I say so. I wish for his sake that he was in my place."

He asked Olive to adjust the cushion that had been placed beneath his leg.

"That is beautiful, my darling," he said, smiling; "now a little more brandy."

After she had complied with these his wishes:

"Don't look so doleful, my darling; I am in no pain. Old Sorry will be here soon, and he will set me right: there was a twitch, though!"

No one spoke to him as long as he appeared easy. He was not silent himself. Though his words were few, they were always cheering, while his countenance contradicted them, much as he endeavoured to diminish the anxiety of his friends.

XLVI.

MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL TRANSACTIONS.

MR. SORRY, always out, always at home, in and out, and ever ready, was the only one who came back with the carriage. The moment he appeared in the room, Olive turned faint, and was carried out by her father.

Sorry showed a good deal of feeling, but it was as a mercer shows silks when they are not wanted. One could detect at a glance that his sympathy had been used before on similar occasions, it went on and off so practically. He lost no time in disengaging a case of surgical instruments from some deeply involved pocket behind his coat-tail, and in placing it on the bed, an achievement that constituted Mr. Fawkes his patient. It was like a builder setting his ladder against a house; once there, it gave him a footing; he might then begin his work at leisure.

The policy of Sorry in thus entering in possession was that, let Siche enter when he pleased, Sorry had precedence. His surgical case of instruments once there gave him a vested interest, a right to probe the wound first in the face of all comers.

Being now secure of his position, he proposed to take a glance at the wound; and he did it, at the same time testifying to the character of the injury by a peculiar method, one that does not prevail among the surgeons of the metropolis. He closed his lips and sucked in his breath with a slight noise. Simple as the expedient was, every one saw its meaning, that the wound under his surveillance was a nasty one. Having acquitted himself honourably after this fashion, he ordered a bandage and other appliances to be prepared, and such was the magic of his word, a minute had scarcely elapsed before Mrs. Boldero had rent a rotten sheet in twain with an energy that might have served a tragic queen bent on the destruction of state documents and the violation of a treaty.

Mr. Siche was now announced; Mr. Sorry, with his sleeves

turned up, and this gave him an additional advantage, met him at the bedroom door and escorted him to the injured limb. It being the etiquette that the first in attendance should smooth the way for the other by removing the coverings and indicating the peculiarities of the case that a few minutes of previous experience had brought to light, Sorry performed that office. There was a gain to the patient in this, for if, in probing, Siche should perform any little manœuvre that Sorry already knew to be ill-advised, it was within the rules for Sorry as senior to beg Siche to be careful.

Siche, however, not recognising Sorry's position, instead of looking at the wound drew out his watch and felt the pulse first, deeming this of the first importance. It was a dreadful blow to Sorry, who had forgotten the pulse altogether, and it gave him enough to do for the minute. Siche then looked at the limb, and took the initiative in proposing a consultation in another room. Sorry went to the pulse, which he touched as if it had been for the second or third time, and followed Siche, who had walked out alone.

Sir Jacob Fawkes, with a keen eye on the proceedings, with more common sense than the surgeons, took upon himself to make a third in the proposed conference.

"What do you propose to do, gentlemen?"

This was a hard question for two local practitioners who had not even put their heads together in one. Neither was able to answer it confidently; yet it was necessary to speak up. Sorry was the readiest; he advised amputation, and this left Siche no alternative than to shake his head. When Sorry saw this, not giving time to Siche to say why, he put out his hands like a nurse over a slumbering child, then developed the sentiment by a shrug à la française; having studied his pleasure in Paris as a pupil, he sought refuge from Siche's ignorance on the shoulders of the great nation.

Sir Jacob was no partisan, and he observed with justice:

"The practice must be difficult to decide on; you need not tell me that my son is in great danger."

A little speck of foam had already worked its way to the corner of Siche's mouth; it was his anger; he had not even been allowed to speak.

"Have you observed the pulse, Mr. Sorry?" he uttered.

"Of course," the other replied, with a suitable gesture. (Who can use that impatient phrase and keep still?)

"The patient is collapsed," Siche added, dogmatically.

This announcement was strictly true, its application was not stated.

"A good deal of eau de vie has been taken, and the pulse is beginning to rally," was the next fragmentary conception that dawned on Sorry's mind.

"We must wait for reaction," Siche persisted obstinately in affirming.

"Certainly, before operating," replied Sorry; "but we ought to be prepared, lest the opportunity should be lost when warmth is restored."

"Will it be restored?" asked Siche, stretching out the hollow angles of his mouth a little sardonically as he spoke against time, which no one ever does without abusing it.

"I am not fond of delay, and there is no harm in being ready!" This was Sorry's compliment to himself, forgetful of Siche's feelings.

The unhappy father had listened most carefully to this argument; accustomed to summing up, he took advantage of a silent interval and began:

"I have heard your views, and am led to infer that both of you regard the limb as irretrievably lost, not that either of you has said so, but unless you thought it you would not have entertained the propriety of removing it under any circumstances. It then appears to be your joint view that, until the pulse rallies and there is warmth, no operation would be safe. Is such the opinion you hold?"

Siche said "Yes," and Sorry said "Yes."

"This then is not the moment to act; meantime, do all in your power for your patient."

"Perhaps," observed Siche, "you would like to have an opinion from town."

Siche was older than Sorry, and a jealous feeling led him always to eclipse his rival's opinion by another, if practicable, but he never wished for further advice in aid of his own, though his patient might be slipping through his fat fingers.

"My friend, Count de Fleury, is on his way to town to procure the assistance of Guthrie, the great authority on gunshot wounds; if he is not to be had, then of Travers, the surgeon, who has so great a name in these cases; he having, as I believe, settled the right treatment when the system is under severe shock."

The local practitioners, strange as it may seem, had the works of these eminent men on their shelves, and had never opened them—not a rare instance.

The baronet was aware, for the turf is alive to everything of interest, that a brace of country surgeons were not the men to be intrusted with a case of life or death, one that might baffle the most skilled. He took his line accordingly; desired them to

dress the wound, and leave the rest until the Count de Fleury returned.

Sir Jacob took his place again in the sick-room, and did not leave it for long. He had witnessed some gunshot wounds in his time; he understood what collapse was as well as the most experienced, and took upon himself to give still-champagne when the taste of brandy excited repugnance.

Olive was not long absent from her brother; nor was Janet, who, when told by Sorry that two many in the room would excite her brother, replied with spirit that he was always pleased at seeing her when he was well, and that he would miss her if she was not with him in his illness: an argument that was not easy to refute. So one sat on each side of the bed, almost out of sight, ready to serve and watch; nor did either give way to emotion. Horror had agreed to a compromise within their sweet souls, and like a bailiff, wore the livery and feasted at the board of resignation.

The father's grief was less simple than that of his children; he could bear a necessary dispensation of Providence, but this had an ingredient in it that to him appeared not so provided, and he met it with a sternness that his nature had seldom betrayed.

Towards the afternoon, Mr. Fawkes called his father to him, and said that he was rather disposed to sleep.

"You will most likely have some letters to write," he added, "so leave me for an hour or two. I have a wish to see John Prentis; do you think it could be managed? I do not suppose Master will stay; if he leaves let the boy come down; if not, never mind, for it would do no good for them to meet."

Sir Jacob saw his son's meaning, and told him he would attend to his wish by at once writing to Mr. Stewart.

"When I wake up let us have a little further chat about the boy," said Mr. Fawkes.

The father nodded assent and went to his library. Below, he met Master pacing the corridors. He took him by the hand. He informed him mechanically in an unbroken narrative of all that had passed upstairs. He repeated to him what his son had said in pity for him, and told him, word for word, the conversation that had now led to his leaving the bedroom. His narrative was like that of a reporter who refrained from mixing up his own feelings in his subject; his tone was that of the coldest mourning. The whole scene was, to say the least of it, extraordinary: the speaker did not look up; he was indifferent to the effect his words had on the countenance of his hearer; it was like a story on a tombstone related by the marble itself; and when told, the baronet went his way, and left Master where he found him.

The same tone of feeling accompanied the baronet to his room; alone there, he did not say a word—so contrary to his habit; he sat at his table and merely wrote two letters. His pen scratched its marks rapidly over iced paper; his sentiments covered it in congealed figures like the frozen breath that resolves itself into hieroglyphics on a frame of glass in the keen winter, and records in an illegible cipher the life of him whose breast the vapour has quitted, yielding a clear transcript of what transpired in the man at the moment it left his body. He wrote what had happened; he gave the event no name—not affliction, not visitation, not dispensation. It was a chilled narrative stamped in black and white; all feeling was eliminated as it passed the filter. In his letter to the bishop he made no mention of God; in his letter to Mr. Stewart he made no comment on Man.

THE IMPERIAL PRISONER OF WILHELMSÖHE.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

HE prayed for death upon the battle-field,
 But to his prayers the Almighty would not yield;
 The bullets rained around him thick and fast,
 Yet all by him innocuously passed.
 He strove in vain to conquer or to die,
 It was not thus decreed by Him on high!
 Borne down by numbers on that fatal day,
 His mighty spirit quailed not; but to stay
 The fearful carnage both of friend and foe,
 With mental pangs which none can ever know,
 He bent his pride, and to the royal chief
 Of the vast hordes around, with silent grief,
 He nobly sacrificed himself; alas!
 The sacrifice was vain. The countless mass
 With their bloodthirsty leaders onward press—
 Still onwards. Will the Powers of Heaven bless
 Their robber-schemes? Shall Europe's nations *all*
 Before proud Prussia's conquering legions fall

To make her mistress of the world? Such may
Be Bismark's dream, but there will come a day
Of retribution dire. Its time Fate bides,
And from the eager eye of mortal hides
What is to be. Meanwhile how odious are
The words of coarse abuse of some, which jar
On the excited mind. How can they dare,
Whether the bribes of Prussia's court they share
Or not, to heap such slanders upon one
Who was so lately hailed as Europe's sun?
But all are not so vulgar or so mean,
For England knows Napoleon has been
Her firm ally, and ever faithful friend,
Since France bade him his uncle's throne ascend.

But France herself—ungrateful, fickle France!
How pitiful her present state! What chance
Of unity, of safety for her now,
Before a low-born herd compelled to bow?
Her armies, so heroic, who shall guide?
This, too, it is God's will as yet to hide.
But be the fleeting present what it may,
In future there will shine a brighter ray;
And HISTORY will clear, with pen of light,
Those acts and scenes now shrouded as in night;
And he—the greatest spirit of the age,
Shall fill a glorious space in its *true* page!

September 12, 1870.

BRADY'S FOUR ACRES OF BOG.

BY FELIX M'CABE.

V.

MR. WOOD'S NOTION OF AN IRISH WAKE.

MICHAEL FOGERTY is an old confidential servant at Fairy Lawn; he has filled the post for thirty years, and expects to die in harness. Fogerty is quite a character in his way, much respected by all the tenantry, and looked up to by the poor people. He speaks plainly to all parties, with an air of authority, on his master's late misfortune:

"If he could but get a howld of the murthering villains who placed the notice on the gate, he would make mincemeat of them, and cause them to remember his name was Michael Fogerty."

He had great respect for the "owld stock," and was going this evening to Norry Cronin's wake, as he stated, to see the poor crathur laid out, Mrs. Cronin having departed this world the night previous, after a prolonged sojourn of threescore years and ten. Fogerty looked forward to meeting some of the "owld stock," and having a "bit of talk of ould times." As he stood at the pantry window, he saw Mr. Wood, Mr. Aster's valet, enter the court-yard. Mr. Aster had purchased some land in the immediate neighbourhood some few years previous, and at the late sale of Boydsville was the highest bidder for the home property. His valet, Mr. Wood, had only been a short time in his service.

Mr. Wood had a "farish berth enough in London, but wished to have a look at Hireland," as he told Fogerty.

"Well, glory be to the Lord! there is no coming up to those Lunnoners," said Fogerty, as he looked at Mr. Wood alighting from his horse. "He act'ly throws the reins to the gossoon as if he war a markis."

"Good morrow, Misther Wood. How are you to-day?" said Fogerty, as he met his brother chip at the back door. "I hope you're well to-day?"

"First class, thanks. How do you do?"

"Well, thank you, Misther Wood, I am purty considerable, thank ye."

"Governor's compliments. Know how Mr.—ah—ah——"

"What are you ah-ahing about?" said Fogerty, who did not like the way Mr. Wood spoke of his master. "Why don't you say Misther Phillips at once? In throath, you know his name as well as I do myself, but it is a way all ye Lunnon people have with ye."

Mr. Wood was still standing at the door of the servants' hall.

"Come in, man, out of the cowl. You know ye are not in Lunnun now," said Fogerty.

"Hi ham not hin hany 'urry, thank you," said Mr. Wood, who did not quite understand the remarks made by Fogerty.

Mr. Wood then entered the hall, looking round to see if Bella, the parlour-maid, was about, whom he on a former occasion declared on his way home to be a "duced putty gel for an Hirsch lass."

Fogerty went up to his mistress, and announced in very few minutes to Mr. Wood that his master was something better.

"Now, Misther Wood," said Fogerty, "you must have something to take."

"Thank you, I shall—a little 'alf-and-'alf, hif convenient."

Fogerty, who never heard of the compound, and who did not wish to show his ignorance to his guest, replied, in his usual dry and ironical style :

"Bedad, then, Misther Wood, I am sorry to say it eyn't convenient just this minit. You see, Misther Wood, we did not know ye were a coming. We have Guinness's double X—good strong ale that could stick to your rib—and the finist drop of whisky you ever laid eyes on."

Mr. Wood said "he would have a pot of hale," which was at once produced for him by Bella, who came down in her new dress in honour of Mr. Wood. Fogerty told his friend that he was going to the wake, no doubt thinking that every one was aware of the demise of "poor Norry Cronin," and that there was no need to enter into particulars.

Mr. Wood said he would be delighted if Mr. Fogerty would allow him to accompany him, which request was immediately granted by Fogerty. The Boydsville valet had not the slightest idea that he was going to the house of the late Mrs. Cronin. He had been only a few months in Ireland, and could not well understand what the people said. He liked his place in Boydsville, as he declared :

"Precious little to do; and hafter a gentleman lived for years in London, 'ang it, a fellow, you know, whants a change."

Mr. Wood considered the "hair most inwigerating, though the governor his rather ha harbitary cove now and then."

Fogerty and his companion walked along in the direction of "Norry Cronin's" house, and on passing the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Maloney, the latter asked what kind of a man was the old gent, how many servants, and what kind of a lady was the misses. This last question made Fogerty stare, and laying his hand on Mr. Wood's shoulder :

"Yarra, then, Misther Wood, it is not the like of you—a

dasant man—as would ask me the like of that; and, moreover, ye comed from Lunnon, where they say they knows everything. Bedad, Misther Wood, avick, it is a quare world, and maracles will never sace in it.”

Mr. Wood said he only asked the question in case he left Boyds-ville. He should like some situation where there was a lady.

“There is generally more company, and that sort of thing, you know.”

“Faith, the d—l a much company ye’d see at Father Malouney’s, except the cowjuther and his slip of a niece; and, faith, she won’t be long with him ’ither. She is going to marry a boy of the Burkes from Ballmakelty next Shrovetide. They say his raverence had his eye on him since he saw him at Bridget Doherty’s wedding—she that eloped with a boy of Blake’s from Toonra. Father Malouney went over to owld Burke’s to buy a bit of a horse that he heard he had to sell, and, faith, he didn’t buy it after all, but made the match that very night—small blame to him—for the people say owld Burke has his thirty-five acres cut and dry, ready when his son takes home a wife, and he could get any girl in the parish for the asking; but he thinks, you know, it would be luckier to have something to do with the clargy.”

By this time they arrived at Norry Cronin’s house, and were accosted by the two sons of the corpse, Billy and Jack, who stood at the door consoling each other, and pressing each other “to take a winney drop more” of the contents of a bottle which lay before them. Both Mrs. Cronin’s sons were over fifty; but during her lifetime she never called them anything but the gossoons. Jack was just in the act of pressing a little more spirits on his brother, and appealing to his compassion, by telling him that he must not refuse, as they were a pair of orphans now, when Fogerty and his companion arrived.

“Yarra, give us yer hand, Misther Fogerty, and we’ll shake it ourselves. How is the masther?”

“A little better to-day, thank ye, boys,” said Fogerty.

“Now, Misther Fogerty, you must have a drop of spirits in honour of the poor desased,” said Jack Cronin, taking up the bottle in his hand.

“Well, boys, I thought you had some manners in you; but, faith, like the owld stock, it’s very scarce now,” said Fogerty, speaking rather sharply. “Why don’t you ask that gentleman there to have a taste, eh?”

In a very short time Fogerty and Wood made their appearance in the servants’ hall. Bella was agreeably surprised to see her young man back so soon; but, on closer inspection, she found his visit to old Norry’s had not added to his general appearance.

His coat was torn in two places, and his face showed slight symptoms of rough usage.

"Oh! Mr. Wood, what have they been a doing to you?" said Bella.

"I be hanged," said Wood, trying, with some difficulty, to smile and treat the matter jocosely, "hif hi hever saw such wakes in hall my life. A lot of low Hirsh 'nockin' a fellow about like ninepins."

"Bad cess to Fogerty for a bringing you next or near 'em. He ought to stay at home and mind his business, that's what he ought," said Bella. "But now, Misther Wood, you must let me make you a good strong tumbler of punch to make you strong for the road."

"Thank you verry much, Miss Kane," said Mr. Wood; "but hif you would, hallow me ha small quantity of gin-and-water. My London doctor tells me as 'ow hi should not hindulge hin hanything helse, has 'e says there haynte hanything like hit for the kidneys."

"Bad manners to the same London doctor," said Bella. "It is the first time I ever heard that there were anything like a good dandy of punch to keep out the cowl. Bless your heart and soul, Misther Wood, if you would let me make you some, I go bale you'll say it is better than your London docthors can make for you."

Bella walked over to the chair where Mr. Wood was sitting, and brought her dark eyes to bear on her disconsolate lover, while she handed him a large glass of whisky and hot water, equal parts.

"My respects, Miss Kane," said Mr. Wood.

"Thank you," said Bella, "not forgetting the ladies you have left after you in London. You know, Misther Wood," Bella again said, bringing her eyes to bear, "what nice and purty things you learn to say to poor girls when you come down here, and your heart, like all the rest, far away."

"My 'eart could not be far from where you be," said Mr. Wood, very gallantly. "Hi pledge my vord hi nere thought of marryin' huntill hi came down yonder."

"Well, thin, that same is your own fault, for I canno' see why as any dasent young woman could refuse you now, then," said Bella, who meant to pay a return compliment for the one or two she received.

"Hi thought of buyin' ha first-class boarding-'ouse hin Heuston-road, but they haak too 'igh ha figure. They do something 'and-some with commercial gents, who hare halways ha stayin', from the Midland Counties. You see hi should vant ha Misses Wood then, Miss Kane."

During the latter part of the conversation Bella became very bashful, and thought Mr. Wood was about to ask her to become Mrs. Wood. She leaned against the large mantelpiece, gazing vacantly into the large fire, and expecting every moment that he would stand up to ask her. After a little pause Mr. Wood stood up quite suddenly, and Bella, rather startled, moved away from him.

"Oh, Misther Wood, you did so frighten me, you did indeed, now."

"By Jove, I give you my 'onour hit his height ho'clock, hand hour governor will be in such a wax," said Mr. Wood, looking at his watch. "Hi must be hoff, Miss Kane; good evening."

"Good evening to ye, Misther Wood, and safe journey, short as it is. And now, Misther Wood, don't you think the dose I gave you is betther than docthor's medicine to keep out the cowl?"

"Hit's first class, thank you. Hi feel jolly just now. Hadieu, Miss Kane," said Mr. Wood, making his way to the stables.

Next day Fogerty told Bella she need never expect "luck or grace" if she tuck up with that Lunnoner.

"He is a very nice young man, now, and has seen a power of quality," said Bella.

"Faith, thin, if I had not stud his friend last night, the duckens a much quality he would see ither gentle or simple. It is no wonder the praties would rot in the ground when such as him would come in it," said Fogerty.

"Why, now, what has he done to you, Misther Fogerty? You are always a finding fault with somebody or other."

"Faith, I wonder owld Norry Cronin did not rise up and tear his eyes out of his head."

"Now, Misther Fogerty, I know betther nor that; sorra a bit of owld Norry will ever come back, and her after being seventy years in this wicked world."

"Faith, her life was hard enough in it the half of her time, poor crathur, and I go bale she must be bad enough if she beyn't betther off where she is."

"And you niver towld me as why they laid hands on poor Misther Wood."

"Why, you know," said Fogerty, "we went out together to the wake, and Misther Wood was handed a glass of spirits by Norry's son Jack. 'Now, sur,' said Billy, 'you must have another drop with Misther Fogerty for the same attention.' When we had finished our glasses, you know, Bella, Misther Wood laid a crown-piece on the table and asked for change. 'I'll pay for the refreshments,' says he. Jack handed him back his money, and Misther Wood says he must pay. 'Why,' said Billy, getting into

a passion, 'you gallis thief, do you want to insult the poor desased?' 'I only want to pay,' said Mither Wood.' 'Gerr out of that,' said Jack, 'or I'll tear you like a lark,' catching a howld of Mither Wood's collar. After a good deal to do I got between them; and as Billy took down his stick, upon which the cocks and hens were a rusting- and faith, the crethurs war disturbed in the middle of their sleep—and tumbled down about us, the cock perching on Mither Wood's nose with as much imperance as if it war Billy's stick, only, faith, he left the sign of both his legs after him. I had a pair of spring chickens on my new hat for the want of any where else to go, the crethurs. If they did not make a nize, nabocklish, sure small blame to them, to be disturbed without rime or rason. 'Now, boys,' says I, 'the man that strikes Mither Wood strikes me, and let me see who'll lay a wet finger on Michael Fogerty.' With this Billy lay down his stick, and Mither Wood and myself managed to get out of the house, Jack shutting the door on us, and throwing after us the money which Mither Wood left on the table."

"Poor young man," said Bella, "I hope they did not hurt him."

"If they did itself, it would only be what he deserved."

A ring at the front door disturbed Fogerty's further remarks. Mr. Edwin Sandon made his appearance in the hall with the "Colonel's compliments, to know how Mr. Phillips was this morning." He was ushered into the drawing-room by Fogerty, where he found the two young ladies, Miss Phillips and her governess. Mr. Sandon was dressed in his usual style, his tailor, glover, and bootmaker contributing in no small degree to his personal appearance. He has been lately a frequent visitor at Fairy Lawn, and often came with the colonel's compliments, as in the present instance. The last day he only brought the colonel's compliments half way, as he heard that Miss Phillips was not at home. He turned back again to Carra, so that he might pay an earlier visit next time. He has had no end of pretty speeches to make to Miss Phillips, but unfortunately when he meets her they vanish.

"She is always in such a hurry that a fellow can't, you know," said Mr. Sandon, to his friend Mr. Percival.

"Why don't you speak seriously to her, then?" said his friend.

"Hang it, my dear boy, I never can get her serious; I only wish I could."

"Was she not serious when you offered her the grey pony?"

"No, hang me if she was. She said something about telling her mother, and that sort of thing, you know, but she laughed at me all the same."

Mr. Sandon is rather below the middle height, with very sharp features and knowing little grey eyes. As he sat close to Katty, he kept them fixed on her, while he pulled a half-fledged moustache with one hand, he twirled a small silver-mounted cane with the other.

"You have been to India, I think I heard you say, Mr. Sandon," said Katty.

"Yes."

"A dreadful climate, so my brother states."

"Awful."

"What stay did you make in India, Mr. Sandon?" asked Miss Rebaldi.

"Only twelve months."

"Precious long enough, I guess."

"Got invalidated, you know."

Mr. Sandon gave a knowing look at Miss Rebaldi, but that lady did not take particular notice. Had Mr. Percival been in the room, he could tell at once its meaning. Both Mr. Sandon and his friend were very horsey young gentlemen. The former was worth two or three hundred a year to the latter. He was always upon "good things," but his friend Perci mostly found them bad speculations.

"Your mamma must have been very uneasy about you, Mr. Sandon?" said Katty.

"Well, yes, rawther. She did not know until it was all over."

"An affection of the heart, I presume?"

"No; liver. Our fellow 'Stone' said I was deuced bad, going to hook it, and that sort of thing, you know."

"A dreadful complaint, I believe," said Miss Rebaldi.

"I should rather think so," said Mr. Sandon, as he carelessly tapped his boot with the silver-mounted cane.

"What are the symptoms?" inquired Katty.

"Well, ah——" Mr. Sandon looked rather puzzled. "A fellow, you know, gets out of sorts, done up, and that sort of thing, you know."

"There is no other antidote, I suppose," said Katty, "except returning to his native air and the bosom of his family?"

"Can't say, I am sure. Our fellow Stone is a crack hand at the liver."

"He has great experience, no doubt," said Miss Rebaldi.

"Rawther," said Mr. Sandon.

There was a pause for some little time in the conversation. Mr. Sandon was looking out on the lawn, no doubt thinking of what he should say to Katty.

"You are looking rawther well to day, Miss Phillips," said he, turning round sharply.

"Thank you, Mr. Sandon," said Katty, with a good hearty laugh, which had the effect of embarrassing that gentleman a little. "Papa told me only yesterday that I looked 'done up,' which, I suppose, is one of the first symptoms of liver complaint."

"That would be very jolly," said Mr. Sandon.

"Thank you; but I don't think it would, sir."

"Well, you know, our fellows always think so."

"I suppose, Miss Rebaldi," said Katty, with an arch smile on her countenance, "we must yield to their superior judgment?"

Miss Rebaldi tried hard to look serious at her satirical pupil, but made no observation.

"Though I fancy," said Katty, "it may be influenced in some measure by the distance from one's native air and family."

"Going to Kennedy's ball?" asked Mr. Sandon, turning towards Miss Rebaldi.

"No."

"Sorry, very," said Mr. Sandon.

"There will be some very nice young ladies there, so I understand," said Miss Rebaldi.

"You must take care of your heart, you know, Mr. Sandon, or you may not find your native air so successful a cure," said Katty.

"The girls asked Loder if we should go in uniform. He has been putting the old fellow up to a wrinkle or two, where he should buy his wine, and that sort of thing, you know," said Mr. Sandon.

"How kind of Captain Loder," said Katty, "to make himself so useful."

"Our fellows say he is 'making the running' at Kennedy's since that girl came home," said Mr. Sandon.

"You mean Miss Nora Kennedy, I suppose?" said Miss Rebaldi. "She is a very nice girl, and I quite admire Captain Loder's taste."

"Yes; but we don't think he means to win when it comes to the push," said Mr. Sandon, again giving the two ladies the benefit of one of his knowing looks, which was not lost on Katty, who laughed at the curious change in Mr. Sandon's countenance.

"Whatever may be Captain Loder's meaning," said Katty, "he has been good enough to give Mr. Kennedy the benefit of his refined palate in the choice of wines, and I think it quite certain he means to do him the honour of drinking them."

There was a slight tinge of sharpness in the way Katty expressed her last sentence, which made her governess look rather amazed.

She did not wish to hear the Kennedys talked of in that manner; and though she knew little or nothing of Miss Nora, she felt a great inclination to tell Mr. Sandon that she would take the first opportunity of acquainting Miss Nora of his opinion, but at the same time she saw the anxious look of her governess, one to whom she was greatly attached, and who had been a sister as well as a teacher to her for some time. So, taking up her Berlin wool, she commenced plying her little fingers again as she smiled at Miss Rebaldi. Mr. Sandon only remained a short time after this. Miss Rebaldi endeavoured to converse about Carra, one or two of the officers' wives whom she had met, and the probabilities of war breaking out on the Continent, but her endeavours were not equal to the occasion. During the first pause Mr. Sandon looked at his watch.

"Good day, Miss Phillips," said he, standing up.

"You are going, Mr. Sandon?" said Miss Rebaldi, laying her hand on the bell.

"Yes—an appointment. Good day, Miss Rebaldi. Sorry, very, won't see you at Kennedy's."

Fogerty opened the door for Mr. Sandon, and looked after him as he mounted his horse.

"The very idear of that little cafter a coming here thinking to blindfold me in asking after the masther. Faith, he might stop at home; he eyn't the sort for our young lady. He has as much chance as Patsey, the stable gossoon; but it's for all the world like those Lunnoners: the consate of them, to be sure, making up to the best blood in the country."

"Katty dear," said her governess, "you get worse and worse, I declare you do."

"Why, you dear old mentor, what have I done now?"

"You have only sent away Mr. Sandon."

"I thought he told you he had an appointment," said Katty. "I do wish his mamma would send for him, and keep him altogether to herself."

Miss Rebaldi was perfectly aware of Mr. Sandon's repeated visits to the lawn; she also knew that he would not be so willing to obey the colonel's orders, when his servant would answer the purpose just as well; unless there was some attraction he was very unwilling to be entertained either by Mrs. Phillips or herself; and when Katty was not at home, his visits were very brief indeed. Putting all those things together, Miss Rebaldi was inclined to think that the young officer had some very serious intentions towards her pupil, if the said pupil would only give him a reasonable opportunity to express them.

"You seem to be very severe on Mr. Sandon. What has he done?"

"In the first place," replied Katty, "he has spoiled my morning ride; and secondly——" Katty paused for some time.

"Well, dear, what is the second reason?"

"What do you think the creature told me a few days ago?—that he had a grey pony in training, and that he was going to make me a present of it."

"Well, dear, and what did you say?"

"I said it was very kind of him, but papa had more horses in the stable than we could well make use of, and I should tell mamma; and I was quite certain she would feel very much annoyed about it."

Miss Rebaldi laughed.

"Now," said Katty, "I thought you would laugh at me; that is the reason I did not mention it to you before."

"I only laughed, dear, at an idea. It would be rather amusing to see you refuse it."

"I was very near telling him to send it home to his mamma; she might find it useful," said Katty; "but then that would scarcely be polite, or kind even, to a mere acquaintance like Mr. Sandon."

The circumstance of the pony was mentioned to her mother by Katty very soon after she reached home from her ride on the cross roads; she described her accidental meeting with Mr. Sandon, and laughed as she asked, "For what reason would he offer her a pony?" This was rather a puzzling question for Mrs. Phillips to answer.

"My dear, perhaps he thinks you may like a change; you know you always ride 'Robin' now."

"Yes, mamma," said Katty, "but there is 'White Stockings' in the stable if I wish to take her out."

"Well, you know, Katty dear," said her mother, "Mr. Sandon may not be aware of it; it was kind of him to make such an offer, as very possibly he thought you had no other horse trained for a lady."

Katty was quite satisfied that her mother's construction was the proper one, and so Mr. Sandon and his friend's plan came to grief.

Mr. Aster, the present proprietor of Boydsville, lived but a short distance from Fairy Lawn; he was for some time a resident in the county, but since Mr. Fosbery's death he lived altogether at Boydsville. He had been for many years in the civil service in India, and was now enjoying a pension from the company. His nearest relative, Major Aster, had just sold out of the army, very much against the wishes of his uncle, who could have been of so much use to him in consequence of his great influence; in fact, his last step was obtained without purchase, and it only remained for

him to stay a few months longer when he would get command of his regiment. The old gentleman heard all this from his Indian friends, who wrote to him for some explanation on the subject; in fact, said Lord Burrow, "Alford hinted to him that he was about to send in his resignation, and the 'cursed fool' would get the command at once if he remained." After this strange movement on the part of his nephew, Mr. Aster became very gloomy; he seldom appeared in public, and saw no visitors. Pat Molloy, the village schoolmaster, declared he saw him one night, as he was going home, "prowling about like some troubled spirit;" there was something burning on his breast like a star, and, as sure as a gun, he must have got the name of Aster on that account. "Aster, you know," said the schoolmaster, "being the Latin for star, from which the words astronomy and astronomer are derived." This was told to a company of eight or ten in Biddy Flanagan's public-house, and in the course of a few days it was widely circulated round the country.

"Are you sure, Misther Molloy avic, that it was not the owld mather you seed?" said Biddy Flanagan.

"Well, woman, do you mean to insinuate that I was suffering from the effects of inebriasm, that I could not tell things except in a duplicate ratio?" said the schoolmaster.

"Oh! the Lord betine us and all harm; if it be true for you, Misther Molloy, he must be with the good people. Faith, I myself was sure he cou'd no' be right, him that they says is always about after dark. Did no' my gossoon, Paddy, see him a wa'king as he was a coming from the bog the other night, and says, says he, 'Good morrow, sur;' but the duckens an answer he gave him, but passed along. Peter Fahy walked round the fields home, so as to give Boydsville a broad berth; and his Brother Mick, who was taking some pigs to market next day, saw Mr. Aster at his front gate, and turned back 'to give the bastes another week's feeding.'"

Fogerty treated this report with contempt; he declared that "Misther Aster could drink his wine and pay his way like a man, for he seed it himself when the mather and mistress were there a visiting he was as pleasant as you plase. Faith he was so, and gave me a bit of gould for my trouble, and the duckens a much trouble I had ither by the same token."

Notwithstanding Fogerty's assertion, many of the poor people believed in Pat Molloy's tale. Mr. Aster was seldom seen out of doors; very few of the servants could tell how he occupied himself; he went regularly to the kitchen every morning to cook his own curry; and had his soup and dishes so seasoned that none of the servants could partake of them after him. He was for ever

changing his cook, and tried the three kingdoms for a valet to stay longer than three months. No one was aware of the cause of Mr. Aster's seclusion, and all put it down to eccentricity. His nephew, now in London, wrote to him, and had his letters sent back; he expressed a wish to go down to see him, but was told that he would be taken up for trespass if he attempted anything of the kind. So wrath was the old gentleman with his nephew, that he had made up his mind to leave all his property to some charity, and cut him off without a shilling. He came to this resolution not from Major Aster's insane freak—selling out of the army—for he had paid his debts three or four times, and was willing to do so again if he had not heard, from some private inquiries which he caused to be made, the real reason of the "insane freak."

Major Aster was now knocking about the clubs in London, and as he will turn up very frequently in these pages, we shall say a few words about him. He was tall, exceedingly dark, and a most gentlemanly man when it suited his purpose. His dark brown eyes and large dark moustache gave him a very uncommon as well as a formidable appearance, while it disguised the traces of dissipation and weakness. He was a man of some personal courage and resolution, though not particular what compromise he made with his conscience in carrying it out. He was not gifted with very brilliant intellect, but would perform what was suggested to him with energy and perseverance.

Major Aster entered the army when a mere lad, and has seen no little service. Through his uncle's influence he spent most of his time in active service. We shall have other opportunities of speaking of his merits and demerits, while at present we leave him lounging over the railings in Hyde Park, watching the long string of carriages which move slowly past the "Ladies' Mile," and return to a much humbler locality, the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy in Ballydy.

No doubt we shall find some excitement in consequence of the grand ball that is to come off in honour of Miss Nora. As Mr. Kennedy is a very noted character in the neighbourhood, we must give the reader a short description of the inner life of the family. Mrs. Kennedy and the four Misses Kennedy, "are to be so grand," so Bridget the servant states, "that they won't know themselves for a reasonable time after." Should Bridget be prophetic, a short description before this wonderful change—"being made beautiful even for a time"—may not be amiss.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.*

THERE once lived two friends named respectively A. and B. It were superfluous to observe that these are not their real names, but merely ingenious disguises intended to frustrate any attempt at identification. A. and B. were in the habit of meeting frequently and discussing innumerable topics; but were particularly prone to the discussion of books and authors. Among other things they happened on one occasion to talk concerning Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper. A. gave expression to all the current cant respecting (or rather disrespecting) the Proverbial Philosophy, he quoted several jokes from *Punch*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and other comic papers, besides contributing a number of original witticisms. B., on the other hand, to use his own robust phrase, "stuck up" for the philosopher. Declared that *he* would never join in, or try to prolong the feeble laugh of inane periodicals, and opined that there was a great deal of very fine poetry and exceedingly beautiful philosophy in Mr. Tupper, if people could only see it. Some days after this discussion, which waxed very warm, and in which the despiser of Solomon the Second came off second best, the two friends were poring over a bookstall in the Gray's-inn-road, when at the same moment both discovered, amid other rubbish, a book called "Christabel." They turned to the title-page. It was indeed a continuation of Coleridge's divine fragment. Who could have dared thus impiously to tamper with that doubly delightful because unfinished poem? A second glance at the title-page decided the matter. Who but Mr. Martin Tupper? From that day B. was never known to "stick up" for the proverbial philosopher.

And B. was right. When, whether of choice or by reason of an inevitable fate, a great writer leaves behind him unfinished work, no man, be he publisher or writer, is justified in adding to that work so much as a sentence. That such a principle in the case of novelists is not regarded as sacred, was proved some time ago when a great man went away from us leaving the unfinished threads of a story, which threads an equally celebrated writer, but one utterly different in quality, was deputed to take up and weave. With more consideration for the intelligent portion of the public, and with more respect for the memory of the dead, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, with a modest word of prefatory comment,

* The Mystery of Edwin Drood. By Charles Dickens. Chapman and Hall.

have laid before the public the uncompleted, and, let us hope, never-to-be-completed, novel upon which Charles Dickens was engaged when death ended at once his labour and his life.

It is highly probable that in the course of the next few weeks, both in the reviews and in more declared ways, attempts will be made to unravel the "*Mystery of Edwin Drood*," which remains, alas! a greater mystery than its author ever intended. That the large amount of ingenuity sure to be displayed will be highly relished by that immense class which can take no interest in any story, no matter by whom, unless it be conducted to a veritable climax, we have no reason to doubt. That the thinking and sober-minded will witness the affair with approval we have no reason to fear. While this latter class, however, is ready to deplore it is impotent to prevent. And the same spirit which induced one man to write a continuation of Coleridge's "*Christabel*," is now inciting hundreds of men to seek for the clue to this closed mystery.

"The only notes in reference to the story," say the publishers in a preface already mentioned, "that have been found concern that part of it exclusively which is treated in the earlier numbers. Beyond the clues therein afforded to its conduct or catastrophe nothing whatever remains; and it is believed that what the author would himself have most desired is done in placing before the reader without further note or suggestion the fragment of the '*MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD*.'" It is in the spirit in which these lines are intended to induce that we will dwell for a short time over this unfinished tale.

The story, so far as it has been narrated, is soon told. A young lady and a young gentleman (what a pity that we have no better words to describe young persons who are too old to be spoken of as boy and girl, and too juvenile to be alluded to as man and woman!), have been destined for one another by their parents. The young lady's name is Rosa Bud. She is at school under the benign sway of Miss Twinkleton, at the Nuns' house. The young gentleman, who has a hazy sort of profession connected with Egypt and engineering, is called Edwin Drood. The uncle of Edwin Drood, Mr. Jaspar, is choir-master in Cloisterham Cathedral, and occasional opium eater and smoker in London and elsewhere. This Mr. Jaspar is very ostentatious in his profession of affection for his nephew, and the nephew is devotedly attached to his uncle. One stormy night Edwin Drood—he and Rosa having, without telling any one, come to the conclusion that they are not suited to each other, and determined to meet in future only as brother and sister—is apparently made away with. His watch is by-and-by discovered in the river. Mr. Jaspar denounces Neville

Landless, a fiery youth imported from eastern climes, who has had a quarrel with the (presumably) deceased, and who was the last person seen in his company. The author, however, is all the time carefully bringing the reader's suspicions to bear upon Mr. Jaspas himself. And these suspicions are strengthened by the intense mental agitation manifested by the uncle of the "dear boy," and are decided when Mr. Jaspas, in the most uncompromising way, makes love to Rosa Bud. Whether Drood was murdered at all; whether, if he was, Jaspas did the deed; whether, if he wasn't, Jaspas knows his whereabouts—these are the questions to the elucidation of which our ingenious friends are now devoting themselves. Possibly, we may find it a more profitable work to regard what the author *has* done than to speculate upon what he *has not*.

We will take one or two of the characters for purposes of study. And if a typical and well-defined and thoroughly entertaining friend is to be desired, no one should fail to make the acquaintance of Mr. Crisparkle, the minor canon. There is a healthy tone about the reverend gentleman, an outspoken honesty in word, and a gentle charity in deed. Besides that, he is unintentionally, on the author's part, a protest. A few weeks ago Mr. Wilkie Collins published a novel, entitled "Man and Wife," in which he very strongly condemns the degree to which, at universities and elsewhere, physical training is carried. And in order that no one may mistake his moral, or think his preaching ineffective, he makes his muscular Christian (who is a Cambridge man noted alike on land and water, in foot-race and boat-race, for his dexterity and prowess) the most infernal scoundrel to be encountered even on his own pages. This young athlete deceives two women, and finally expires in the act of murdering one; and all this, Mr. Collins tells us in his preface, is because he was made aware at college of the existence of his biceps. We do not offer any opinion as to the justice of Mr. Collins's deductions. It is fair to say, however, that although we have occasionally met boating men and racing men from Cambridge and elsewhere, we have never met with any one in the most distant way approaching Geoffrey Delamayne—the muscular villain of "Man and Wife." It is fair to say, on the other hand, that the Rev. Mr. Crisparkle, minor canon, is a well-known and widely-popular individual. And that much of his mental vigour is attributable to the physical exercise which he undergoes is also a fair statement, not involving the committal of oneself to an opinion. This is the sort of physical training with which the minor canon insures healthy action of the brain:

"The Reverend Septimus Crisparkle having broken the thin morning ice near Cloisterham Weir with his amiable head, much

to the invigoration of his frame, was now assisting his circulation by boxing at a looking-glass with great science and prowess. A fresh and healthy portrait the looking-glass presented of the Reverend Septimus feinting and dodging with the utmost artfulness, and hitting out from the shoulder with the utmost straightness, while his radiant features teemed with innocence, and soft-hearted benevolence beamed from his boxing-gloves."

And well did the reverend gentleman's training stand to him in the hour of need. Not indeed that he is ever reduced to the necessity of literally punishing a pugilistic foe. But in his efforts to free his pupil, Neville Landless, from the foul charge brought against him, he has to meet with a professional philanthropist in London—a Mr. Honeythunder, whom, in a strictly bloodless encounter, he overthrows, and, figuratively speaking, stamps upon. From the very first Dickens made a point of writing down professional and platform philanthropy. To a very great extent he was justified in so doing. At the same time his feelings may have carried him at times to greater lengths of denunciation than could be justified by evidence. In this last book of his he is running full tilt at Exeter Hall, just as years ago he ran full tilt at Exeter Hall in his first book. Mr. Crisparkle, visiting at the London chief offices of the haven of philanthropy, is made the channel of the author's somewhat just invective:

"In his college days of athletic exercises, Mr. Crisparkle had known professors of the noble art of fisticuffs, and had attended two or three of their gloved gatherings. He had now an opportunity of observing that, as to the phrenological formation of the backs of their heads, the professing philanthropists were uncommonly like the pugilists. In the development of all those organs which constitute, or attend, a propensity to 'pitch into' your fellow-creatures; the philanthropists were remarkably favoured. . . . There were only three conditions of resemblance wanting between these professors and those. Firstly, the philanthropists were in very bad training: much too fleshy, and presenting both in face and figure a superabundance of what is known to pugilistic experts as suet pudding. Secondly, the philanthropists had not the good temper of the pugilists, and used worse language. Thirdly, their fighting code stood in great need of revision, as empowering them not only to bore their man to the ropes, but to bore him to the confines of distraction; also to hit him when he was down, hit him anywhere and anyhow, kick him, stamp upon him, gorge him, and maul him behind his back without mercy. In these last particulars the professors of the noble art were much nobler than the professors of philanthropy."

Next to drawing eccentric characters, it was a practice with

Mr. Dickens to elaborate imbeciles for the amusement of his readers. But in the present book he has introduced us to an imperturbable idiot, named Sapsea—an auctioneer and the Mayor of Cloisterham—whose deliverances on most subjects are rather amusing, to be sure, but are utterances which could only be indulged in by a sort of man very rarely met with, let us hope, in private life. Indeed, when one enumerates the characters in this “Mystery of Edwin Drood,” it is surprising to find how very few of them are not what may, speaking strictly and legitimately, be termed eccentric. Mr. Jaspar is an eccentric choir-master. Durdles (a sort of irreverent and drunken and not over-humorous “Old Mortality”) is an eccentric tombstone-cutter. Mr. Grewgious is an eccentric lawyer, living in Staple’s Inn: *how* eccentric, will best be gathered when it is learned that, on the two occasions on which he is visited, he detains his visitors to partake of a repast, which he incontinently orders to be brought over from the hotel in Furnival’s Inn. Miss Twinkleton is an eccentric schoolmistress. And of the two lovers it is impossible to say anything definitely, their characters not having been elaborated.

The dialogue throughout is not in Dickens’s happiest manner. At times the humour is forced, but now and then flashes out with the accustomed brilliancy. The power which gave and gives life to the creations of Dickens is not dramatic power. You have only to read his dialogue to see this. It is quite empty of earnest dramatic purpose. Given two characters met to discuss a subject more or less serious, they immediately set to in a bantering tone, as if each thought the other a fool and considered himself very much the reverse. To use a common word, they *humbug* each other. And in this bantering humbug, this interchange of a species of irony which is not irony, a great deal of the humour of the dialogue of Dickens consists.

In the dialogue between the two lovers, it would perhaps be saying too much to allege that the author has been affected by the new school of English comedy. It is only saying, what will appear to the most ordinary reader, that it is quite out of Dickens’s well-known manner, and that portions of it at least remind one of passages in some of Mr. Robertson’s plays. This is a coincidence simply, and solely as such is noticeable.

In his descriptive passages, however, he is the Dickens of our youth. The Dickens of *Pickwick*, and *Nickleby*, and *Copperfield*. The description of the breaking up of Miss Twinkleton’s establishment at Christmas is a perfect specimen of Dickensque: “A noticeable relaxation of discipline had for some few days pervaded the Nuns’ house. Club suppers had occurred in the bedrooms, and a dressed tongue had been carved with a pair of

scissors and handed round with the curling tongs. Portions of marmalade had likewise been distributed on a service of plate constructed of curl-paper; and cowslip wine had been quaffed from the small squat glass in which little Rickitts (a junior of weakly constitution) took her steel drops daily. The housemaids had been bribed with various fragments of ribbon and sundry pairs of shoes, more or less down at the heel, to make no mention of crumbs in the beds."

On the following day Miss Twinkleton delivers a farewell address, admirably done, but too long for quotation, and on taking leave of each young lady, she confided to her an exceedingly neat letter addressed to her next friend-at-law. "This missive she handed with an air as if it had not the least connexion with the bill, but were something in the nature of a delicate and joyful surprise."

In the more serious descriptive passages, too, the easily recognised manner as ably instanced as ever delights as of yore. The midnight ascent of Jaspar and Durdles into the cathedral tower is particularly effective and weird. If one met the sentences in the most unlikely place and under the most extraordinary circumstances, they bore so much surface evidence of authorship that they could not escape recognition:

"Their way lies through strange places. Twice or thrice they emerge into level low-arched galleries, whence they can look down into the moonlit nave; and where Durdles, moving his lantern, shows the dim angels' heads upon the corbels of the roof seeming to watch their progress. Anon they turn into narrower and steeper staircases, and the night air begins to blow upon them, and the chirp of some startled jackdaw or frightened rook precedes the heavy beating of wings in a confined space, and the beating down of dust and straw upon their heads. At last, leaving their light upon a stair—for it blows fresh up here—they look down on Cloisterham fair to see in the moonlight: its ruined habitations and sanctuaries of the dead at the tower base: its moss-softened red-tiled roofs, and red brick houses of the living, clustered beyond: its river winding down from the mist on the horizon, as though that were its source, and already having a restless knowledge of its approach to the sea."

On the last page of the book there is a passage written, we are told, only a few hours before the author's death. With the quotation of that passage, speaking as it does of a something beyond Cloisterham and outside mortality, we close this short and imperfect sketch of a book which has been read by thousands of readers, and will be read by thousands more. Of a book written by a man who achieved during his lifetime a popularity

which, measured by the easy test of "copies sold," is not second to the popularity of Scott or the popularity of Byron:

"A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or rather from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building fluttering there like wings."

LETTER FROM COBLENTZ.

Coblenz, September, 1870.

STILL taking the pen I date from Coblenz, where I am not, but where my thoughts are. I see the town not now in the fullness of summer light, inhale not the perfume which the summer's glow has brought, hear no more the twittering of the swallows. No! Nor do I see it as it was in the beginning of last month, filled with sombre, eager, silent, but ever busy workers, making all ready to aid in the great undertaking to which their country was compelled. But I see it as it was after the bloody and terrible commencement of that undertaking, when close to it, on the fair river lay a fleet of Rhine boats, steamers and others, used only for pleasure six weeks ago, and now freighted with pain—freighted to the full, with pain—nothing but pain. The wounded brought away with difficulty from the battle-ground are there in hundreds, friends and foes mingling their moans. Theirs is the actual physical pain, hard for them to bear; hard for those to contemplate who have them in charge, and who would give them help—the pain of feeling—of humane hearts, is theirs. There are others, unwounded too, who have pain of yet a different kind—pain of heart and mind and soul hardest of all to endure. These are the prisoners of war. To hide what they feel, they, in our phrase, "put the best face on it"—in the German phrase make a half face—*halb gesicht*.

Conscript of France, when the German was preparing so soberly

for the war to which thou wert coming so boastfully, I said that pity was all that could be bestowed on thee, valiant as thou art! How little did I think that so soon would the time come for bestowing that pity on thee. But one short month in which thou hast done all that thou could do in such circumstances as thine, and compassion is the only meed thy valour has won. Thy conquerors are brave and honest men—they, too, will be compassionate. As yet we cannot ask for more—thou wilt not even ask for that—still, thou mayst find that they can be generous too. Sternly the great fortress opposite Coblenz may seem to look down on the pain-laden vessels that come and go with so many sons of Germany maimed and tortured—sternly, as if it would destroy on the instant any one of that army of aggression bringing so much sorrow even to the homes of the victorious who drove it back. But the great fortress is unscathed; the Rhine is free from end to end; the dwellers on its shores have the hearts of men, and they will have Christian pity for the vanquished whom it has cost them so dear to overcome. As yet, too, all has not been won. More losses—perhaps even greater than any they have yet endured—await both combatants. They will both be brave—may they be gentle too!

From Coblenz to Metz, I said last month, perhaps too carelessly, in woman's fashion, thinking of my pleasant days in the one town and *the man* shut up in the other, who,

Tumbled headlong from the height of life
Might furnish matter for the tragic muse,

but who did not do it. At that time, of the reckless gambler who played with kingdoms for his stakes, we heard nothing—no one knew where he was. From Paris we heard only that his wife went every morning early, before the crowds of grief-stricken mothers and widows, to pray in the Church of the Virgin of Victories. But it is eighty years since "Notre Dame!" has been a fit rallying cry for the French, and Notre Dame des Victoires can do as little for them now as an infallible Pope can do for himself.

The names of the two fortress-towns do not to-day bring thoughts connected with any one man. Coblenz seems only to represent to me a people sadly in earnest, girding themselves up to do that which they have not sought, but which has been thrust on them. Metz, on the other hand, represents a rashly confident people—confident solely in "the bubble reputation gained at the cannon's mouth"—and by whom? Not by themselves, but by their fathers. They went forth knowing for what cause they fought; it was one that made despots tremble, and the armies of despots were easily overcome. Is it then for the upholding of one

of the worst of despots that the sons of these fathers are fighting? As yet we cannot answer that question. War continues its bloody course until events will compel them to answer: "We are fighting for our existence as a nation."

Of Metz we hear little now except that it is hemmed in on all sides by the victorious Germans. There seems to be a pause in their movements. If there be, it is such a pause as the lion makes when his victim is within his reach, that he may measure his leap and fall on him more securely.

So far had I written on the 1st of September, and on the next day news came which on the instant inspired a feeling of satisfaction—awoke a hope that the war might soon terminate. The German king had early in the strife declared that against the Emperor Napoleon, not against the French people, he waged war. On the 1st of September the emperor was his prisoner. So well had the leap been measured by the conquering host, that he was pounced upon in Sedan. He surrendered himself a prisoner to the king, with tears in his eyes, for, as he said, *not being able to die at the head of his army, he could do nothing else*. He the victim of the war! He, dastardly and treacherous to the last! No, not he! France is the victim. His victim even in this last act, so cowardly and so ruining. Not a word for her who had given herself up to the deception of the name by which he ruled. He was the government; he knew there was none other with which the conquerors could treat—for the regency was a mockery—yet not a word for the country. It would almost seem as if a fiendish instinct had taught him, in hatred of humanity, to crown his ill deeds by one, the worst for the French—and, added to that, bad for the Prussians.

Can victors who have advanced so far into the land at such a terrible cost, retire with nothing to indemnify them but their miserable prisoners? Can the vanquished, who have at least shown no want of courage in the fight, lay down their arms like him? The future offers only the prospect of work to be done by the two nations as bloody as any that has yet been done. It makes the heart sick—and I throw down the pen.

The tidings of the few days since I last made my passing note of this war, the commencing scene of which I saw in Coblentz—the tidings are not now of battles. They are of what Paris is doing. The republic is proclaimed. A republic not girt with the river, but with the military sword. But have not all republics so sprung into life? Yes—or at least they have done so in France. This time, however, there is something different in the

fourth birth of freedom in Paris from all the others which preceded it. Foreign foes, not tyrants at home, have forced it into existence. Will it have a better fate than its predecessors? That seems scarcely possible. Unhappy France! Yes, but unhappy Prussia too, who finds herself suddenly engaged in a work so much greater than she anticipated—which draws her farther and farther on, and demands still greater sacrifices from her children than those already made. The Germans cannot retreat, the French cannot yield. Let them, then, to the struggle with what heart they have!—and the heart is great on both sides. They look as if meaning a death grapple, but neither nation will die in it—of that only are we assured, so let us, satisfied with our island security, turn to our newspapers with what appetite we may, though in our consciences we cannot be satisfied that we have yet done all which that security and our means demand of us for the wounded and the suffering in consequence of this war.

The correspondents of our great journals, not having now a battle to record every day, have time to go back on those that they have recorded, and to enter more minutely into their sanguinary details. Those who can read them, may do so. But here, surely among them, are to be found very agreeable little incidents for any one's reading? They relate to the *grand prisoner's* departure from France into Germany. What sort of vehicle he was in. What carriages his suite was in—they were ten in number, I think. How many fine horses he had, how many fine lackeys. How he was dressed—how he smoked his cigarette—what sort of hat he had on—how he took it off to the respectful crowd—how calm he was—how that last fine trait arises from his being a fatalist! There are men found to record all this, in the midst of the horrors caused by this man, not in brief as it is here, but at full length. Then, too, they have the satisfaction of adding that the Queen of Prussia has sent to the château to which he has gone her head cook and a sufficient quantity of the best wine from the king's cellar. Well! crowned heads fraternised with this man when he was on a throne, and they may think it right to make this parade of royal politeness, but it seems to me that when the German peasant hears of it there may be at such a time some bitterness in his heart when he recalls the hardships of poverty in his little home, now made doubly hard by the sorrow which the war has brought to his hearth. He may, too, when he reads of the calming effect of fatalism on the author of the war, exclaim, in the honest simplicity of his indignation: "Yes! there is a fate for man—the fate of bearing the villain's soul in life, and the villain's reputation after death, for him who refuses to believe in evil in himself, refuses to obey the command, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good!'"

Alas! poor peasant! Thou mightst not be disposed to take the hand of him whom thou plainly regardest as merely a scoundrel. But dost thou not know that when villanies become enormous and are committed by men in purple, there is a grandeur about them, which, if it do not ennoble them, *imperialises* them, and he who has once made himself master of a throne belongs to the family of kings, and kings must be respectful to him in his fall. Return thanks to Heaven, even from the depths of thy poverty and thy grief, that thou art not of that family, and that thou hast a mind free to judge of any man, not by what he has been to thee, or by what he has done to thee, but by the quality of his deeds to all men.

Is Paris to be besieged? This is the question first discussed after the capitulation of Sedan. The onward converging march of the German armies, all towards that capital, seemed silently, but ominously, to answer the question. But there was another reply, not of the silent kind. Vehemently, passionately, does the cry come from Paris: Let us be besieged! We will stand the siege. From towers and walls to streets—from streets to houses—from houses to rooms we will defend ourselves. If we perish, let it be on our hearths amid the ruins of the city. Such loud brave words come to us from the other side of the Channel, whilst we on our side say piteously: Oh, surely, Paris will not be besieged!—that gay city where we have spent so many of the pleasantest days of our lives, how sad to besiege it!—to destroy so many of its fine buildings, its noble works of art! Can it be? Will it be? No! Let us wait—let us hope.

We have passed the middle of the month, and after reading the day's news hope seemed to die within me, and I felt a strange quivering of the heart. All that imagination pictured as possible before the end of the month was too terrible. It does, then, seem certain that Germany, after all that she has done to humble France, still lives in such terror of her neighbour, that she can in the hour of victory be neither generous nor magnanimous.

No; I will not think thus of the German soldier whom I saw go forth to the war in so quiet, so unboastful a spirit, and of whom I said, all honour be to him! He went to uphold the right of his native country, to be independent, to be unmolested, and valiantly has he upheld it. At that time, too, when glad to give him his full meed of praise, I claimed pity for the French soldier. If he—duped, betrayed, trained up in ignorant self-applause by rulers and by priests to be their ready tool—if he merited compassion at the beginning of the war, how much more does he

deserve it now! Misled as he was, he yet did his duty to the utmost of his knowledge and his power—did it valiantly too. And now, it may be, that the right which was on the German side at the commencement may be transferred to the French. No person of unbiassed mind, no one undisturbed by passion, can believe that the destruction of Paris is any necessary security for the safety of Germany in the future. Even our ablest politicians doubt whether any cession of French territory, under the terrible pressure of the moment, will make her more secure in future. It is not at the moment when a nation has reached a higher point of greatness than it had ever before attained, and when it is intoxicated with victory, that it is in a state to make a bond with fate. Let Alsace and Lorraine be given up, let Paris be demolished, yet France will not die. Another generation will arise that will not know Bismarck, or will only know his name to abhor it. War will be renewed, not to add strength to the tottering throne of a despot, but to avenge the wrongs brought on a people by a despot whose name will be recalled with detestation. It is an old saying, that "they fight well who fight for the dead." And for France, vanquished now, the time for such fighting will surely come.

As yet, day follows day without the victor's giving any sign of being moved by generous thoughts towards the fallen foe. Christianity is a useless word in war; it is not to be appealed to, but as the idea spreads that terms of peace might be discovered, let us take a little example from pagan times. "If we grant you peace," said the Roman senate to a conquered people, "how will you keep it?" The reply was, "If it be exacted from us on terms too hard, we will break it as soon as possible, but if it be a good peace, we will keep it for ever."

Enough of this. Let my thoughts return to the point from which they set out many days ago—to Coblentz, to my friend there who has no newspapers to distract by every day's tidings her mind from her arduous duties in the care of the suffering. Can she, can any German woman, desire the continuance of this war for a day longer? No, a thousand times no! But the voices of wives and mothers are never heard amid the tumult of war, their tears are shed in silence.

BLACKLOCK FOREST.

XXIV.

Since married they will be, why more delay?
 Or why exceed the briefest that may serve
 For preparation? Coupled by Sir Priest,
 They'll take their bridal course o'er sea and land;
 Each having, in participated joy,
 The doubled sum of both.

Old Play.

THE effects of Edmund's "parable" were next morning very visible in the faces of the Goldriches, whose increased tenderness of manner evinced their sense of his having truly valued their daughter's love at more than his life, while they eschewed the thought of what had too strongly proved his devotion. No allusion was again made to the subject, or to the dreadful locality. Even the word "forest" seemed to be prohibited, as referring to a kind of Edom under a curse. They knew nothing of the "dwelling in the rock," but were united in regarding the place as a fitting abode for "dragons," and a "court for owls, through which none should pass for ever!" Isabella had passed the night, dreading reflection on the rashness which, in despair of happiness with her on earth, had risked the loss of heaven, and which might have left her in a state of unendurable misery! She had underrated the strength of her own love; and when she again met Edmund in the morning the restraint of her feelings had been impossible, had their exhibition been ever so unbecoming. Her eyes followed him as he moved, or were fixed on him as he reposed; nor were his less vigilant—those eyes that had literally been closed in death for her sake.

How she loved, too, the mute brother, and the gentle maiden who was to be her sister! She had an inward conviction of owing to them the life of her lover, for the effect of her father's verses on the latter, and of his "parable" upon his hearers, with other precedent denotements, all but assured her of the fact.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldrich were as anxious for the speedy marriage of their daughter as was Edmund himself; and it was at once arranged that on a certain day, within a brief period from that time, the two couples should be respectively united. For reasons, including every consideration for Sir Richard, the ceremony was to be performed in the most private way, "and this," said Mr. Goldrich, "shall be the manner of it. Edmund and Isabella;

bridegroom's man, Lawyer Lovell; bridesmaid, her lady's-maid. Frank and Mary; bridegroom's man, Dr. Lovell; bridesmaid, my wife's lady's-maid. *I* give away—that is, *I give*—but *not* away—my girl. William Morgan shall do the same for Mary. We start away in our two carriages or on horseback, as carriage-room falls short, for Carlston, in the next parish, and, as supposed by outer-observers, for a day's excursion of pleasure. Our two pairs of turtle-doves are each made one by the Carlston vicar. We breakfast together at the inn (to which, by the way, the luggage of the married ones shall be sent on the previous day), and then separate—the married, with one man and one maid-servant, for Turin by easy movement—and the remainder of us quietly back to our respective abodes, there to await what may occur in the natural course of things. The intervening time 'twixt now and then shall not go idly by, for while the lawyers are at work arranging between Sir Richard and Giacomo Edmund, between the latter and myself, and between Frank and all others concerned, the girls will be busy with their dressmakers, and the whole family industriously employed in learning from Mary, and practising with her Tony the digital mode of colloquy."

This last was a happy conception, and it was so heartily carried out by the household, that Belmont House was known in the neighbourhood as "The Deaf and Dumb College." Mary's part was no sinecure; but she had, ere long, much assistance from Isabella and one of the lady's-maids, for the women were quicker than the men in fingering a significant pantomime, and the under tutors were soon profitably employed in drawing-room and servants'-hall. The time, in fact, was so amusingly employed that there was no impatient wish for it to pass. Edmund was of course in full correspondence with his grandfather, to whom he so touchingly related all the late particulars (so far as they were distinctly known to the Goldriches and Lovells) concerning himself and brother, that the replies were everything that could be desired. He had spoken of his approaching marriage with the daughter of a wealthy English gentleman, as in revenge for that which his grandfather had sanctioned between a poor English gentleman and his richly endowed daughter, and had prefaced the account of Frank's recovery by bidding his grandfather "prepare for news not free from sadness—for sad it needs must be to find *affliction* connected with the *joy* of discovering a long-lost son—such an affliction, for instance, as that of the son's being—though otherwise highly favoured in personal perfection—*deaf and dumb!* Such," the letter continued to say, "is the living Francesco, who was by most supposed dead, though you, my dear grandfather, had a presentiment of his being only lost to be found

and restored to us." Then came the particulars of the affliction's cause, and of all the rest, ending in the intended marriage of Frank and Mary; the effect on old Ridotti being "a torturing impatience to see his two most dear boys, with the two girls who should be equally dear to him." The old gentleman was mightily pleased by Giacomo's sense of having conclusively acted—though under circumstances that compelled it—without his previous knowledge and permission; and by his saying that "Frank, at all events, was guiltless of such omission, as he knew not of any authority over him but that of Sir Richard, who had encouraged the affection between Mary and himself—that is, as it was supposed, between a girl deserving of better than a deaf-and-dumb husband, of birth less respectable than her own. Provided for now by the pecuniary means connected with the baronetcy restored to him, his grandfather's first care would be an adequate provision for Francesco, and there might be others of the Ridotti family deserving a share in his consideration." Others there were by mere connexion, but none remaining of blood or near alliance; the death of the third grandson at Genoa, and of his father (who it was supposed had been slain in a tavern brawl, or something worse), having left no claimants on his love or possessions, except his two living grandchildren.

"Come," wrote the old signore, "delay not, my dear Giacomo and Francesco; but marry your wives, and haste with them hither to receive your grandsire's blessing!"

The legal proceedings and other matters confirming Edmund's right and title to the baronetcy and its belongings being concluded, the marriage-day was decided on, but all in secret. The rector of Blackleigh was to receive his fee, or something more than his fee, for keeping out of sight, and allowing the two couples to be respectively united in another parish church, the clerk was also remunerated for having nothing to do, and the ringers for not meddling with their bell-ropes; and soon after, on a sunny morning, in accordance with Mr. Goldrich's prearranged plan, the wedding-party proceeded to Carlston Church, wherein the vicar of the parish did what was required of him, and nothing more. In plain terms, he kindly yielded to Mr. Goldrich's desire that he would abridge the marriage service to what was necessary for men and women coming to be united on the strength of their soul-sympathy and mutual heart-affection. Mrs. Goldrich had acquainted her husband with Isabella's dread of again hearing that portion of the minister's address and charge which had so overwhelmed her, to the prevention of her first intended marriage, when she felt not more disgust at the forbidding of purposes out of her conception and abhorrent to her nature, than guilty in having

overlooked the moral impediment to vowing love where no love existed. She could now answer with heart and soul the "thirdly" of the address, and the charge following.

"But," said Mr. Goldrich, "I have ever thought the 'firstly' of the address, on the purposes of marriage, as at least gratuitous; and the 'secondly' an offence to every pure-minded woman who has to listen to it; but I will appeal for its omission now, if only in consideration of its fearful association with what occurred on the late occasion of her prevented union with Sir Richard Blackleigh."

"Sir," replied the vicar, "your request is not uncommon, and I invariably concede it; and if it be thought there are many instances in which the whole of the address ought to be preserved, I am still bold enough to admit that its delivery is ill-timed, and should have preceded the marriage ceremony. Still you may admit that, in the case of Miss Goldrich, it occasioned great temporary distress towards sequent happiness."

Of course the marriage could not take place without excitement among the few simple villagers of Carlston, and *there* the bells merrily sounded their peal of three. Only speculative murmurings varied the silence of Blackleigh and Blackport, till Mr. Goldrich quietly announced the truth, and, with every feeling of respect for Sir Richard, the whole neighbourhood rejoiced in the happiness of Lady and Mrs. Francis Blackleigh. Sincere was the pleasure declared by all in the transfer of Robert and Bessie Rawbold to Wilton's cottage, and the establishment of William Morgan as Sir Edmund's steward under Mr. Lovell's legal advising. Morgan might have had any other appointment more pleasing to him, but as he insisted on remaining attached to the forest, the north lodge was converted into the mere offices of a newly-built and commodious cottage residence for himself, while the southern one was improved for the comfort of others of his family.

The perplexities arising from the elevation of one of a family above all the rest operated not here; so that no more need be said on that subject, unless it be that, where the elevated cannot bring the others upward, they have reached a most unenviable position—a position resembling that of a showy kite with fluttering wings and no end of tail, claiming altitudinal equality with the birds of the air, but still controlled by the powers below; those of its owners, though the humblest on earth, who can at any time bring it down with a pull, or let it down with a run, as the humour of the moment may incline them.

It was a vast delight to Sir Edmund and Isabella to conduct Frank and his wife through the wonders of Paris, Lyons, and the romantic valleys of Savoy to their crowning ascent over Mont

Cenis, and thence onwards. Frank had seen the boisterous fury of the sea, stranding frail barques and knocking them into splinters; and he had contemplated the dark still horrors of the Black Loch till mere gloom had nothing more than the effect of sulky repose; but when he beheld the distant mountains raising their deep blue masses against the sunset, and the loftier ones crowned with the white of January, while the scenery beneath was rich in its autumn splendour of colour; when he found himself tramping after a carriage on its sledge, and afterwards discovered that the lake which he fancied to be at the base of Cenis was but a tarn not far beneath its summit; when, on his rapid descent from the lake towards the yet invisible plains of Italy, he saw, through rents in the clouds, snow peaks, as it were, overhanging him; when he beheld all this, he realised, as none save a deaf mute, intelligent but till then uninformed, could do, "the effect of novelty on ignorance?" He barked forth his wonder, which seemed almost too much for delight, and clung hold of Mary as though in this passage through the realms of magic they might be parted by one of the genii enamoured of her.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SOFTLY, softly treading;
As if a common footstep ill would suit
A place of so much suffering; 'mid the moans
Of racking pain that cannot all be mute,
You hear her low, sweet tones.

Gently, gently gliding,
From couch to couch, and plying woman's skill,
Braving the sight of ghastly wounds, the eye
And tender heart might shrink from; yielding still
Comfort to agony.

Kindly, kindly holding
The hand once strong in battle, now so frail,
It cannot move to intimate a want;
Wiping the clammy brow, and lips so pale—
Nothing her heart can daunt.

Mildly, mildly calming
The young man grieving at his early fate,
His dreams of glory phantasms of the brain;
Asking for mother, father, loved too late,
And her now loved in vain.

Sweetly, sweetly smiling
On the sad brave who would some token give
To dear-loved wife and child on Rhone's green shore;
She cheers him with the hope he yet shall live,
And clasp his babes once more.

Gently, gently soothing
The last pangs of the dying, speaking balm
To the tost, weary soul, and in God's page
Reading of that blest place of endless calm,
Where wars no more shall rage.

Thus loving, loving spirit!
To these sad tasks thou dost soft nature bend,
Leaving perchance home's comforts, friendships dear,
To walk the house of agony, and tend
War's hapless victims here.

O woman, angel-hearted!
Compassionate sister, bearing Mercy's name,
Who urgest thy good labours, God pour down
All blessings on thee! not poor mortal fame,
Be thine Heaven's fadeless crown!

STRAY THOUGHTS AND SHORT ESSAYS.

V.

CYNICS AND SCEPTICS.

THERE is a close alliance between cynicism and scepticism. He that believes that there is no virtue among men, must believe that there is no God, such as the Scriptures reveal to us. How can any one believe in the moral government and attributes of God who believes that He makes none good, and suffers a race of merely evil creatures to perpetuate itself? Generally it will be found that an unbeliever is a cynic; and the converse not unfrequently holds good. The infidel Voltaire was the very prince of modern cynics. It has been said that it was rather the disbelief in human virtue than disbelief in God, that brought about the French Revolution; rather, it was the latter disbelief manifested in the former. Charles II. was a disbeliever in all goodness. With him men of unspotted character were only "closer hypocrites;" and his life shows him to have been in heart and practice an unbeliever. It appears that in speculative opinion, when he did not lean to the Romish faith, he leaned to infidelity. Such was this royal cynic.

The most satirical estimate of human motives and intentions cannot impeach this truth, that the world is, after all, God's world, and so constituted and ruled by Him as to be best adapted for the trial, the exercise, and the exhibition, of human virtue.

The cynic triumphs over imperfect good because it is imperfect, omitting the consideration that good tends to greater good, and exerts by far the mightiest of all influences in the world. Let us be willing, when possible, to regard the actual in the light of the ideal, and to believe that the actual much more nearly approaches the ideal than corrupt minds would have us believe. There is truth and soundness in the instincts of veneration and faith. Plain and honest men are devoid of cynical views of their species: and so, too, are men of enlarged minds. In fact, this is one of the many cases in which the instinctive thoughts of plain and honest minds coincide with the last conclusions of great minds. It is to be noted how free the greatest minds have been from acrimonious views of mankind. How generous were Burke's judgments upon them! Johnson, though sometimes severe upon individuals, was yet opposed to all sweeping censures and general condemnations. In the mature judgment of his later years he averred that he had learnt

to think more favourably of his species, and owned that he had been treated generously by the world. Sir John Hawkins records of him that "he was not apt to judge ill of persons without good reasons: an old friend of his used to say that in general he thought too well of mankind." "When I have said something," writes Mrs. Thrale, "as if the wickedness of the world gave me concern, he would cry aloud against canting, and protest that there was very little gross wickedness in the world, and still less of extraordinary virtue. Nobody had a more just aversion to general satire. He hated to hear others complain of general injustice." In the *Life of Pitt*, by Lord Stanhope, is contained an anecdote illustrating the favourable impression of mankind which that great minister had received after long experience in a position which, above all others, would afford a deep insight into human motives, and which would present much of the worse side of human nature. The anecdote is recorded by Lord Eldon. "I went with Mr. Pitt, not long before his death, from Roehampton to Windsor. Among much conversation upon various subjects, I observed to him that his station of life must have given him better opportunities of knowing men than almost any other person could possess; and I asked whether his intercourse with them, upon the whole, led him to think that the greater part of them were governed by reasonably honourable principles or by corrupt motives. His answer was that he had a favourable opinion of mankind upon the whole, and that he believed that the majority was really actuated by fair meaning and intention."

De Tocqueville, who is regarded as one of the profoundest thinkers of any age, formed no harsh estimate of mankind. "I like," said he, "*mankind*"; but I constantly meet individuals who repel and disgust me by the meanness of their nature. It is my daily effort to guard against an universal contempt of my fellow-men. I can only succeed by a minute and severe analysis of myself; the result of which is that I am inclined, as a rule, rather to condemn men's intelligence than their hearts." On the other hand, the most noted cynics have been men of notoriously superficial intellects. Such was Voltaire, who was described by Johnson as "*vir acerrimi ingenii et paucarum literarum*," a man of brilliant abilities but of no great learning. Such, too, were Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, who took the lowest views of mankind, and whose works the world is very "willingly letting die!"

MORAL COURAGE.

How many there are who have neither the moral courage to refuse compliance with evil suggestions, nor the moral laxity to comply without reluctance and subsequent remorse!

COURAGE RARE.

It is wonderful, much as its possession is vaunted, how little courage there is in the world; and this, not only in the present but in every age. History illustrates this fact. Tacitus's pictures of Rome under Tiberius and Domitian exemplify it. Juvenal describes in four pointed words the general prostration under the tyranny of the latter:

Semianimem laceraret Flavius orbem.

And this tyranny was endured for fourteen years! How few men in this country could, either for conscience sake, or for the sake of the ancient liberties of the land, brave the tyranny of Henry VIII.'s later years! How cowed was the spirit of Lords, Commons, and people under his iron rod! Again, in James II.'s reign, how easily were juries intimidated by the aspect and violence of Jeffreys—aye, juries of gentlemen as well as of yeomen, all of whom doubtless boasted of the national characteristic of courage! And in France, how utter the abjectness under which all cowered under the rule of the Committee of Public Safety, composed though it was of six most ordinary men! Even at last, when they broke this heavy and ignoble yoke, it was with trembling hearts and faltering hands; and how genuine was the cowardice with which they triumphed over it when they had broken it! Courage of display, or courage under excitement, is not rare; but true and calm courage can hardly subsist but on a firm basis of faith in the Unseen.

SELF IN FRIENDSHIP.

So much does self intrude into human connexions, that even in the most generous of all affections, friendship, its presence may be observed. How often one friend praises and defends the other in order to show him worthy of his friendship and a credit to himself, as much as from actual affection! Thus, and for the same reason, even dependants often uphold the characters of their patrons. They do it for their own credits' sake.

PARTIALITY TO SELF.

Such things as, when happening to ourselves, we think of considerable moment, often seem to us unworthy of notice when they happen to others, and we then wonder at the extent to which they are cared for. A success, which would have rejoiced our own hearts, is regarded by us with more than philosophical calmness when it falls to the lot of another: an insult offered to another we think too trivial for anything but a passing smile or sigh; but if the same had happened to ourselves, we might regard it as no trivial matter. So little *can* we, and so much less *do* we, realise the position of another in estimating his feelings!

JUDGING BY ONESELF.

So prone are men to judge of other men by themselves, that a man usually supposes you are offended with him for what he knows would have been a cause of offence to himself; and he is often mistaken in his supposition. Yet in many cases it is right and even necessary to judge of others by our own feelings.

UNCONSCIOUS EVIL-DOING.

Half the evil done in the world is done from an evil instinct, unknown to the doer, or only half suspected by him. This is much the case with women—men more often act ill from deliberate and conscious ill purpose.

VEHEMENT REPROACH.

There is great folly, as well as insolence, in uttering fierce and vehement reproaches for misconduct; for they defeat the object of amending the person reproved. Most men have a sense of duty which by temperate remonstrance may be awakened from its dormant state into activity. On the contrary, fierce and vehement reproach rouses in the mind a tempest of anger, the noise of which drowns the whisperings of conscience. Never excite anger, nor touch the pride, by the manner of reproof. Appeal solely to the reason, the conscience, and the better affections.

On this point the words of Leighton are worthy of remembrance: "The flying out into passion against thy fallen brother, will prove nothing but as the putting of the nail into the sore, that will readily rankle it and make it worse. Even sin may be sinfully reproved; and how thinkest thou that sin shall redress sin and restore the sinner? There is a great deal of spiritual art and skill in dealing with another's sin; it requires much spirituality of mind, much prudence, and much love; a mind clear from passion, for that blinds the eye, and makes the hand rough, so that a man neither rightly sees, nor rightly handles, the sore he goes about to cure."

NATURAL AFFECTION.

Natural affection, the feeling of love arising from kinship, descends rather than ascends, is stronger in the elder towards the younger than in the younger towards the elder. In the younger this affection is less of an *instinct* than in the elder; reason enters more into it; gratitude forms part of it. Hence it will be seen that the young, when their faculties are developed, love their parents and other elder relatives very much in proportion as they find out that they have been treated by them with kindness. Affection cannot be forced; it is not directly subject to the will; it is

of its nature spontaneous. Hence the unreasonableness of the complaints of many parents that they are not loved by their adult children. Their want of affection is involuntary; it is caused by the action of their reason and their memory. The complaint of parents in this case is a satire of their own upon themselves.

SELFISHNESS THE CHIEF CAUSE OF HARD-HEARTEDNESS.

The malignity and indifference towards the interests of others, so much prevailing in the world, chiefly arises from excessive love of self in its various forms. Men *naturally* would rather wish the good than the evil of others. But these promptings of nature come to be silenced by the dictates of excessive self-love. Thus men often rejoice in others' calamity, not from any abstract pleasure in witnessing distress, but because they see others reduced to a level with themselves—their own relative position to others being their first consideration. If they cannot raise themselves above others by merit, and are not so raised by fortune, the next thing they wish is to see others brought down to themselves. And men are indifferent to the suffering of others, not from really wanting sympathy, but from pure selfishness, because they studiously keep their minds from the disturbance which would be caused by contemplating distress in others. It is selfishness in either case, a habit of referring everything affecting others, either for their weal or woe, to the consideration, how their own position is affected by it. Envy makes men rejoice at others' sufferings, as bringing them to their own level; and envy is the product of selfishness.

ASSOCIATION OF DISAGREEABLE IDEAS WITH RELIGION.

Though the Christian religion has qualities which render it distasteful to man naturally, it has much also to attract admiration and love; it appeals to his best feelings of generosity and self-sacrifice, and "draws with the cords of a man." But it is often rendered unduly repulsive by false associations of rigour and gloom with which it is presented to the mind. These associations often are caused by one-sided teaching, injudicious admonitions, or by the exhibitions of religion which men have seen in their youth from morose, or narrow-minded, or ignorant, or fanatical, or half-crazy believers. A somewhat similar effect has, in some cases, been produced on young minds by attendance at religious services in dirty, damp, dilapidated buildings, or when the preaching has been tedious, the reading of the prayers mechanical, drawling, or monotonous, and the psalmody offensive to the ear and depressing to the mind. Undue restraints on Sundays, accompanied with long tasks to be done, and heavy theological

books to be read, have had the same unhappy effects on young minds, as Dr. Johnson has testified in his own case. "Sunday," said he, "was a heavy day to me when I was a boy; my mother confined me on that day, and made me read the 'Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I had read the chapter on theft, which from my infancy I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than before, so there was no accession of knowledge. A boy should be introduced to such books by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the style, and other excellences of composition, that the mind being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects may not grow weary."

It is the part of true wisdom for men's spiritual welfare to provide that religion be in no wise prejudiced by its accidental adjuncts or adventitious circumstances; that, while its externals be not meretricious, they should still be attractive; and that, while its truths are unfolded without compromise, they should be unfolded in a judicious and conciliatory manner.

· NEUTRALITY IN OPINION.

If a cause be true and important, neutrality in those whom that cause concerns must be antagonism towards it; for such neutrality is an implied assertion that the cause is either untrue or unimportant.

Neutrality in such a cause is either insincerity or cowardice; either a blind for real hostility, or the refuge of timid adhesion to the truth, such as many Jews gave, "but secretly for fear of the Jews."

THE POLITICAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON ENGLAND.

How will England be effected by the war between France and Prussia? This is a question which naturally comes home to every Englishman, for it may be taken for granted that the gigantic struggle alluded to *must* exercise a great influence upon the destinies of our country, and the nature of that influence is, therefore, of vital national importance.

Let us look at the matter for a few moments as dispassionately as we can, and try if it be possible, from the data we possess, to read rightly the signs of the times.

France, defeated and prostrated, is—at all events, for some years

to come—*hors de combat*. It may well be doubted, indeed, whether she can ever regain the ascendancy she has hitherto held in our European system. Her star has paled, to brighten again fitfully mayhap, but never again to shine with the steady brilliance it once possessed.

There is nothing to excite much surprise in this. Each race in the world's history has its day, and we shall see, if we compare the signs, which distinguished the rise and fall of each successive empire, with the symptoms which have been long apparent in France, that analogy alone will indicate the decadence of the French empire. We shall observe, that there is no surer sign of a nation's health than the state of her social habits and moral feelings; that where these are uninfluenced by wholesome self-control, the body-politic itself becomes enervated and relaxed; that as soon as the character of the individual becomes weakened by a long career of self-indulgence and excess, that of the community to which the individual belongs commences to suffer in a similar manner.

This process appears to have taken place in France. The social demoralisation, which it is sufficiently notorious has long pervaded the private life of the French citizen, sapping his strength and destroying his vigour, both mental and physical, has at length permeated throughout the entire fabric of the institutions of the country, vitiating their "*morale*" (there is no English equivalent), and destroying the public stamina.

France, moreover, is no longer in the heyday of youth; and as no example exists, of a nation regaining its pristine vigour after exhibiting these unmistakable signs of old age, we must conclude that her future political career must inevitably be—whether at a steep gradient or otherwise, it is less easy to guess—"down-hill."

And to apply the conclusion to which we have arrived—how is this likely to affect England?

For many years past, France and England have been allies. The two countries fought side by side in the Crimea and in China, and a feeling of friendship has sprung up between them. Not that England, as a whole, can be taunted with having conceived a sentimental liking for her neighbour. Anything but that. The English people individually, occasionally, as in this instance, conceive and manifest preferences for other nations, unfounded on selfish considerations. The English government never. That government fostered the alliance with France for two reasons. Firstly, because it feared France, and considered her good-will absolutely essential to her security; and, secondly, because it earnestly desired the support of France against Russia upon the Eastern question.

Neither of these considerations can any longer influence Eng-

land as heretofore. For long years to come she can suffer under no fear of invasion by France, and can expect no support from her on the Eastern question. The reason is obvious. France is no longer, as we have seen, the powerful nation she was. Were she so indeed, England would have everything to dread, and nothing to hope for from her; for, in return for France's sympathy and support during the Indian mutiny, and at various other times, England has exhibited a cold ingratitude during France's adversities, which must for ever alienate that country from her.

England, therefore, must no longer rely upon a French alliance. And if so, is not some other alliance essentially desirable for us?

If we look at our position from an impartial standpoint, we shall perceive that, like France, the decadence of Great Britain has already commenced. We do not, however, mean to assert that our country, like France, owes this to any intrinsic corruption in the morale of its population (although it may be, the increasing self-indulgence begat by luxury and refinement contributes to it in some degree), but simply that other nations have outgrown ours, and have become bigger and stronger than ourselves, so that we are no longer able to retain the position amongst the nations of the world which we erstwhile held.

The limited extent of the area and population of these islands sufficiently of itself accounts for this, and must in future prevent our ever seriously rivalling in power or authority such countries as America, Russia, and Germany: all young nations, it must be remembered, are therefore progressive, whilst we are old, and already arrived at our full growth.

And if other countries thus increase, whilst we stand still, the effect is that, for all practical purposes, the decadence of our country may be said to have commenced.

It follows, therefore, we think, that the question must be answered in the affirmative, because England—thus relatively reduced in strength—isolated and alone (and we add, but partially armed), would be at the mercy of her stronger neighbours, unless she could secure one of them for an ally.

And will Germany, taking the place of France, become such?

In the first place, what would Germany gain by such an alliance?

It is an article of British faith, to which we are never tired of alluding, that if we are unable to rival other nations as a military power, we are, at all events, "mistress of the seas."

Waiving any inquiry, as to whether the term is not an exaggerated one, there can be no doubt that the co-operation of England's magnificent fleet is of the utmost value to any power about to go to war.

Moreover, Germany has no fleet to speak of. On the other hand, however, is it likely that she will be content to remain thus? Is it probable, that the gigantic power which has just been consolidated in central Europe, and whose unscrupulousness was made manifest by her unjustifiable attack upon the Danes, and the seizure from them of the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein, whose wondrous foresight and great military strength have enabled her in a few years to roll up France like a scroll, and to humble to the dust her once powerful rival Austria; will such a power, we ask, be contented to remain without a navy? We believe not.

Holland, sooner or later, and rather sooner than later we opine, (and possibly Belgium) will become part of the German empire. Its seaboard is a necessity for the development of the German power, and, if a necessity, who is to say nay?

France cannot; will England alone protect the integrity of Holland? All England's antecedents warrant the answer that she will not. But will Russia? Here the answer becomes, no doubt, complicated by various considerations, upon which it is difficult to speculate, but, on the whole, we firmly believe that she will *not*.

What is Russia's *idée fixé*? The Eastern question. How can she now hope to carry it out? By an alliance with Germany. It seems to us, therefore, that one probable result of the fresh combinations upon the great chess-board of European politics, brought about by this present war, will be an alliance between Germany and Russia. Under such circumstances, and looking to Russia's views in the East, it seems unlikely that Germany, who it appears has nothing particularly to gain by an alliance with England, will become her ally, or take the place of France, or that Russia will be induced to protect Holland against her ally Germany.

Holding these views, therefore, it may next be asked, to whom is England to cling for support in the Eastern question?—a question, whose solution is—if not imminent—at all events, but one of time.

(By the Eastern question we mean, of course, the threatened absorption by Russia of Turkey in Europe and of Constantinople:)

It seems to us, indeed, far easier to ask this than to answer it.

If England stands committed to the protection of Turkey's integrity, there seems great probability she will have to undertake the task alone.

We have explained why we conceive she cannot reckon upon the future assistance of France or Germany, and it is in vain we glance around the horizon in search of help or succour elsewhere.

To depend upon Austria or Italy in such an enterprise would be manifestly futile, for those powers, in their present condition,

are neither of them capable of rendering adequate assistance against Russia and Germany combined, even in the unlikely event of their being desirous of doing so. And if we turn our eyes away from Europe, and glance at America, we see our American cousins unforgiving and revengeful, muttering Alabama between their teeth, and eyeing Canada with hungry, impatient glances. Help from them on the Eastern question can surely hardly be looked for.

From the foregoing remarks it will be seen, that we regard the defeat and humiliation of France as being by no means likely to prove beneficial to the interests of our country.

It may, however, be argued, as it so often *is* argued, that if England stands aloof from all European complications, and ceases altogether to concern herself with the affairs of other nations, she will be safe from the storms that rage around her, and needs neither ally nor friend.

The advocates of such a policy, who are, it must be admitted, numerous and increasing, appear to us to forget that though Great Britain itself, owing to its insular position, might possibly—and only possibly—be enabled to carry out with advantage and safety this system of complete isolation, her connexion with her colonies, and especially with India, would render it practically impossible.

The safety of her great empire in the latter country positively depends upon the safety of her communications with it. Were the route through Egypt closed to us, the stability of our rule in India would be seriously compromised.

The natives of that country are no longer—as they were fifty years since—ignorant of Europe. Yet there is far more disaffection amongst them than there was then. They know their own strength, they dislike English rule, and they are looking forward to the first opportunity of escaping from it. Plainly, the fact that communication with England was impossible save round the Cape, would be in itself sufficient to cause to stir the pulses of the two hundred millions who dwell between Cape Comorin and the Himalayas. And yet there is nothing more likely than that, in the event of the opening up of the Eastern question by Russia, this very event would happen, and our road to India *viâ* Egypt would be rendered unavailable, for our policy of isolation would not suffice to keep it open.

Sooner or later, as we have already remarked, we shall have to decide whether we will or will not guarantee the integrity of Turkey against Russia and Germany combined. We can no longer, we have assumed, rely upon the co-operation of France. What shall we do? Shall we suddenly, after permitting our friend Denmark to be shamefully despoiled, and standing by whilst our

crony France is well-nigh beaten to death, reverse our whole past policy, and stake the existence of what power we still possess and the possession of India upon the success of a war for Turkey?

There certainly seems Quixotic madness in the idea. But are we bound by treaty obligations to such a course? We believe not, we trust not.

And if we hold that England cannot alone act as has been suggested, what other plan remains feasible for her?

We ourselves can see but one—the coming to an immediate understanding with Russia upon this Eastern question.

If we do not really intend to fight for Turkey when the crisis arrives, it will be better that Turkey should know it at once, since the knowledge may lead her to pursue a policy by which she may secure better terms for herself, whilst an understanding with Russia on this question would guarantee for us the safety of our Indian empire.

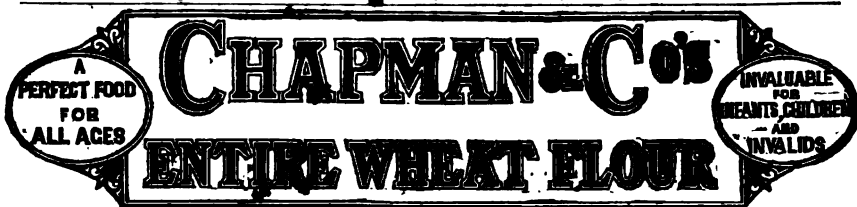
It is obvious enough that such an arrangement would be welcome and advantageous to Russia. England is still the first naval power, and the possessor of the greatest empire in the East, and in both capacities is able to aid or injure Russia materially as she may feel inclined.

The interest of both, in short, appears to us to consist in coming to such an understanding as we have ventured to indicate.

Returning now to the general survey of European politics, we would urge upon the government the absolute necessity, under the circumstances to which we have briefly alluded, of increasing the armaments of Great Britain. It is not a question of minor importance to be made the occasion of political strife. It is not a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Economy is, no doubt, desirable, but it is a foolish economy which runs the risk of losing one's house by fire, in order to save the insurance money. It is a duty which we owe to the generations who have built up the position we enjoy; it is a proceeding we are morally bound to take, in justice to those who come after us.

Conservative, Whig, or Radical, all must unite in upholding the necessity of keeping inviolate our island home, and if commercial considerations are not so disastrously rampant in England as to extinguish every spark of patriotism in our breasts, the political effects of the present war must open our eyes, and induce us to take the necessary measures for the future, even at the awful sacrifice of an increased income-tax.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

XXXVII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY LOUIS LUDWIG.

"ALL thy billows and thy waves have gone over me!" This is what my heart has been saying day after day, and night after night; I have not worked, I have not prayed, I have not comforted or reproved my people; all the life and fire that once did possess my soul are gone out of it, drowned and extinguished in those overwhelming waves. Only to-day the deadly weight has been lifted from me a little, so that I can write and think again.

What is it that has brought back a little life to a so-benumbed and frozen heart? A call, most sudden and unexpected, coming from Herrnhut itself, summoning me to leave my work at Welminster, and to voyage with my wife to our missionary settlement Thorny Rose, in Western Africa. "To leave my work," so runs the call, but in truth my work is leaving me, for some of our members at Welminster have ceased to consult me as a pastor, and others again appear not now in their places at the chapel; I know not whether they stay at their own homes, or have joined some other congregation; I ought to know these things, to inquire, to rebuke, to exhort, to amend the supineness which in me has given them offence—I ought to do so many things which now I do not.

Yet in this time when hand, and pen, and tongue have been so idle, I have learnt to know some things; once I thought that I needed not to learn more, only to practise; they told me so with pleasant words of praise, and I believed them; they were wrong, and I was wrong too.

I have learnt that I stood not upright by myself, but by the bolts and bars of circumstance. I have learnt that I fall most easily, the supporting system being removed from about me.

In falling, perhaps I somewhat rose; in falling, I would say,
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from power to do hard work, to think none but Herrnhutter thoughts, I rose to know that God may have dealings with our hearts, not all included in the formulas that we learn and believe in.

And on these points what shall I say more? I cannot reason much now, the powers of thought seem so blank and misty. But I can tell what it is that has happened to me, and I have not told it yet.

I love Priscilla, she who was especially chosen for me as my wife, and given to me by the decrees of the Lot. I love her for herself, and because she is she, not because she is fitted to do work for the Church, and to labour in God's vineyard by my side.

I am told it is in this way that worldly husbands love their wives. Perhaps. I know but one unbelieving husband, and he oftentimes assaults his wife with carnal weapons, among which I have heard her name a fire-shovel, but whether with truth or not I cannot tell. It had not the aspect of the sinful and idolatrous love which our Church declares to be the stain on worldly marriages.

Loving Priscilla thus, I pine for her presence when she sits not by my side, and all the wisdom of all our bishops gathered into one volume, would not absorb my mind, or fill her empty place.

Loving her thus, I crave to feel that she loves me again; yet I crave not this without reason. I would be content, oh, so content, if it she did but love me as a Herrnhutter wife, and that is saying little. It is saying that I would be content with the small half of a heart, the large half being given to the Church.

But Priscilla gives no portion of her heart, neither to her husband, nor to the Church; she gives it all to a man, one who knew her in her early youth, and sought her in marriage, it would seem, after the customs of her people.

In saying this I blame her not, as we blame those who have behaved foolishly, and drawn upon themselves the comments of idle tongues. Priscilla has not done so. Only she gives to him who once was the thing that worldly people call a lover to her, all her sentiments, all her regrets, all her hopes that shine beyond the grave. Some lying prophet of the cold and barbarous north has promised an earthly paradise to his followers, or thus I did understand her, and she has been given over to believe in him; I say not that the gross and sensual joys of a Mahometan heaven do enter into this belief, or if they do, Priscilla is too spiritual in her love to dwell upon such thoughts; but I do know of a surety that in hoping for a joyful resurrection, she hopes for an eternal union with this lover of her youth, and from this hope do spring

all her good desires, all the duties that she performs, and very many negligences and omissions, for oftentimes she is more inclined to muse over the past than to do with all her might that which her hand findeth to do in the present.

And I?

I am like one called to a new state of existence, to new wants and new desires, only to suffer the starvation of the soul. And so is it any great wonder that in me our people are disappointed? I work not; shall I ever have the power to work again?

Yesterday I would have said that will and power were gone, to-day they come back to me. Yesterday I felt myself wicked, and soul-hardened, possessed with the evil spirit of jealousy against the man who, harmless perhaps himself, has done me this great harm; to-day I do repent, do wish him no ill, do desire to work again. Why? Because from henceforth my work will lie in regions far away from here; a fresh starting-point has been assigned to me by the Divine Wisdom that condescends to direct us through the Lot. In that desolate spot in Western Africa, surrounded by unnumbered perils, secluded from the hard comments and inquisitive looks of our European members, separated from the possibility of contact with the enemy that I must try to love (trying always, succeeding never), I may learn to work with whole-heartedness against sin, and cruelty, and heathenism. The more so as I doubt not that Priscilla will be much engaged in these new scenes, yea, will be bound to me so much the more closely by these new dangers which we must share together.

One thing would doubtless perplex an unbeliever, by which word I mean one who is not a Herrnhutter; the exceeding opportuneness of my call, which could not have been expected from any calculation whatever. For to so dangerous and almost fatal a post it is not customary to send an ordained worker, and on the other hand my office here will be one hard to fill when I shall leave it. Alas, have I not left it already, not in body, but in spirit?

Remembering the great improbability of my receiving a call to such a place as Thorny Rose, remembering, too, the exact fitness of the call to my failings and misfortunes, I cannot but once more recognise the divine and wonderful origin of the Lot, which does thus indeed decide matters for us with superhuman knowledge and transcendent skill. And I trust that Priscilla's eyes will be opened to renounce all other forms and readings of Christianity, accepting this great proof that a higher wisdom than our own is made manifest to us, through this sacred institution, which is so peculiarly our own.

XXXVIII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY PRISCILLA LUDWIG.

A BLOW has fallen to-day that at first utterly stunned and bewildered me, and then roused in me the strongest determination to resent it. I cannot say that I was altogether taken by surprise, for of late I have received many hints and warnings, well meant, no doubt, and have given very little heed to them. It seems that I am considered to be dreadfully remiss in performing my duties, though I have really and honestly tried of late to get through them as well and regularly as possible. This is not greatly to be wondered at, for after all I have only performed them half-heartedly, and these Herrnhutters are keen-sighted, and I could sooner deceive them by omitting my duties altogether on the plea of ill health and low spirits, than by going through a daily routine while my heart is with my treasure, according to the words of our Redeemer, always so good and true. They see that I am not of them, that is the truth, and they see it all the more clearly when I attempt to act my part in their programme.

As for Mr. Ludwig, he has really altered dreadfully, and I do not see that he is now of much use to the Herrnhutter community; he neglects work of every kind except the public services, and even some of these are omitted, while he spends his whole time in watching me, sometimes beseechingly, often questioningly, and every now and then with a look of resentment and positive hatred. And then he has been so much talked about as an exceptionally zealous and pious Herrnhutter, that this lapse from duty makes a wider and more painful impression than it would otherwise have done. Is it my fault? I think not. It is the fault of the system that has compelled me to occupy a position for which I am quite unfitted.

The system proposes a remedy. It seems that in a most unhealthy and partially uncivilised part of Africa, there is a small missionary settlement called Thorny Rose, quite out of the way of all the world, and quite in the way of every imaginable kind of danger and inconvenience. Missionaries who are sent out there do not live long after they reach that fever-tainted coast; it is like throwing away their lives to send them to it, and the Herrnhutters appear to have exercised a sad kind of economy in sending those who could best be spared as doomed victims to this dreadful place. We are to be removed there, Mr. Ludwig and I, to be away from the observation of the Herrnhutter members, as well as from all

ordinary communication with the civilised world, to die there in a few months in all human probability, after giving our short span of life to missionary labour—that is to say, after employing our failing health and energies in trying to teach to treacherous savages lessons of Christianity that they will never learn, and arts that they will use against their teachers.

Do I believe the stories, so current among the Herrnhutters, of converted savages living as patterns of piety, and dying amid glorious visions and manifestations, related ecstatically to admiring missionaries? Not one word of them. I believe that the aboriginal tribes hate the European invaders, before whom they must decrease and die out, hate the system of religion that they bring with them, hate all belonging to them except the arts and appliances by means of which a savage people can combine and become more formidable.

And if I escape, as some are said to have done, the complicated perils of climate and of inhabitants, what remains to me? A life more utterly dreary and isolated than heart can easily conceive—away from every solace of civilisation, without books, without music, without letters, except missionary despatches, without news, ever so faint and slight, of David Stone, without knowing whether he is still in this world, or waiting for me on the threshold of the next.

I will not go, my whole nature rebels against this cruel sentence, and I will resist it to the utmost. Surely, surely, they cannot compel me to meet such a dreadful doom, as if I were a criminal under sentence of death; even then the law would be more merciful than the Church is, and would condemn me to the quickest and least painful mode of death that a humane legislature can think of. But these wretches, in the name of a divine and merciful Redeemer, sentence me to prolonged torture of body and mind, with death waiting for me at the end of it, just because I cannot conform to their system as if I were a mere machine, pulled by wires to act, and think, and feel exactly as they please. In that sense I can never be a Christian, a creature whose whole being is given up to the requirements of a system, who lives and dies for it with equal pleasure; never, never, I must always be human, always have hopes, and tastes, and affections of my own; why should God have given us each an individual impression, if He meant us all to be merged in the mechanical working of a system?

Mr. Ludwig is pleased with our call to Thorny Rose; he really believes that it proceeds fairly from the decision of the Lot, and believing this he thinks it a kind of miraculous interposition, sent to rouse him to renewed activity, and to save him from the

miseries of his present life. He positively expected me to be pleased with this cruel and monstrous decree, reminding me how earnestly I once wished for a complete change, and how disappointed I was when he received his call to an English settlement. Yes, but the change I craved for was not a change to a fever-stricken swamp, where the grim presence of death should alone vary the drear monotony of life; once even death itself might have seemed welcome to me, though it should come in some such revolting form as this, but that was when I thought myself so entirely separated from David Stone that the grave might have closed upon one of us without separating us any more. Now I know that from time to time I may hope to hold some such communication with him as this last, which has so softened my heart when it had hardened under the benumbing influence of despair. No one, I should think, could be with him for ever so short a time without being drawn nearer to the better and purer side of our humanity, and if I could only hear from him at long intervals, and see him at still longer ones, I should gain strength to persevere according to what little light I have, in striving against all the evils that are around me and within me.

I keep saying to myself that come what will, and happen what may, I will never be sent to this place of horrible exile, and all the while a consciousness comes over me that I am in the relentless grasp of a system, a thing that has no feelings to which I could appeal, no conscientiousness, and no remorse.

Yesterday Mr. Ludwig came in to tea quite brisk and fresh; all the lassitude and heart-sickness that has weighed upon him of late seemed to be gone; he had been visiting his people, telling them of our call to the doomed African settlement (doomed, at least, for Europeans), receiving their expressions of sorrow mingled with congratulations, as if he were a martyr condemned to the stake, and exalting himself with the feeling of self-sacrifice. He looked at me with a smile as he seated himself opposite to me at the tea-table.

"Our days-so-few in Welminster draw to their end," he remarked, cheerfully.

"I am not so sure of that," I answered, "for the decision which would remove us is cruel and unjust, and I mean to appeal against it. I do not mean to have my life, and health, and comfort sacrificed at the will of a set of people who are no better than murderers."

He looked at me in horrified amazement.

"The God against whom you blaspheme I trust forgives you. His so-vast mercy transcends our knowledge and our faith."

This was all that he could say, and really for him it was a surprising sentiment. He has learnt something by suffering.

"I do not blaspheme against God," I urged. "I protest against priestcraft. It is priestcraft that has planned our removal from Welminster, because the marriage which it has ordered and arranged works so badly, for you, for me, for the Herrnhutter Church."

"God forgive you!" he ejaculated again. "I have proofs the clearest that from the sacred urn of Herrnhutter your name was drawn in answer to prayer, when I sought a wife, from the will of Heaven."

"I think it is likely enough that my name was drawn fairly and by chance," I told him; and at the word "chance" he lifted his eyes to the ceiling, as if to deprecate the probability of its coming down on my head; "but I was snared and entrapped into entering the Lot, and now, because I cannot act up to the requirements of the Herrnhutter system, a sentence of death is recorded against me, thinly veiled by a miserable pretence of the Divine Sanction. You may be deceived by this story of the Lot having interfered to remove us from Welminster; you were born and bred a Herrnhutter, with no more light than can come to you through the narrow pale of a bigoted community, but I have wider knowledge. I know that the story is a fiction; my own sense tells me so."

He looked at me with a gaze in which pity seemed strangely blended with yearning love.

"Your own sense! Yes, you have much—much sense, much power to think and reason. Once I thought so vainly that in this our race are much alike; now I know that to one God has given the power of thinking and seeing, which to another He gives not. But beware lest you trust to anything in yourself; this snare so cunning is spread out for you, but it is as a little child that you must enter the kingdom."

"Yes," I told him, "we are to enter the kingdom as children, but not as fools. Christ never said that; and I should be a fool, a being without sense or reason, if I were to believe as you do, that this call, which is so plainly made up to save the credit of the Herrnhutters, has come to us straight from Heaven."

"You call me fool, then," he said, excitedly. "Beware, beware!" And he quoted in German the words that he could not at the moment recal in English: "*Wer aber sagt, Du Narr, der ist des hollischen Feuers schuldig.*"

"I did not mean to call you a fool, and I am not at all in danger of hell fire," I answered, composedly. "I do not understand the verse as you do, or believe in a spiteful and vindictive deity, who first gives us warm and sensitive natures, and then condemns us to torment for a hasty and ill-considered word. The God in whom I believe is not the Juggernaut of the Herrnhutters."

"May He accord you His pity and forgiveness!" he ejaculated, "seeing that your soul's eyes have been blinded by so-false teaching, and that you have gone astray from our rule of Christian morals, and lifted your eyes to the face of another than your husband."

He was quivering with excitement, such as a calm and impassive Herrnhutter ought not to feel.

A passionate answer rose to my lips, and would not be kept down. I cannot be sure of the words I used, but I reminded him that neither love, nor choice, nor preference had entered into the compact by which we were bound together. Sometimes one is obliged to speak like a human being; one cannot always be a talking-machine, a mere church member. The human element was strong in me just then. I raged against the cruel power that had entrapped and was about to sacrifice me. It would have been wiser and kinder not to have answered the taunt with which he had spoken of my love for David Stone, the love that was not made to order, that would seem to a Herrnhutter unhallowed and unauthorised, but that he, with true and real human instinct, had guessed at and resented. But then we cannot always be wise and kind; there are such things as storms of the soul, and one of them swept over me just then. It urged me to tell him hard truths in hard language, to assail the barriers that he had revered all his life, to destroy his religious fictions, to tear them up before his eyes.

I do not like to recal all those hasty words. Some were too true to be unadvisedly spoken, for bare and naked truth is sometimes as frightful as that vision of an unclad soul which we call ghost or spectre, and from which we naturally shrink away; and others were partly false, inasmuch as they were exaggerated, and shown through a mist of passion.

Finally he left me, and was absent from the house for some hours. I do not know where he went, and I do not really think that he knew himself. Only before he left he looked at me as if through a great sorrow, and all at once I felt sorry for him, and would have taken back some of those unconsidered words if I could have done so. Something in his parting look seemed to haunt me, and once or twice in the evening I found myself wondering whether he would return as usual before night, or never come back, or—— And fancy was ready enough to fill up the dismal picture, and remorse, too, was ready to lay its clutch upon my heart. But at ten o'clock he punctually came in, and officiated at family prayers, with special allusions to "those walking in the darkness of nature, and sunk in the ignorance of unbelief," and then we went to bed. And all through that night I was kept awake

by a sense of strong determination to escape from this impending doom, and by possible and impossible plans that kept revolving through my brain.

XXXIX.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY SARAH WILLIAMS.

AFTER I'd wrote my last, I didn't see no more of Mrs. Ludwig for a good while. For one thing I was busy, and for another thing I didn't rightly know whether I was really welcome at her place, as didn't seem no ways like a home, but only like a house where two people had got to live together, which isn't exactly the same thing, or usen't to be in my time, if it is now.

I hadn't forgot her, though, and I was minded to go and see her as soon as I could manage it, and one day I says to myself:

"Them winter bonnets is all cleaned and turned, and the ribbons won't take long to put on, and the lace is all cut into lengths, and the feathers curled; the winter dresses has hardly come in yet, and I might take an afternoon or evening and go and see Mrs. Ludwig, as I begin to feel quite anxious about, for I haven't heard of her not since I don't know when."

Well, I just took the last of the real good daylight, for the days was getting short enough then, and I wanted to set three flounces of black Maltese on to a black-satin jacket, as was to be worn with a violet silk skirt with Maltese trimming, and the light fell short before I had done, and I says to myself, "I'll light a mould candle and finish it before I leaves off;" for of all the contrairy things that can happen to you, one of the worst is to be obliged to lay down some little thing before you've finished it, when you want to get it done and put away, right out of hand. It was nearly finished, and I'd gathered the last rosette of lace under my thumb, which was providentially a little damp, and made the plaits stick together beautiful, when all at once there come a rap at the door as give me a regular start, it was so sharp and sudden like, and I hollers out, "Come in;" for you see I never kept a servant nor a workwoman, though I might have done if I'd liked, for they mostly waste the time, and waste the stuff, and want to be gadding about, and sometimes offends the customers; and I had only a small business as could be kept under my own finger and thumb, and I thought it was better to work a little harder, and not be responsible for nobody's mistakes but my own. So I sings out, "Come in," thinking it was the servant from number fourteen, as had been a dressmaker, and sometimes brought me new ideas about the setting-on of the gathers, and how to make them into big box-plaits, with-

out spoiling the set of the waist. Well, the door was pushed open, and in came somebody in a great hurry, and went straight on into the parlour, as was littered all through with work, and not a chair to sit down upon, nor an end of the sofa as wasn't smothered with work. At first I could only see that it was a lady, but when she came nearer I could see her plain, and if it wasn't Mrs. Ludwig!

"Well, my dear," I says, "I was going to see you this very day, as soon as I could put on these rosettes, which won't be in less than a good half-hour, for you see how dim that dratted candle shines, though I've snuffed it three times since it was lighted, and opened the wick till it looks like a tassle of fire turned topsyturvy."

She never said a word, but dropped her shawl off her shoulders, and sat herself down on the sofa, within an inch of a white muslin Garibaldi, as I was trimming with narrow Valenciennes, and clear insertion between the tucks.

"Oh lor," I says, "mind the work! And there's a needle a sticking in it as might lame you for life if you was to go plump down on it. I'm pleased to see you, my dear, for I tell you I was going to look in at you this very evening and see how you was a getting on, and I'll get you a cup of tea as soon as I've set on this bit of trimming."

Well, she never said a word, but began all at once to sob and cry as if her heart would break.

"Whatever ails you, my dear?" I says, a breaking off my thread, without finishing my last rosette. "Has Mr. Ludwig gone and done anything to you? Or is it your feelings as is too much for you, and makes you low and queer?"

"Neither," she says, so sad and faint-like that my heart seemed to go down when she spoke, "only I'm miserable, and I can't go where they want to send me."

"And where do they want to send you?" I asked her next, for I hadn't no great opinion of them Herrnhutters, and I didn't know what queer thing they might be up to next.

"To a dreadful place," she says, "in Africa——"

And then she broke down; and, oh my goodness! I thought, for Africa is right away, over the Pacific or the Atlantic, or somewhere, worse than going to France, because you've got to go over the sea, and I've heard as you can go to France by rail, not as I ever tried any of them outlandish journeys."

"Yes," she went on again, "to a place where there are savages and dreadful diseases——"

"And oh," I says, "do stop." And I went all in a shiver at the thought, for the mention of savages brought to mind a picture I'd seen at the last missionary meeting as ever was, of a black

man with no clothes on, as was ketching hold of a little boy in a velveteen knickerbocker suit, with a knife in his other hand, and a frying-pan with some grease in it a-frizzling on a fire close by. "And oh, my dear," I says again, "they ain't never going to send you to one of them outlandish places where human flesh is sold as superior pork? Not as they'd get much off you," I says, "unless they fattened you up first, and put you in a coop like they do turkeys before Christmas!" For she'd got so thin that it was downright bad to look at her, since I'd seen her last.

"Oh, Mrs. Williams," she said, with a sort of a choke in her throat, "will you hide me, will you keep me here with you? I am sorry I behaved ill to you at Pebble Coombe. I was thoughtless and foolish then. Save me from being sent there, hide me here, there will be money for you, to pay you for all your trouble." And then she began to cry again.

"And where is your husband?" I says; "won't he interfere to keep you from being took away from him, and sent to savages, as won't know how to talk to you, nor yet to do a single thing with you without it was to eat you? Let me run for him and hear what he says, if he's in Welminster, but of course he isn't, or he'd have stood up for you like a man, and wouldn't have let them heathen barbarians have a chance of laying a finger on you." For I didn't make no doubt but what he would do his best to keep her from being sent to such a place as that, even though he was short and contrary in his ways, and, besides, it would be his duty to go with her wherever she went, and not to stop a-stuffing of himself with roast beef in England, while she was being stuffed with sage and onions perhaps, or whatever them savages use, when they ketches a Christian for their dinner. And I said so to her, but she began to cry worse than ever. And—

"Oh," she says, "he wants to go; he's going, too; he wants to get me away from England, and from everything I care for here——"

"Well," I says, "I never did! Of all the things for a man to want to do, to think of his wanting to go and be hunted by cannibals along with his wife! Not but what it's right for missionaries to go and preach to the heathen, as they plainly are commanded, but then they ought to choose some place where it's safe to go, without risking of their precious lives; and as for them wild beasts of savages," I says, "I'd write to them if I was a missionary, and send them tracks till they was converted, and then I'd go to them very cautious, and have a pulpit made like one of them boxes as children has for toys, with a little man inside it as ducks his head, and then the box shuts to with a snap. That's how the Gospel ought to be preached to savages," I says, getting out my teapot, for the kettle was singing and bubbling, and I

thought a drop of good tea would cheer her spirits, as it had done mine many a time when I was almost as low as she was, not as nobody ever wanted to ship me off to a desert island full of savages, to be let loose and hunted like a deer.

But it wasn't no use trying to cheer her up, she wouldn't touch the tea as was the best mixed at four-and-sixpence a pound, with a drop of cream in it skimmed off the morning's milk; she did nothing but sob and shake, and beg me to hide her, and not let Mr. Ludwig know where she was, and really she got so bad I began to think I must go for the nearest doctor, and I told her so, but that wouldn't do nohow, for she kept a-begging of me not to say a word to nobody as she was here, and at last I really was downright afraid she would die in my hands, and I told her I'd do anything in reason, though it's rather out of reason to hide a married woman from her husband, but the end of it was, I got her up-stairs and into a comfortable bed, where she crouched down like a rabbit as is afraid to show the tip-end of its tail. How she did shake and tremble to be sure! But I hoped as a good night's rest would be the making of her, and perhaps she might see things quite different in the morning, though it's hard to think as it can be any ways pleasant to be carted off like Robinson Crusoe to a place where savages is laying in wait for your precious life.

Well, she had been in bed half an hour, and was getting quiet, and even sleepy-like, for the poor thing was fairly wore out, and no wonder, when all at once there come a rap at the door as made it shake again, and "Oh lor'," I says to myself, "if that ain't Mr. Ludwig a-wanting of his wife," and sure enough it was him, as large as life, a-standing on my door step.

"Is it that my wife is within?" he asked me the very minute I undid the door; but before ever I'd gone to it I knew he was a-going to ask me that, and I says to myself as I was lifting the ketch of the door, "Whatever shall I say?" For to tell a lie is what I never did unless it was in the way of business, nor I wouldn't do it then if customers wasn't so unreasonable, and never considers that you've got your own living to make as well as their gowns and bonnets; and to tell the truth would be to give up that poor hunted creature to the tormentors, as you may say. I was in a downright maze when he asked me if his wife was inside, and didn't know no more than the dead what I was to say, and what does I do but answer straight and bold,

"No, she ain't, nor I haven't seen nothing of her," or else something else said it for me, a-speaking out of my mouth. "And there," I thought, "it's done now, and a downright big lie told, and what would they think of me up at the chapel, and me a received member and all? It ain't enough for me, I suppose,

to go hiding a married woman away from her lawful husband, but I must put myself under the service of Satan, and tell lies about it as well. And shall I ever get into bed again without feeling afraid for my last leg, as something might ketch hold of in the dark?"

It didn't take a minute to think all this, and Mr. Ludwig lifts up his hat in his foreign way and thanks me for what I'd told him, and was off, for you may be sure I didn't ask him to come in, or else he'd have seen the tea-tray with the two cups, and his wife's bonnet and shawl a-laying on the arm of the sofa; and up I went to her the moment I'd seen the back of him, and had got the door safely shut and bolted. And—

"Oh," she says, "that was his voice, I know I heard it; what did you say to him?"

And her eyes was so big and wild, and her hair all tossed over the counterpane, and her cheeks as red as ruddle.

"Well, my dear," I told her, "it was him, and he did ask for you, but you needn't go and put yourself into such a fluster, for I went and told a dreadful story about you, and said you wasn't here, nor I didn't know where you was. And whatever is to become of me, or where I shall go to, is more than I dare think about, for I'm afraid it won't be put down as a fib, but a down-right black lie, such as we're to be sent to the bad place for, only that I really do believe I was possessed to say it, for it didn't seem to be me as spoke at all."

"Did he believe you?" she asked, not minding anything else.

"Well, he looked like it," I says; "you can't see into a man's heart, but what I did see was his coat-tails a-whisking round uncommon quick as he turned to go away, and hunt after you somewhere else. And whatever is to be done with you, or what they'll do to me for hiding of you here and denying you to your husband, is more than I can tell. It's receiving stolen goods," I says, "for you've been and stole yourself from your lawful owner, and I've took you in, well knowing you to be dishonestly come by. And this is me, a religious woman, and a member of a Christian Church!"

"Oh, indeed, no harm will come to you, and you have done nothing wrong," she says; "you shall be rewarded for all your trouble, and that reminds me that I must write a letter; have you a sheet of writing-paper here?"

But I told her she wasn't to go bothering about no sheets, except the good linen one as she was laying on, till the next morning, and then if we wasn't took to prison, or committed, or warranted, or something, she might write as much as she pleased. And she picked up, and seemed easier in her mind, and had a tiny scrap of

toast for her supper a-sitting up in bed; and I told her I'd set the kettle on, and make myself a drop of gin-and-water, just to keep things out of my mind, for do what I would, I couldn't help thinking of the lake of fire and brimstone prepared for liars.

"You'll burn so much the better," she says, in her old jesting way, "if you take all that spirit first."

"My dear," I says, "do stop. It was bad enough to hear you a-going on like that when you was only a foolish girl, and now you're a married woman (oh dear, I wish you wasn't), and a minister's wife, and you did ought to know better than to jest at solemn things."

Well, she said she wouldn't do it again, and didn't mean to vex me, and soon afterwards she dropped asleep, being quite wore out with all she'd gone through. And long after the house was quiet, I went on fancying as I heard the police a-coming, and then I heard a rattle in the chimney and a creaking of the boards, as might make anybody fancy something bad was in the room; and at last I lighted a candle, and waited for it to get light. And I don't know as ever any night seemed so long to me as that one did.

XL.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY DAVID STONE.

TIME passed by while I carefully sifted every chance of securing some remains of Priscilla's property from the wreck of Mr. Lawford's fortune; but it was all in vain; not, indeed, that there was any doubt as to Mr. Lawford's legal liability to refund the money, but simply because he was bankrupt, and hopelessly involved in debt and difficulties. He might have been prosecuted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment for his dishonesty, but no advantage to Priscilla could have risen out of such a proceeding; some would have advised it on the ground of public morality alone, but I did not feel called upon to undertake the office of a prosecutor, or to place her name before the public in the character of one who seeks for revenge.

The only property of which Mr. Lawford was possessed consisted of house furniture and decorations, plate and pictures; but I am wrong in saying that he was possessed of these, since they had been seized and catalogued for a public auction, for the benefit of his creditors, before I could bring against him the charge of appropriating Priscilla's property. He did not want for "sympathising friends," who bought in some remnants of his furniture, with which they fitted up a six-roomed cottage for him and Mrs.

Lawford—an arrangement which did not apparently suit his taste, for he opened a small office in London for the sale of wine, and decided that it was necessary for him to live there altogether, abandoning the cottage to Mrs. Lawford for her sole and separate use. He has thus disappeared from Pebble Coombe, to the grief of many of its inhabitants, who miss him greatly, and find no one to fill the place which he occupied here. But from time to time I meet Mrs. Lawford, with such a worn, pinched, discontented face, looking so at enmity with all the world, that the resentment in my heart is almost ready to go down, for I see that grievously as she has sinned, she has also grievously suffered.

I put off the task of writing to Priscilla, because I had no good news to tell her, and was indeed sorry that I had told her what must naturally lead her to expect an increase of fortune, when, after all, such expectations had only ended in disappointment both to me and to herself. Time passed on, as I said, and I had really begun a letter to her one evening, and had been interrupted, so that I was obliged to put away the unfinished sheet, with the full intention of adding all that I had to say in the morning, painful though some part of it must necessarily be to her; but the next morning's post brought me a letter from her, containing such strange and unexpected news that at first I could but think over and try to realise it, and afterwards I resolved to go to her at once. I could not tell whether any good could thus be done. I felt as we feel when we hear that one dearly loved is suffering, and in need of comfort; I felt an impulse to go to her, and I followed it.

Priscilla's letter appeared to be hastily written, and she began by telling me that she was in great trouble, and in such strange circumstances that I should be shocked, as well as surprised, when I fully understood them.

"I have really tried to do my duty," she went on, "amid many difficulties and discouragements, but it was not possible for me to act up to the Herrnhutter standard, to transform myself into a mere machine, regulated by the will of the Church. My shortcomings would not, perhaps, have been so much observed, but for the fact that Mr. Ludwig has also greatly neglected the work assigned to him; he is unhappy, and I can hardly tell you why. Perhaps he feels that the system of his Church does not fill all his requirements; something like a human heart has wakened in him of late, a great misfortune for a Herrnhutter.

"The decision of the Church is that we are both to die; rather a startling announcement, but I do not mean that our lives are to be suddenly cut short by cord or steel. No, we are to die natural deaths, by disease, or else to become martyrs and to be canonised accordingly. In plain words, we are to be sent to the most un-

healthy and least civilised of all the Herrnhutter settlements, to be beyond the reach of observation and of scandal, to live if we can, among a crowd of hostile influences, to die in all human probability before the first few weeks or months are over, so that the disgrace of an unhappy marriage, arranged by the Lot, may be averted from the Church.

"I, for one, cannot tamely submit to such a sentence; Mr. Ludwig is well satisfied with it, believing it to be expressly ordained for us, and feeling that a complete change may rouse and restore him; believing too that when I am once separated from European associations, I shall have only himself to look to for companionship and support. But I know only too well that this plan was devised to conceal the evils which a marriage like ours might bring upon the Church, and I will not submit to the cruel sentence which condemns me, for no fault of my own, to certain exile and to probable death. Finding all appeals and remonstrances quite useless, I left my home yesterday, and took refuge in the only place that I could think of; you perhaps remember that in former times an elderly woman was engaged as a kind of attendant and companion for me; this person is now living at Welminster, and I sought refuge at her house, hoping to be concealed there for the present, until the Herrnhutters are tired of looking for me. For I cannot submit to the fate that they have prepared for me, oh, how can I?"

In conclusion, she told me her present address, 23, Minster-street, where she is living (or so at least I understood her letter), without the knowledge and sanction of her husband, having left her home to escape the fate that she so much dreads, and that was about to be forced upon her.

If the letter had given me less idea of the suffering that she had gone through, if it had seemed less like a cry of distress and a protest against injustice, I should most likely have been perplexed at the thought of being called upon to interfere between Priscilla and the circumstances of her married life. But as it was, I could not think or reason, I could only go to her.

On the journey I tried to arrange my thoughts and plans, but I could think of nothing but Priscilla, suffering and oppressed and weighed down by fear of a future at once so uncertain and so full of dread. I quickly found the house, which was in a narrow street, and appeared to be a very small milliner's shop, and was met at the door by the same person whom I remembered as having been Priscilla's attendant at Pebble Coombe. She was fussy and ungrammatical, and she looked up and down the street as though the fact of her admitting me were a crime, or something to be concealed.

"Come in, come in, and please to make haste," she quickly repeated, "I durstn't be seen a-letting of you in, sir."

"Why not?" I asked, in some surprise.

She shut the door and put up the chain before she answered.

"Lawks, sir, don't you know? Come in here."

Hefe was a small parlour, full of millinery work. I looked round, half expecting to see Priscilla, but she was not there.

"I didn't dare to let her come down, sir" the woman explained, answering my look, "them murdering Herrnhutters is going to give her up alive to the savages that ate up Captain Cook in the South Sea, or some of those places, and she ran away and came to me, and what could I do but hide her? It's clean against all the commandments, I know, sir, to hide a married woman from her husband, and deny her to him, and it's what I didn't think I should ever go for to do, after being brought up pious and a professor, but I've gone and done it, and the Lord only knows what wicked thing I shall be tempted to do next. I hope as I shan't go for to murder nobody, I don't feel like it now, but when once you departs from the narrow way——" She stopped here, apparently from want of breath.

"Will you allow me to see Mrs. Ludwig?" I asked, taking advantage of the pause.

"In a minute, sir, if you'll be pleased to sit down—only you can't." This discovery was the result of a glance round the room, every portion of which was littered by materials for work. "I've been so drove and worried that I haven't had time to clear a chair, nor a corner of the sofa, but I won't keep you standing above a moment, while I just run and see if Mrs. Ludwig is ready for you."

Her "run" was a very singular performance, but she returned almost immediately, requesting me to follow her up-stairs. I did so, and found myself in a small bedroom, in the grate of which a tiny fire was burning; an easy chair and a footstool were arranged comfortably upon the rug, and Priscilla was standing upon it, having apparently made an effort to rise, just as I came in.

"Do sit down, you look so tired and poorly."

Those were my first words to her, commonplace ones enough, but in truth I was shocked to see her look so thin and careworn, and to notice a bright spot that burned upon each cheek. I tried to think that the excitement caused by my sudden appearance might account for this.

"Thank you, I am not really ill, but very much tried and harassed; and you—you, too, are altered since I saw you last."

"Yes, I, too, have had something to bear," I told her, "and one never looks one's best just after a journey. Now tell me exactly

where it is that you are to be sent, and whether you are really and truly to do missionary work."

But she would not answer me, or enter into any explanation of her future prospects until she had called up Mrs. Williams, and asked for some refreshments for me. It was of no use for me to tell her that I did not require anything of the kind.

"The kettle's just a-boiling," Mrs. Williams cheerfully assured us, "and I've got some eggs as come straight from the farm, and however folks can eat French eggs is more than I can tell, for if you only go for to taste one of them, you can see as the French hens don't know their business, but that ain't no great wonder in a Popish country like France, where the Jesuits manages everything. And it would be an honour to me to have a minister of the Gospel in my house, and to set a new-laid English egg before him, if it wasn't a sin."

"Why should it be a sin?" I asked her.

"Lawks, sir, don't you know as this poor soul has run away from her husband, and didn't ought to be here, nor yet to have no visitors? Leastways, that is what I should have said a week ago, when things was different with me, and I seemed to know right from wrong, like."

"You have done nothing wrong," I assured her. "You only received Mrs. Ludwig when she was suffering in mind and body, and gave her the refuge that she needed for a time."

"Oh, lor, I've been and done more than that; I've denied her to her husband, and as good as swore she wasn't in the house when she was. What do you say to that, sir?"

What could I say, but that it was a great pity she should have been tempted to say what was not true. The blame, I thought, rested with those who had placed Priscilla in the Herrnhutter convent, and so had made her the slave of a system.

"I wouldn't go so far as that, sir," Mrs. Williams remonstrated; "they had queer ways at that there Sisters' House, but there was the best of living, and their doctrines was sound, what I could hear of 'em that is, which was nothing at all. That there organ made a noise as stopped up both my ears, only that the screeches of the trumpets kept a-gimletting their way in."

"Their services are principally musical, then?" I asked.

I did not wish to speak of Priscilla's private concerns before this woman, well-meaning though she might be.

"Musical? Well, there was a noise as you might have heard a mile off. I do really think as they might do their missionary work that way, if they'd only open the windows of their chapel, and set their trumpeters to blow them dratted trumpets out of window. The people in the South Sea Islands, or wherever it is, must be

very hard of hearing if they didn't ketch some of it, though what good it's to do them, or how it's to convert them, is more than I can tell. I see a man in the street the day before yesterday as beat a drum with his hands, and blowed into some pipes with his mouth, and knocked some jingling things with his elbows, all at once; he'd be the one to go a missionarying with them noisy Herrnhutters."

With which concluding remark she safely landed the egg that she had been boiling for me. Presently there was a tap at the door, made apparently with a parasol, the door being knockerless, and Mrs. Williams started nervously, and prepared to answer it.

"That sounds like a customer," she hurriedly observed, "but I never know what to expect next. I'm in a siege as you may say, with the law a-laying in wait for me outside, and my conscience upbraiding of me within."

She hurried down-stairs, and opened the door with great caution, apparently to admit a customer.

"Poor Mrs. Williams!" Priscilla said, as she disappeared, "she was easily persuaded to hide me here, but it was sadly against her principles."

"Will you tell me where you are to be sent, and whether the plea of doing missionary work is a real and valid one?" I asked her, for time was precious.

And then she told me the whole story, so strange, so hard, of the call to labour in the half-civilised African settlement, which had been sent to them because Priscilla cannot be a model Herrnhutter, and because Mr. Ludwig had fallen away in zeal for his Church and his duties, under the influence of some unorthodox sentiment of jealous affection for herself. It was all sad and new to me. I saw the evil, but it was hard indeed to see the remedy. And for a long while neither of us spoke.

HAND-IN-HAND.

THROUGH the wide-open casement, fill'd with landscape and the
 sky,
 The zephyrs wander in and out so loving noiselessly,
 As fearing to awaken the pale sleeper from her sleep ;
 While tenderly the shadows, too, around her pillow creep.

They move about the fragrant room among the knots of sun,
 Group'd round like little children knowing not what death has
 done ;
 Steal up the stirless coverlet, athwart the folded hands,
 And kiss the sweet smile on dead lips no mortal understands.

Where'er she walk'd, around her feet a glory did expand,
 As round the feet of one who walks along the wave-wet sand ;
 The angel whisper'd in her voice, and mingled with her breath,
 Her life a dim rehearsal of her being after death.

A little month, and she returned like Spring to wintry skies,
 With Italy upon her cheeks and Rome within her eyes ;
 A little month, and now so changed, so pale and cold and dread,
 Passive as marble maidenhood upon a marble bed.

The shadows move up from her mouth, and glide across her brow,
 As o'er some ocean headland when the cloudlets come and go ;
 A little while now lose themselves among the glooms of hair,
 And leave the forehead gleaming with a light from elsewhere.

"Let me look out once more," she said, between the throes of
 pain,

"The odour of the clover brings my childish days again ;
 Draw up the couch, dear sister, to the window ere I sleep,
 That I may watch the sun go down the hills into the deep.

"He fades into a brighter world while dying out of this,
 So when the darkness comes to us our souls float on in bliss :
 For we are only shadows on the narrow wall of time,
 Cast by our passing spirits as they move in realms sublime.

"Stars shine on up in heaven whose orbs did perish ages gone,
 Then wherefore not our spirits when these bodies are unborne ?
 At least I know I often feel, and sometimes think I see,
 A vanished presence in the air—a form—ah, woe is me !

"I wonder is our love on earth remembered up in heaven,
Or will he quite forget me when together we are driven?
O 'twere no heaven at all to me to dwell for ever there,
Without the light that made this world a heaven so wondrous
fair.

"I know not—ah, we know not—but I hope we recognise
The faces we have loved on earth for ever in the skies;
O, awful doubt—O, blissful doubt—of every joy beside
Full certain, but for that sweet pain what mortal could abide!

"Still, if I tarry longer, ever changing more and more,
And *he* for ever beautiful and youthful as of yore,
I growing old and changed, albeit my love could change not too—
I'd rather go ere years should make me other than he knew.

"Deep shadows lie across the walks where lately sunshine laid,
The morning sunny side, we know, is ever evening shade;
But now the opening primroses, that love the twilight hour,
Begin to make a sunshine of their own in yonder bower.

"The darkness comes, wherein the flowers turn all to pallid hue;
The morning comes, and in its light their beauty will renew:
I'm very glad his favourite rose is full of bud and bloom,
The very air all round it glows, I smell its sweet perfume.

"At least, I seem to know it from the rest that are upborne
Here to my chamber last at night, and earliest in the morn:
Love made an Eden of it all—O sister, I behold
His face even now, and hear his voice, and feel his arms enfold!"

O change, as though her eyes had drawn the glory from the sky,
Already, they scarce closed, the evening hues begin to die;
While from the inner chamber comes a sister's sob and moan—
And I am here beside the dead—at last with her alone!

Her unreluctant hand in mine—she does not shun me now—
But O thrice sacred those still lips—one, one kiss on her brow!
And for the rest, perhaps all will be made wise to us above;
But here, alas, it is not ours to love, or not to love.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

MARATHON.

I KNOW of no scene more beautiful than the vista of the mountains which overlook the plains of Marathon. I have a vivid recollection of my ride through them, some years ago in company only of a Greek guide. I find that in travelling one sees more by not being tied to any companionship, and though at Athens or other places I met with many that I was happy to associate with, yet when in my different excursions I had determined to take notes of what I saw, I was all the better for being wholly my own master, both as to the length of time I chose to devote to visiting any locality, and more especially as to the attention which I thought necessary to give to every detail. And day by day I took the several localities in the neighbourhood of Athens, after having first passed what I thought a sufficient time in viewing its immediate sites of interest: the Acropolis, which in itself requires fully a day to see, the Temple of Theseus, and that of Jupiter Olympus, the Academia, and numerous others, which both the guide-book and the local cicerones very soon put one in the way of knowing. But neither Pentelicus, with its vast marble quarries and caves, nor "the gulf and rock of Salamis," nor Hymettus, nor Lycabetus, nor Helicon, nor Parnes, left such a strong impression on my mind as the wild and romantic mountains and glens of Marathon. Athens itself, which has been the prey of the spoiler early and late, from the time of Sylla the manslayer to that of the plunderer who enriched the British Museum, is of course a primary object of attraction; but with the exception of the Temple of Theseus, what a scene of utter ruin presents itself. On ruined fanes and broken temples, over fallen columns and pillars, merely grand enough to indicate that they bore part in former grandeur; where statues mutilated by the hands of every Goth, ancient and modern, yet have enough in their symmetry to attest the excellence of their primitive statuary; where dismantled shrines and buildings exhibit still to every ambitious architect models which he would vainly aspire to emulate; where the lapse of centuries of ruin and decay has left on every side the traces of the destroyer and the blight of scathing time—the eyes are wearied with gazing, and the mind is sick at the reflections upon the work of destruction which men of all kinds, from the haughty Roman to the fanatic Moslem, have been guilty of.

But it is really refreshing to the senses and grateful to the eyes of the traveller to turn from such scenes to the wild glories of

nature, to the rugged and unworn beauties of the rocks and sylvan solitudes near Marathon, the hills which looked over the defeat of the Persian host, the glens which, though unmarked by roads, are intersected by paths, and being shaded by every variety of trees, are charming, until he arrives at the vast plain of Marathon, wide, and stretching for a length of six miles along the shore, with a small stream running through it, whose banks are lined with oleanders, and in its centre a vast tumulus, where lie (he is told) the bones of the dead who were slain in the great battle; also two smaller ones, of which one is said to be the tomb of Miltiades, and the other he is left to guess as to what it was designed for. I recollect the delightful climate, the utter loneliness of the greatest part of the ride, the sense of wonder that I felt when I got from my horse, and taking off my clothes, went into the sea to enjoy a primitive bath, after my long ride from Athens, at finding the water so shallow that I had to wade for fifty yards before I could swim in it, and my asking myself the question, how was it possible that the large army of Persians could have found a harbour for their immense fleet in such a bay as this? for even granting that the greatest number of the ships were left in moorings at Eubœa, still there must have been a large fleet required to take over the forces that were opposed to Miltiades at Marathon:

The battle-field where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hella's sword.

Though sunk to the lowest place amongst the nations of Europe, though inhabited at present by a race which is most conspicuous for their characteristics of treachery and cupidity, though exhibiting everywhere the devastating traces of the despotism under which the country groaned for centuries during the Turkish misrule, though having never sent to light any progeny which could testify as to its having regained its emancipation, still many, very many scenes and circumstances around you as you pass through Greece remind you of the land of Homer and of the spirit of old Greece.

When I was returning from Marathon in the afternoon, the guide, unconsciously I suppose to himself, addressed me, when he saw the atmosphere becoming cloudy as we rode through the mountains, with words which were a literal translation of the lines of Homer. This mist is bad for the shepherd, but just what the robbers prize even more than the darkness of night.

Ποιμῶν δὲ φάλην κλεπτὴ δέ τε νυκτὸς ἀμείνω.

But then the very thought of the coming of brigands never entered into any one's conception, and, thanks to the wholesome

terror inspired by the circumstances of there being in their neighbourhood a garrison of British troops, all persons—even ladies—could traverse the country, and many tourists and visitors did so. 'Tis true that I carried pistols, and my guide also was armed with a rifle; but all this would only have been more likely to induce brigands to lay in wait, as I am sure the said weapons of warfare would have been highly prized by them, and would have been greatly preferable to any such they could procure in Greece, and, considering their practised skill in pursuing their dreadful trade, they might easily have come upon us by surprise, before we could have had an opportunity of loading, or even of handling, our fire-arms. We passed on to Cevissea. If a man were wishing to have brought before him a "tableau vivant" of some of the graphic sketches which have been portrayed so ably by the prince of poets, he would have his wishes gratified in riding through Greece. There he would see the corn cut in the same way as that described on the shield which Vulcan carved for Achilles. There would be seen the figures of maidens exceedingly like in their attitude and even in their dress to the *Θετις τανυτεπλος*; there every man in his toilet would be seen using the "*σπογγω δάμφι χειρ και αμφι προσωπα*."

If the words which were uttered by each passenger as we rode by were not exactly pronounced in the same way as we were taught to pronounce in England, still the speakers showed that they were unmistakably the descendants of those described by Homer; and then the classic outline of their features, their graceful attitudes, their flowing dress, their pleasing manners, their fluency of language, the picturesque character of their groups when they assembled to dance the Phyrhaica:

Ενοα μὲν ἦθε οἱ καὶ παρθένου ἀλφεσιβοῖαι
Ὠρχέοντ' ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔχοντες.

Thus at every step, every object, everywhere, we were reminded that, though degradation and destitution had lowered the state of life of the households around us, yet still they retained many vestiges of their ancient pride of place, and that the influence of the clime still shed its Ionian elegance upon those who breathed its atmosphere. The primitive manner in which the cottagers lived was very remarkable; there was but one large chamber, which gave me a lively idea of the meaning which attaches to the words, "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it gives light to all that are in the house;" and it seemed evident to me that the residences in Palestine were like those in Greece, and that thus the dividing rooms into chambers was in both countries unusual. And equally

primitive are their different agricultural and household implements; the plough which they use is like that in present use in Hindostan. They card their cotton with a large bow. They spin with a distaff, and every house presents you the figures which, in mythology, one knows so well as Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. They have no chairs, tables, or beds in their houses, but lie on mats or blankets, and cover themselves with their shaggy capotes. They have their wine and their cheese both kept in skins, and they bake their bread in an iron pan or plate. I had leisure to see and remark upon their different customs, and saw what was much to be deplored, that then, as I believe now, there was no traffic of a kind to make the country prosperous, and no roads intersected the country in any part. But the air night and day was as mild as that of Italy; the music and the song which used formerly to be the delight of the warlike sons of the soil, as

Φρενα τερπομενον φορμιγγι λιγείη

are still to be heard everywhere. The very words of their songs speak of their departed glories, and the commonest one amongst them was one beginning *Zeto Ellas*, and going on to laud the greatness of the power of Greece.

In a word, you were every moment forcibly reminded "It was Greece, but living Greece no more." But oh, how deplorable to think of the hapless end which befel the fated tourists lately; to think that but a few miles from the capital the country was more dangerous to traverse than the interior of Africa; to read of the doings of the vile miscreants who had been let loose upon the country to plunder and to destroy; to contemplate the piteous fate of the high-born and the well-educated; to read of the immunity with which the merciless ruffians pursued their calling; the whole tale of rapacity and injustice; the "*auri sacra fames*," which was the first incentive to the capture of the victims; and the dire and savage proceedings which subsequently ensued, made the catalogue of horror one that would have been such as you would read of as happening in the dark ages, and of a fearful nature almost too sensational for a modern romance. But indubitably the state of the country now, as compared with what it was twenty years ago, must be a subject of regret to every one, and it also leads us to deplore the circumstance of our having withdrawn our protection from the Ionian Islands; and by leaving the country to shift for itself before the power of its government was strong enough to assert its rights, what an injury we have inflicted upon it. I leave it to others to comment upon what took place after the Cretan war, and upon the circumstance of the gangs of desperadoes being let loose upon the country. They in their influence

for doing evil were somewhat similar to the Fenians who landed in Ireland shortly after the American war, and whether their leader was a Turk or an Albanian, were all of them ripe for every mischief which it is possible to perpetrate.

But now that the events of the dreadful tragedy are so fresh in the recollection of the British public, it is useless to dilate upon them here, only I fancy it must be the general wish of every well-disposed community in England that some organised force should be constituted in Greece whereby its inhabitants, together with volunteers from England, might form a militia and patrol the country until the bands of robbers, whom we must regard as pests of the most hateful kind, the vilest outcasts in existence, be extirpated. This is apparently the first step that ought to be taken, and the next should be one that indeed might very long ago have naturally suggested itself to the rulers of that land, whether Otho of Bavaria, or George of Denmark—namely, to employ the indolent inhabitants in cutting roads through the country from Athens to Thebes, from Thebes to Delphi, and many other towns which might be mentioned. This—a most desirable work—one which Sir Edward Barnes did for Ceylon, and Sir Charles Napier for Cephalonia, should evidently be done for Greece. It seems to our practical minds almost incredible that it should not have been done long ago. Now that railways are almost universal in Europe, roads even are almost unknown in Greece. Does not this fact speak for itself as indicative of the state of neglect which pervades the country? There are many advantages which it possesses that are wholly neutralised by the culpable want of energy in its rulers; amongst others, the marble, of which nearly the whole of Pentelicus is composed, is better calculated for building than any stone which we are cognisant of. Let the permanent nature of their ancient structures attest this. The Parthenon, the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, and the whole of the Temple of Theseus, with many others both in the Acropolis and elsewhere.

THE ORPHANS.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

V.

THE FARMER'S COTTAGE.

As the farmer walked away with his protégés a number of missiles in the shape of abuse and insinuation were sent after him, but, disregarding them, he strode on, and in a few minutes reached his cottage, into which he entered, followed by the old mariner and the girl. The young creature, still trembling from the effects of what had occurred, was given into the care of the housekeeper, who was ordered to provide for her everything she required. It must be here mentioned that this accident, as accidents sometimes do, very much favoured a secret and long-cherished wish of the farmer's to make some private inquiries of the old mariner whenever the opportunity should occur. However, very little was said for a long time, some bread-and-cheese and good beer were discussed between them, but neither appeared inclined to talk. At last the farmer remarked, as if recollecting himself,

"You are not hurt, my old friend, are you? I forgot to ask you; but I hope there's no great mischief done?"

"Why no, not much, I think, but if you hadn't come, the affair might have gone worse with me. Thirty years ago, farmer, I should not have minded such a tussle a straw, but to tell the truth, I find I am something the worse for the wear. Eighty-seven summers and winters, in all climates, is a rather long rating upon the book of life. Ah, dear heart! dear heart! It is too long a date for one who was not born the favourite of Fortune, however well Nature may have fitted him out. I began, thank Heaven! with as good a stock of health and spirits as most men, but all things draw towards their end, even time itself. Dear heart! dear heart!"

"Well," observed the farmer, "it is something to reflect that one has done one's duty, however bad a return we may have had for it, both from fortune and from those we have saved. It has been my own lot to be but ill-requited even by those from whom most was due, and to have my warmest affections and my best hopes crushed."

"Ah, we all have our trials," observed the old mariner, in a musing way. "Dear heart! what a life of ups and downs has

been mine! How much have I striven, but how little have I done! And now the end is coming fast, with small provision for the future; not for myself—no, that's of little account, but——" Here he stopped, and looking at the farmer, observed, "But I ought not to plague you with these matters, and I hope I haven't often complained. 'Tis not my wont—at least I hope it isn't so."

"My good old fellow," observed the farmer, "I have often wished you would complain more, and then I should have heard something, perhaps, of what I must say I have always had a wish to know: 'tis impertinent in me, and I have no right to ask, but it is a weakness I partake of with all the parish. I have no right to ask it, nor, in fact, do I ask it, but I should, for reasons I can't explain, or, indeed, understand—I should like to know something of these two interesting children, our grandchildren."

"Well," remarked the old mariner, "that is not more than reasonable. The kindness you have ever shown us gives you right to the wish you entertain, and I would freely, willingly gratify you, but—but I fear to touch upon the subject, it is a painful one, and as long laid locked up here," said the old man, striking his breast; "but some time or other," he said, pausing, "you shall know."

During the time the farmer and the old mariner had been together, musing quietly or conversing, repeated knockings at the shutter had come, and every now and then voices were heard shouting, in which the words "Ghost! turn out the ghost!" could be distinguished, and at which the farmer appeared a good deal disturbed. But at this moment a volley of stones were flung against the window, smashing the glass, shaking the shutter, and entering the room. In a moment the farmer seized his hat and a thick stick that stood by the side of the clock-case, hastily opened the door, and made his way into the street: retreating footsteps were heard, and after ten minutes the farmer re-entered breathing hard, and appeared a good deal disconcerted. The old mariner of course inquired what was the matter, which the farmer replied to rather vaguely at first, but after a time he became more explicit.

"I'll tell you, my old friend," he said, "but don't let it annoy you: you and your grandchild are the cause of this. You, I see, have not noticed, and you'll smile when I tell you, but from the strong resemblance between this young creature and the one you lost six years ago, these superstitious fools have taken it into their heads that they are one and the same. I have never told you, nor can I in any way explain it, but soon after your first loss these boobies took up a notion that the grave in the corner of the churchyard was empty; in fact, before your child died, a wild

fancy had got hold of certain silly folks that there was, as they said, something strange about her—unearthly ; in short, that she was not mortal.”

“Dear heart, dear heart!” ejaculated the old mariner, “is there anybody so weak as to believe in such a folly?”

“Oh, plenty,” was the reply; “and the belief has created no small terror in the village. I did not choose to satisfy their stupid curiosity, but as you have come late and departed early when you have made your visits for the purpose of attending to the grave of your poor child—a matter that I would have seen to if you had not—a mystery has been created, and the matter has excited the most ridiculous fears and fancies; these, at last, have become realities, or are as much believed in as if they were.”

The old mariner hung down his head, and appeared to reflect upon what had been told him more seriously than the farmer thought there was occasion for. He tried to rally him, but he remained pensive and thoughtful, frequently muttering to himself indistinct words.

“This, then,” he said, “accounts for the cry of ‘The ghost!’ Humph! whose hand could do it, or ought to do it but mine? Dear, dear child! dear Alice!” The farmer started violently. “This ought to have been your home; little did I think it would be your last resting-place, and I must soon leave you—I who have watched and loved you so long and so dearly; but the time must come, I know it must, but I will not leave you—no, no, I will not leave you, I will lie by your side—you, you dear children, are all I have in the world. Farmer,” said the old man, looking up with rather a wild expression of face, “will you promise me one thing—shall I lie by the side of these dear children? I shall leave enough to bury me go when I may. You have ever been kind and good to us, will you grant me this last favour?”

“That I will, I promise you,” replied the farmer. “But why talk of death, my old friend? You are not likely to die, and to tell you the truth, I was in hopes you were going to tell me something of your life, which would please me better. Come, your grandchild is comfortably asleep with my old housekeeper, and it is not late. Excuse my asking you, but it will drive melancholy thoughts out of your mind. I am almost ashamed to ask you, but I feel an unaccountable desire to know something of these interesting children.”

Assuming a look of deep seriousness and sorrow—an expression rarely, indeed, seen upon the veteran’s face—gazing wildly upwards, wringing his hands and then placing one on each knee, and with his head drooping and inclined on one side as if gathering together many scattered and painful recollections, and as if speaking to himself, he muttered:

"Dear heart, dear heart! at my time of life, and yet *not* before it ought to be, must I tell it, and when none are left to witness will it be believed; dear heart! yet how can I refuse? So kind, so good to us as he has been, it must be well! I see the time is come. Farmer," he continued, "you will not doubt the words of an old man, a wanderer and a vagabond," he said, with a sigh; "and although for some years known to you as such, still a stranger, I say," said the old sailor, his wild eyes glistening with a peculiar expression, "you will not doubt me."

"No, no," said the farmer, somewhat touched; "I am sure you are incapable of a falsehood. I have always regarded you as a man of a superior character, and as one who had known better days."

"Why," replied the old sailor, "not much for that, farmer; Fortune has handled me with no very gentle touch, and was a rough nurse to me even in the cradle; but, never mind, I was not a very squeamish babe, not very tender-skinned, and, as soon as I could, I learnt to help myself, and I think I can safely say whenever through life I could help another I did not neglect my duty."

"I am sure you did not," said the farmer. "Your great kindness to your—to these—children shows a humane and a good heart."

"Ay, ay," rejoined the old sailor; "I see—I see you are not confident that they are my children—my own flesh and blood, I mean; you judge rightly, they are not, in a sense, and yet, Heaven knows, had they been, could I have loved them better, or strove more to protect and serve them?"

The farmer started, and looked with riveted attention, mixed, indeed, with a species of alarm, in the face of the old man.

"Well," he continued, "you remember the day that old Deborah reached her hundredth year, and the fuss and the feasting that took place at the time?"

The farmer nodded.

"Well, that was not the first time I had been amongst you."

"No?" ejaculated the farmer, with some interest and surprise. "I thought that had been your first visit."

Shaking his head slowly and sorrowfully, the old man continued: "Oh no, ten years before I had made a visit here—a short one, it is true, but I had seen Deborah, although she did not know me when I nodded to her in the booth after the dinner; but the memories of old people are treacherous, and my visit was made in the night, and only lasted a few hours."

The farmer appeared deeply interested.

"You know," continued the old man, "that when one of the gentleman drank old Deborah's health, after praising the honest

industry of her long and harmless life, he remarked that she and her husband, then but a few years dead, had brought up a large family of sons and daughters, and that *all*, following the example of their parents, had acted well and honestly, so that no stain or blemish was to be found upon the character of any one of them, and that just at this part of the speech a slight demur and murmur took place?"

The farmer, biting his lips with an agitated expression, remarked, "I've heard something of the sort."

"Heaven help us, poor creatures that we are, when abandoned to our own guidance among the snares of this world, at all times difficult to escape from. It was not quite as it was stated to be; there was *one* deviation from the right line—an unhappy one, indeed. No doubt you have heard the melancholy story of the youngest son?"

Here the old sailor, looking up as if to ascertain to what extent the farmer was acquainted with the young man's history, was surprised to see him strongly agitated, his hands clenched, his eyes glaring wildly, and his teeth set convulsively together. The young man's name was on the old sailor's tongue, and before it was well pronounced, the farmer started to his feet with a half-uttered malediction.

VI.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

THE old mariner, a good deal taken aback, apologised in a simple and natural way, and remarked he was sorry to have touched on a subject to hurt his feelings, and he should be more sorry still to learn that the farmer had been injured by the person spoken of.

To this remark the farmer made no reply, but taking his place again upon the chair, muttered, in a choked voice, the word "Injured!"

Observing the farmer was not inclined to speak, the old man remarked,

"Well, it is of that unhappy person I wish to speak." Pausing, he continued, "And yet it is not to him that the greatest consideration is due. There was a young and ill-used female who deserved all the pity, except, indeed, that which the coldest heart would have given to her innocent children."

At the mention of the female, the farmer started violently, but, on hearing the children named, he again sprang from his chair, extended his arms, and placing one hand rather roughly upon the

shoulder of the old man, he demanded, in an excited and half-stifled voice,

"Who told you this tale, old man? Were did you learn it? and where are the children you talk of?"

Taking advantage of this pause, the old sailor assured the farmer he would explain all he knew of the matter. He said he did not wish to recal so many painful remembrances, but now he had found one so much interested in the tale, he was glad, for the secret, which perhaps none but himself could disclose, would not now die with him.

The farmer made a strong effort to subdue his emotions, and in a few minutes, calming himself, he begged of the narrator to excuse him, and to continue his tale, thanking him for his compliance, and promising to hear him to the end with silent patience.

The old man again resumed his narrative, and said, "Dear heart! did I want to be told? Have not I heard with my own ears, and seen with my own eyes, things, scenes, and sights that might stop the current of blood in the bravest heart? Did I want to be told? Well," he continued, "it is now twenty years since a convict ship I once sailed in was lying at anchor, everything prepared, and about to leave this country with her freight of ill-fated and unhappy wretches, but she was detained for a short time, waiting for orders. The captain became very impatient, and as one in whom he had confidence, I was sent off with a boat's crew to await the arrival of the despatches, and to bring them on board with all possible haste. Sorry I am to say I performed that mission badly—badly indeed—and for which I have been severely punished. On receiving these papers, which I did in an hour after landing, I hastened with all possible speed to the place where I had left the boat. When within hail, I shouted, and was answered with the usual promptitude, but I observed that the men did not fly to their places with their accustomed readiness. However, before I could ask a question, a tall man, looking like a countryman, fell on his knees at my feet, and, grasping my legs and thighs, begged, in accents of the deepest sorrow and distress I ever heard, to be taken on board the ship. He said, 'Look here! I have money, plenty,' and holding a canvas bag of what appeared coin, he shook it, and he then begged that I would take it all and divide it among the boat's crew. Whatever arguments he had used before I know not, but this had evidently a powerful influence upon the men, so that in a moment they surrounded me. One grasped each hand, others pressed upon my shoulders, and each and all spoke in favour of granting the prayer of the wretched man. One said, 'He has a

wife and two children on board ;' another said, 'And it was not she who committed the crime for which she is about to suffer, but her husband.' 'I did it—I did it,' said the unhappy wretch, 'and I declare before Heaven and you all that she is innocent—innocent as her poor children.' 'I am a father,' said a third, 'and by God, if a man begged of me as this one does, I would sacrifice my life to assist him.' 'Come,' said the fourth, 'we are all good fellows, good friends, good shipmates, and equals, bating the temporary authority the captain has given you. Let us join in the risk. The night is dark, and the man *might* secrete himself in the stern of the boat covered by that tarpaulin that lies there, steal on board, and nobody be never the wiser. Who's to know anything about how he got on board,' &c. I know not what evil influence beset me, but, deeply moved by the condition of the man, I hurried to return to the ship without giving a formal denial. I stepped into the boat ; I saw the stranger throw himself over the gunwale, creep forward, and cover himself over. In an instant we were pushed off, and many yards from the shore before I had time to reflect upon the disgrace and ruin I was bringing upon myself. However, it was ordered otherwise.

"In less than a quarter of an hour after the despatches were delivered, every hand on board the vessel was at work, all was cast loose, and we were on our way out to sea, with every sail set, and with that kind of breeze at our backs which a sailor desires when he is in a hurry. For that night alone in my life I went to my hammock with a heavy heart, and as I buried my head in it I felt a flush of shame upon my brow which no plea I could use for myself could dispel. Perhaps I had done a humane action, and without doing any one an injury ; I might even be the means of clearing the fame of an injured woman, or providing a protection for her and her children. I felt still the *man* and the *sailor* at variance, and there was no reconciling them. I knew my duty, and I ought to have done it ; but I had failed in it, and I resolved to take the consequences. The next day the business of the ship set us all to work ; the boat's crew were not messmates of mine, therefore I was not thrown amongst them, and, to tell the truth, I endeavoured rather to avoid than meet them. Still I must say I was anxious to see and to know something both of the unhappy husband and the wife, and in a very few days chance offered me the opportunity I wished for. Some inexperienced women had been taken on board the vessel, as attendants upon the female convicts ; sea-sickness very soon rendered them not only useless, but a burden, and as I was then an old man, and esteemed by the captain for steadiness, I was sent into that part of the vessel where the sick females were, to

render every service I could. There were forty of these unhappy creatures, many of whom had babies at their breasts. I found, however, there was but one who had two children, and this was enough to give me a clue to the individual I wanted. Dear heart! never, never, shall I forget the feeling that smote me as I looked upon that bed—the bed in which she lay. On the remote side laid two beautiful children, one in the arms of the other; the least was a female baby of a year old, the larger one a girl of about three. They were nestling together, their rosy faces touching each other, and their silken hair intermixed, and sleeping as innocence and childhood only sleep. But—Heaven help me, when I turned the light I held in my hand upon the face of their unhappy parent! Do not let me attempt to describe it to you, farmer: I could not, nor could you bear to hear it. If you sob and suffer in the way I see you do at the description I am giving you, what would you have done at the reality? Dear heart! such a reality, such a beautiful face, but such a picture of a broken heart, such a——” Here the old sailor, wiping his eyes, and striking his broad chest two or three times, said, after a minute’s hard breathing, “I find I must not dwell upon this part of my story; I must pass it. Not one of the women suffered as this one did, and when I got the doctor to come to her, as I did the first moment I could, he shook his head, and stood fixed for a minute without speaking. He directed me what to do; a female who had a little recovered took care of the children, and at frequent intervals during three days and nights I attended at the bedside, and moistened the parched lips of that beautiful creature with a mixture the doctor had given me. ‘Almighty Heaven,’ I said to myself, and often audibly, in the quiet and gloom of the night, as I sat down on a small box that stood at the side of the berth, ‘can this be one of the children of crime? Is it possible? Impossible!’ Once, in my emotion, as I touched the cold hand that lay so dead and useless by the side of its owner, I fancied I felt a gentle pressure or tremor pass through it, but at the commencement of the third evening, on repeating this remark, the unhappy creature muttered distinctly, ‘No, no; innocent.’ A voice from the grave could hardly have startled me more. I repeated the words, and again they were given back from the inanimate and wasted form before me. I was deeply affected; I asked a question or two as to how she felt, but received only a faint shake of the head in answer. I hastened and made her condition known to the doctor, and when I returned, half an hour after, some broth had been given, and the sufferer appeared very much restored. As I approached the bed, I saw, for the first time, the expression of those large, melancholy eyes, opened and

looking wildly about; they were not fixed on me for some minutes, although I spoke gently two or three times. At last I came within their gaze, dear heart! but I will not say anything about it.

“ ‘You then,’ she said, in a sweet low voice, ‘have been my kind nurse; good old man, how can I thank you, a wretch like me—’

“ ‘Wishing to stop this strain of self-reproach, I remarked,

“ ‘You must not speak, and if you wish to reward me for the little acts of kindness I have done, and will do, there is but one way of thanking me, and that is by letting me still be of use to you and your poor infants. I beg of you to spare your self-reproach, knowing, as I do, that you are innocent of all crime.’ The poor creature stared wildly in my face, as if asking me how I could know, or believe, a fact so incredible. ‘You told me so,’ I said, ‘and I know you spoke the truth.’

“ ‘Clasping her hands with more strength and energy than I expected, she exclaimed, ‘O God!’ and at the next moment she covered her face, weeping bitterly. As I thought it better to let this paroxysm have its course, I begged of her to be pacified, and, making an excuse to get away, I said I would return in half an hour.

“ ‘About this time it happened that the wind had taken rather an unfavourable turn, and there appeared a prospect of bad weather; we were just in the situation for it, and although I did not choose to croak, I feared some mischief. I had nothing to do with the management of the vessel, but I learnt that without its being in any way suspected, the ship had been getting out of her course for some time, and efforts were now making to bring her back again. Perhaps it might be two hours before I could go below and visit my patient, and when I did, I found her propped up in bed with some clothing and a pillow, which one of the unfortunates had supplied her with, and her baby at her breast. My presence appeared to give her pleasure, and, after crossing herself, she shook my hand with warmth and more strength than I thought she possessed. The moment she began to speak, I observed, with a feeling which went directly to my heart, that there was a wildness in her manner, and a degree of excitement about her I could not bear to look upon. Her large dark eyes were blood-shot, her temples flushed, her breathing hurried, and her voice unnatural.

“ ‘Now,’ she said, ‘I’ll tell you all, father. It was not I. I did not steal the jewellery for which I suffer, nor did I know it was stolen until it was found in my possession; no, as Heaven shall judge me, I did not. But my husband—’

"Here she paused, and I, presuming on the little I had heard from the strange man, remarked,

" 'It was your husband, I know ; but how came it that the law should have been perverted from its course, and the wife made to endure the penalty ?'

"In a voice of firmness and strength which fairly startled me, she exclaimed,

" 'I denied our marriage, resolved that he *should* escape ; and he *has* escaped !' she said, in a triumphant tone, trembling from the effort.

" 'Did none know of your marriage ?' said I ; 'was there no proof to be obtained ?'

" 'None,' she answered quickly ; 'but that I kept from them, and that will be found when I am dead, in the box you are sitting upon. Would I had destroyed it for his sake—for his sake—would I had——'

" 'Devoted, unhappy woman,' I was proceeding to say, when she stopped me short by exclaiming,

" 'No, no, I've done right ; I've saved my husband. I know the law would have freed me, even had I been a participator in the crime ; but none in those parts knew we were married ; their thinking me guilty did not make me so. I could bear the disgrace I fell under, but I would not he should suffer. No, no ; my heart tells me I have done right. I have saved him ; and as for myself, except these poor, poor babies, I have nothing to care for.'

"I sat musing for a moment, and thinking on the heroic sacrifice of the injured creature before me to her husband, whom I felt sure was now on board the ship. I was bewildered ; I did not know what to do or to say. But knowing this, and not being much acquainted with the laws, I was simple enough to suppose that if the matter came to be properly explained the husband might be put into the place of his innocent wife, and she left near him still with her children, which would be a relief in his condition, and lessen the extent of his punishment.

" 'How,' I asked, 'did you obtain permission to bring your children with you ?'

"Smiling, she replied, 'It was not without great difficulty, but the good offices of a friend at last procured me that blessing.'

"I then asked her to let me see the document she spoke of, declaring that I asked from no idle curiosity, but expressly for the purpose of serving her and her children. For a minute or two she showed some little hesitation, but presuming that the sentence she was under had completely set the question at rest, and that the secret being known now could be of no consequence, she directed me to untie the cord which bound the box containing

the trifles that belonged to her, and, pursuing the search in the manner directed, I found a little packet, consisting of some blue silk thread, carelessly wound round a crumpled bit of paper, which appeared to serve no other purpose than that of affording something to wind it upon. This was quickly taken off, and I was on the point of opening and smoothing the paper, which was a printed form, when I was startled by loud shouting on deck, rendered unintelligible by the roaring of the wind, which had greatly increased within the last half-hour. A peculiar uneasy motion of the vessel had made me very anxious to get upon deck for some time past, but the present outcry, attended by a sudden deviation from the ship's course, convinced me we were in great peril. Merciful Heaven ! how shall I describe what now happened to us ? Crumpling the paper in my hand, and thrusting it into a breast-pocket inside my jacket, I dashed forward to the ladder which led upon deck, but before I had well placed my foot there, the vessel, which had evidently been lifted high upon a tremendous wave, was suddenly lowered and let fall upon a sunken rock, and with a violence that stunned every soul on board, dis severing timbers and planks, and snapping ropes and rigging in a hundred places at the same moment. The vessel, however, still kept her upright position, and as the waves receded from her there might be seen a terrible gulf around her. It was a bright moonlight, and such a scene as presented itself cannot be described. Recovering a little from the stupor occasioned by the sudden violence of the shock, I saw the deck, filled with the miserable creatures who had rushed up from below, unconscious of what they were doing, and who by degrees were becoming sensible of the destruction that awaited them ; all was confusion and utter consternation. But a kind of instinct seemed to direct these wretched creatures to the boats, which the shock had unshipped and thrown upon deck. Fighting, scrambling, cursing, thrusting, and pulling each other, these straws of hope were taken possession of by the strongest and most resolute. Some of the yards had been brought down by the shock, but one of the heaviest had fallen in an oblique direction across the deck, and had crushed several unhappy beings who lay struggling under them, and whose blood stained the white doublings of the sails attached to them. Short time, indeed, was allowed for observation, but there was an instant in which the ill-fated vessel hung quivering and suspended, or balanced fore and aft over a reef of sunken rock, the course of which could distinctly be traced. In this instant of time it might be seen that a frightful opening had been made by the strain in the waist of the ship, and was yawning wide, as if about to separate instantly. This did not take place, for a

tremendous sea striking the afterpart of the ship, and suddenly lifting it high above the other portions, the devoted vessel dashed forward, as if seeking to engulf herself in the bottom of the sea, but at that instant her prow encountered another reef of rock, apparently parallel and not fifty yards apart, and received a second shock even more terrible than the first. Everything within and without the vessel was shot forwards with indescribable vengeance, the three masts fell almost one upon the other, the boats took the same course, with men, women, and children, and all else that was loose and detached, so that the deck, as the heavy sea washed over it, was swept clean and clear of everything. What a sight it was to see! the unhappy vessel shaking as if with fear, and settling down into the boiling waters, divided absolutely in two parts, the forepart falling away when the chasm had been made, and rapidly sinking, the after portion completely divided, retrograding and retouching the first reef, carried by the force of the back water of the returning wave upon which we had been hurled headlong forward. The first object I could distinctly discern was the bowsprit, inverted and approaching that portion of the vessel to which I clung. In the first lull of the wind, which blew strongly but not with half the roar and violent fierceness I had witnessed in the hurricane, several voices were distinctly to be heard. I fancied I distinguished that of the captain, and I looked aft and around me, but not a creature appeared, and it seemed that I was alone on the wreck. What a sickness of heart seized me as I thought of the poor wretches who were sinking into their dark cold graves around me, and to whom I could afford no succour. All I have been so long in telling was but the work of a few minutes, yet how complete the destruction! In an instant, as it were, and not before that instant, I became conscious that a similar fate awaited me, which, if deferred a little, was nevertheless certain. At the next moment the poor, sick, and unhappy creature I had left below rushed upon my thoughts, and as suddenly, as a full consciousness of her condition and that of her children struck me, I made a movement, resolved to seek her and to try and save her.

"I could not perceive by what miracle this portion of the vessel kept its position, unless the keel had got jammed into some crack in the reef, where it could be retained no longer than until another wave came and dashed it into the broad and boiling destruction around. In the distraction of the moment, with these perishing creatures in my thoughts and the dying cries of others in my ears, I fancied more than once I heard a strong voice calling out some name I could not catch, and which from its accent and tone of distress, reminded me most forcibly of that of

the countryman who had stolen on board. I made an effort to rise, holding fast by the support I had clung to, and looking over the larboard quarter, among the foam, and close at hand, I perceived the bowsprit still attached to a large fragment of the wreck, and upon it a man, whose voice I now heard more distinctly. At that instant, turning my head as a wild shriek reached my ears, and, O Heaven! the poor female from below, with her children in her arms, met my astonished sight. Instinctively I extended one arm towards her, but it did not appear that she saw me; her eyes were directed to the spot whence the voice had come, to which she gazed with a wild, distracted, intense, and suffering expression I shall never forget. At that moment the voice again rose from the boiling flood. 'Alice! Alice!' it cried, as it was suddenly swallowed by the wild roar of the waves. Close to my side was the pale, tottering, and emaciated form of the female, and dragging, rather than carrying in her arms, her two children. In an instant I seized the eldest, which was nearest to me, and putting forth my hand for the other, I caught it by something it was wrapped in. I was still making an effort to secure and aid the unhappy mother, who, overcome with the exertion, appeared to be sinking upon the deck. At that moment the voice I had heard again rang from the sea, and seemed even more distinct and near to me than before. Casting my eyes in the direction, I saw clearly a man clinging to a portion of the wreck. During the instant my attention was thus diverted, an arm of the sinking wretch was lifted, and as the name of Alice was again uttered, the poor female, as if, indeed, with supernatural strength, sprang forward, and with one desperate bound, and in a wild shriek, calling upon the name of Robert, dashed into the foaming surf, and disappeared! I felt for a moment, as my eyes and my thoughts followed her, as if I were losing all consciousness; but a sensation produced by the movement of the part of the wreck I clung to roused me to a full sense of my peril and approaching fate. You will scarcely credit it, perhaps, but although this dreadful scene had just passed before my eyes, and the voice of that ill-fated creature still rang in my ears—although an inevitable death, as I thought, stared me in the face, and the part of the wreck I was upon was evidently leaving its hold and sinking from under me, I felt, as I have frequently done before in cases of the greatest peril, a calm and a self-possession seize me all at once, so that I was enabled to reflect upon what to do, and to do what was necessary coolly and steadily. The infant, still pressed to my breast, I lifted higher up, and wrapping the front of a large pea-jacket I wore over it, I buttoned it up, and secured it. The other dear creature I made fast in the long shawl in which it was

wrapped, and passing my head and my left arm through an opening in the tie I had made, the poor child was swung at my back. I even spoke encouragingly to her, told her not to fear, that I would take care of her. Never was a promise made with so little chance of keeping it; but it was God's will, and His mercy, too, that I did keep it.

"All this was but the work of one minute, and during that awful period, in which there was a lull of the wind and the waters, it was evident that the wreck had loosened itself from whatever had sustained it; and as I felt certain that the next half-minute would bring a recurrence of the swell, I prepared myself for my fate, first recommending the innocent creatures and my sinful self to the Great Giver of Life. I was cool, and I listened almost unmoved to the swelling roar of the wind and the threatening thunder of the waters. On they came—on they came; and, turning my head, I saw the white foam of the billows lifted high into the dark vault above me. O Heaven! what a shock was that, which now stunned, and for a moment stupefied me. Drenched and almost drowned by the tremendous wave, I held resolutely fast to the part to which I had clung so long, and did my best to shelter my tender charge, who appeared to suffer but little inconvenience. But I now felt the moment was come, and that the hand of death was upon us, for that part of the wreck that had sustained its position so long was now gradually sinking away; suddenly it pitched forward, and the next instant I was without support, without even a rope to cling to, and immersed in the deep angry waters of the sea. Dear heart! what a moment was that, and yet, strange as it may appear, I did not despair! There was but little light, and, blinded by the waves and the spray, it was impossible to see anything; but, with my back towards the wind, I struck out and struggled on in the best way I could, keeping myself afloat. In a few minutes I felt a rope entangling my legs, and, feeling about, I grasped it, and found that it was attached to something that made a firm resistance—perhaps the bowsprit, and a large mass of the wreck! Hope sprang up new life in my heart. The thought at once struck me that perhaps a portion of the wreck might still be floating or retained in the comparatively quiet waters between the two reefs of the rock upon which the vessel had foundered, and that there, for a short period at least, we might find a resting-place.

"To my great joy, after a little further struggle, I found the case much as I suspected. A large portion of the wreck and the rigging, with parts of masts, yards all entangled in a mass, were lodged upon and held together by rough portions of the reefs, which I could now see projecting in places, above the surface of the

sea. I therefore not only found a footing, but, after making my way with great difficulty in a direction where I felt sure there must be land, I began to seek and even to erect a sort of shelter. It was by no means cold, but as the morning broke a painful chilliness and shivering seized me. To my great delight, the dear children appeared to suffer but little. The elder crept close to me, and the young one actually slept, although God knows our position was painful and perilous enough."

From the beginning of the old sailor's narrative the farmer had been deeply attentive and interested, but during the latter part of it he had become strongly and painfully excited. He sighed heavily, breathed hard, and occasionally groaned and sobbed audibly. An observer would have been perplexed to determine whether the emotion he witnessed was not a compound of angry rage and deep sorrow that approached despair. But just at this point of the old man's tale the farmer rose hastily from his chair, took three or four strides across the room, opened the door, and made his way with a kind of uncertain step along the passage which led to the kitchen. The narrator himself had been too much engrossed by his own feelings to notice particularly those of his hearer; nor did the absence of the farmer create any surprise, and appeared explained in the notion that he had gone to the kitchen for something he wanted. The old man, therefore, fell into a kind of reverie, but during this period he heard the farmer's footsteps moving backwards and forwards, and once it appeared that he was upon the stairs, as if ascending, but presently he seemed to change his intentions, and descend. After a minute or two he entered the room, and if the old man had looked up he would have seen that he appeared deadly pale, and was trembling and agitated; but he resumed his chair, making a violent effort to compose himself, and, in a hoarse and subdued voice, asked the mariner to continue the account of his miraculous escape.

"Dear heart! dear heart!" ejaculated the old sailor, "what a weak, impatient, and ungrateful creature is man. At the moment I had given myself up for lost, when I saw no help or hope, and despair was fastening upon me, at that moment deliverance was at hand; the boom of a gun came sweeping across the now subdued waters, and looking to the east, in which a bright streak of morning and of hope appeared, I perceived a vessel, not a mile distant, and one which on the previous day we had spoken to. I was at once roused from my impious doubts, feeling that I little deserved the mercy shown me, and in a few minutes I had contrived to fasten a handkerchief to the end of a spar, and with some difficulty had raised it as a signal. The minute it was elevated it was answered by another gun; a boat was hoisted out,

and in three-parts of an hour we were on board of our protector. I will not tell you how I tried to be thankful, more for the preservation of the innocent children than myself; nor will I tell you the efforts which were made by the boat's crew for hours after we were safe on board to endeavour to ascertain if fate had spared any others of our ill-fated ship. Out of more than sixty unhappy victims we alone were saved; nor were any of the dead found. The retiring tide had carried them away into the depths of the ocean, no more to be seen. A youth of the boat's crew told me he was sure he saw, as he was approaching the fatal spot, a female form clinging to the corpse of a man not looking like a sailor, but as no one else saw it, it was perhaps but a fancy."

VII.

THE DISCOVERY.

THE old mariner here ended his story, and looked down upon the floor in the position of one whose feelings were jaded or exhausted. The farmer made a movement and an effort to rouse himself, and to speak; but his voice, although forced, was feeble and broken, and he made an effort or two before he could articulate clearly. At last he observed, in a tone and cadence very different from those employed commonly,

"I have seen from the first who these unhappy wretches were, and their offspring must be those you called your grandchildren. I see it—I see it already!" he observed, with great earnestness and emotion. "How shall I bear to look on that beautiful creature now sleeping quietly above, and whose sweet face I but just now made an effort to go up-stairs and look upon, but I could not? So like, too, how can I have been so blind? Has not my heart often told me, idiot that I am; that face, that voice, too, the same? Did I not feel this a year since? Why did I not ask you before? I knew it—I knew it—and yet I shut my eyes, and my heart, and my door—Oh, Heaven forgive me!—upon my own flesh and blood. Luke, Luke," he said, wringing his hands, and looking with the deepest concern and distress into the old man's face—"Luke, these are my children! That dear unhappy woman was my daughter. Oh, Alice! Alice!" he said. And here he burst into a flood of tears.

Deeply affected, the old mariner took his friend's hand and said everything he could think of to console him, without much effect; for, in spite of all that stubborn philosophy and habit the world had done to harden a disposition not over-susceptible, nature would have its course, and it was a long time before the

farmer returned to a state in which he appeared at all like himself. When that began to show itself, he took the old mariner by the hand, shaking it most cordially, and said,

"Now, Luke, my resolution is taken, and there remains but a little more of our painful task to perform. Yes," he continued, as he saw the old sailor unwrapping a crumpled strip of paper he had taken from an old leather pocket-book, "I see you anticipate my wishes. Let me look at that." Taking the paper from the hand of the old sailor, he commenced reading: "Certificate of the marriage of Robert Shaw to Alice Lovell." Having finished, he handed it back to the old mariner, and sighing heavily, remarked, "This is enough, although it comes too late," and suddenly throwing himself across the foot of his bed, he wept bitterly, and they parted for the night.

A little before daybreak the old mariner was roused, who, on coming down-stairs, found the farmer, the housekeeper, and the young girl together in the little parlour. The farmer saluted him cheerfully, although he looked wearied and ill, and pointing to the young girl, who was wrapped up carefully in a large shawl, and had other articles of dress and comfort about her, which did not immediately show themselves, he observed :

"Well, Luke, you see she is prepared for a journey. Are you ready to start? Everything is arranged, you and the child shall ride if you like. I will walk on for a mile or so, the morning air will do me good, and we will stop on the road and get some breakfast."

The old mariner appeared rather taken by surprise, but declared his readiness to go anywhere with the farmer, but——

"Yes, yes," remarked the farmer, as he saw the old mariner wished to ask some questions, "I will explain all that and everything else during our journey, but, to tell you the truth, I am anxious to get away from this place, where I shall never show my face again; so, if you are ready, we will start." Then shaking hands with the old housekeeper, he said, "Good-bye, Betty; remember what I have told you, and remember, as long as I live, you are provided for. Live here in quiet, and make yourself happy and content. And so good-bye, old woman."

As the party issued from the door, the dull grey light of the morning was just stealing in upon the fields, and the long lane, which was lined with rows of trees on each side, looked dreary and dark. A kind of market-cart was standing at the door, in which were a couple of trunks, attended by the youth who had to drive it. The young girl was asked to take her place in it, but as the old mariner preferred walking with the farmer, she also begged to go on foot. The farmer, therefore, again took leave of

his old servant, who stood at the door with a handkerchief to her eyes, and would not shut it, although frequently asked to do so by her master. Buttoning his great-coat, and with a thick stick in his hand, he turned his back upon the cottage, and commenced his journey. The child took her place, as accustomed to do, half a step in advance of the old mariner, who, placing his hand upon her shoulder, followed at the usual pace. The horse and cart were at the same moment set in motion, and the party left the village—to see it no more.

All sorts of inquiries were made as to what had become of the farmer, the old mariner, and the young girl, and numerous vague surmises and reports were afloat. After many years only it became known that the farmer, having found his grandchild, oppressed by the recollection of his daughter's shame or misfortune—between which the liberal world cares little for making a distinction—and disgusted also with the superstitious folly of the village—in short, tired of the scene of such painful recollections—had retired to a distant part of the country, seeking a solace for his last years in the society of his grandchild and the good old man who had snatched her from the jaws of death, and who had been her friend and protector through life, and to whom the farmer felt he owed a debt of gratitude he could never repay. Time brought about the fact that all three lived together in the most perfect friendship and concord for years, during which time many other parts of the eventful history of the old sailor's life were related, and the reason why he had visited old Deborah Shaw so many years before, but the particulars were never more than guessed at. The only fact which in process of years became certain and apparent was, that in the obnoxious and ever-dreaded corner of the new burying-ground, were to be found, by the side of its first young and beautiful occupant, three other graves, the one long and slender like the first, the other two of a different character. A neat railing surrounded the little area, in the midst of which a square stone was erected, with no names or date attached to it, and with no other inscription than the following: "TO THE UNITED IN DEATH."

A MODERN LOVE PASSAGE.

Would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN a reasonable man has been in Dieppe eight days, the best resolution he can come to, is to get out of it as quick as possible. As to prolonging his sojourn in that estimable bathing-place, it is out of the question. You might as well enter into an engagement as piebald horse in a circus. The Dieppese bathers walk round and round the "établissement" in diverse costumes at different periods of the day. But while it is fair to admit as a principle that an abundance of paletots contributes largely to a man's felicity, it would be going too far to assert that they insure his happiness.

A week more than satisfies to drain the cup of Dieppian pleasures to the dregs. The ruins of the Château d'Arques have been visited; one has lunched at the "parc aux huitres," dined at Lafosse's, spent a few hours at the Dutch whirligig, lost a few louis betting at écarté against venerable looking personages who turn up the king with a patriarchal simplicity; one has shuddered in the water, danced at the "établissement," and been shorn by a rapacious landlord, and nothing remains but to run away, and one does run away.

Unless, perchance, one remains a little longer, and if such a thing were to happen, it must be that Destiny has dressed herself up in the shape of a female to prolong your stay. Now this is just what happened to Louis Vendel, a thorough-bred Parisian, who, like many others, had been attracted by rumour and fashion to the seaside, but who, every day of the week that he had spent there, had wished himself back on his beloved boulevards. It was with a light heart and a light step, then, that, carrying his portmanteau in his hand, he started one fine morning to the railway station. But on his way he encountered the multitudinous vehicles of all descriptions, which, at Dieppe, convey the passengers from the station to their destinations in the town. Among these was the carriage drawn by two white horses, which touts for the Hotel Royal. Within that carriage was a lady, whom Louis Vendel had no sooner seen, than, forgetting the station and the boulevards at the terminus of the railway, he began to retrace his steps, illumined by a sudden inspiration of desperate import. It seemed to him, indeed, as if his whole future was concentrated in it.

Now such a proceeding was all the more remarkable on the part

of Louis Vendel, inasmuch as, although still young, handsome, well-to-do in the world, and having time on his hands, he was by no means one of those vain, empty-pated young fellows who fall in love, or pretend to fall in love, with every pretty face they meet. Vendel was endowed with that modesty which, seasoned with a slight mistrust in himself, is one of the constituents of a really intelligent nature, and he had had considerable experience of men, women, and things. Having lost his father and mother when still very young, he had been left to his own resources, and this had taught him to be cautious in his dealings with the world. He had not even yet been in love—not that he was incapable of love, or that he ignored the feeling, but he had got into the habit of looking upon it as a febrile complaint peculiar to early youth, and which must be gone through as assuredly as measles and hooping-cough; but as it would be ridiculous to have measles or hooping-cough at thirty, so he deemed that the time for passionate love was for ever gone by with him.

But, alas! what an abyss lies between theory and practice, and yet how easily is the abyss leaped over! Here, then, was Louis Vendel returning from the railway station, to which he had been bound with so elastic a step half an hour before, on the traces of a hostelry omnibus, with his portmanteau still in his hand, penetrating with the vehicle beneath the arched entrance, and forgetting to ask for a room, till that vehicle had deposited its fair burden at the hotel door. No sooner in his little bedroom, than the portmanteau was opened, and the captivated man began at once to take steps for dressing for dinner, and that with an anxiety in regard to his personal appearance which was utterly unusual with him. The fact is, that he had made up his mind that the lady, who had riveted his affections with such magnetic power, must, as a matter of course, dine at the table d'hôte, and there he would meet her, and chance favouring him, he would pick up a casual acquaintanceship. And as he went through the process of his toilet, he reviewed in his mind the personal peculiarities of the lady who had wrought distraction on his feelings and projects. She was not tall, nor yet was she little—she was just of the appropriate middle size. Was she twenty or twenty-one? Certainly not twenty-two, he said to himself. Was her hair fair or brown? Neither the one nor the other, yet between the two, and of a rich luxurious shade and growth. Her eyes of ultra marine blue had a luminously tender expression, shaded off by long silken eyelashes. Her cheeks shone with a brilliant white lustre, just touched with a roseate blush of youth, health, and vivacity; her movements were undulating and full of charm; her foot small and neatly arched; her hand thin and delicate, and perfectly gloved. Where had he had time to see all this? Where do lovers see and take in everything at a glance? And what they do not see, they

fill up with the imagination, aroused by an ardent admiration. The fair unknown had left behind her a fragrant odour, an inexpressible perfume of female perfection, which got up into Louis Vendel's brains and transported him into the glorious regions of ecstasy.

But Louis Vendel was tumbled down from his seventh heaven, by what would, under any other circumstances, have been a mere trifle, but which, under the existing pressure, assumed proportions of gigantic magnitude. He had not a clean shirt left. In vain he turned over his portmanteau; not one remained. There was no alternative but to hurry out and purchase one ready made, and ready got up, and he was on his way to do so when a door, left accidentally open, allowed seven shirts, as white as snow, to be seen lying upon a bed. Vendel took a bit of paper, hastily wrote upon it, "Do not accuse the servants; it is not a robbery, but a loan." And enclosing two louis in the paper, he placed it where the shirt had been, and which he seized upon as his prey. When a man is in love he becomes the victim of details, which pass altogether unnoticed at other times. The fact of poor Gérard de Nerval falling in love with the fair Jenny Colon, was made known to all Paris by his purchasing a new hat. Even the happy relief concerning clean linen did not save Vendel from other fretful anxieties. Was his coat of a proper cut, his waistcoat irreproachable, his tie the proper thing, his hair in order? Was he, himself, in presentable condition? Why, he was positively getting fat! He had never remarked it before, and now he said to himself, with a shudder, "To get fat is to get old."

Luckily the dinner bell aroused our hero from all these distressing cogitations, or they might not have been satisfactorily disposed of till far on in the night. What was more amusing was, that the same sceptical philosopher, the man of the world, the man who laughed at nervousness in others, actually entered into the *salle à manger* of the Hotel Royal with all the timidity of a schoolboy. But with a glance of the eye he ascertained that the fair unknown was not there, and this giving him a moment's respite, he courageously took a place at the further end of the table, where he was aware new arrivals must necessarily take their place. To do this he had to walk the whole length of the room, and he rejoiced inwardly that *she* was not there, for he would infallibly have run against a chair, caught some one's dress, upset a pile of plates on the buffet, or have committed some other dreadful act of awkwardness.

Fifty guests, more or less, did honour to the repast at the Hotel Royal, eating with imperturbable gravity and austerity. The more one succeeds in resembling an automaton, the more readily one passes among certain people as belonging to the élite of society, if not to its aristocracy. No one conversed with his neighbour, and

had it not been for the noise of knives and forks, one might have imagined oneself to be partaking of a phantom dinner, attended upon by ghostly valets.

Nevertheless, the unknown fair one did not make her appearance, and Louis Vendel's impatience betrayed itself by no end of disorderly proceedings. He even spoke aloud to himself, until, perceiving that this attracted the attention of a large number of those present, he blushed like a girl, and tried to make it appear that he had come there to practise the great art of dining as conscientiously as the others. No sooner, however, did an opportunity for beating a retreat present itself, than he gladly availed himself of it, and getting hold of one of the attendants of the hotel, he hastened to purchase five francs' worth of information from him.

"Did you notice a young lady who arrived by the five o'clock train?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Does she travel alone?"

"No, sir. She is accompanied by her mother, and two female servants."

"Do you know their names, and the number of their apartment?"

"No, sir; but I can obtain information at the office."

The attendant was not absent five minutes when he returned, saying:

"Bad news, sir; the ladies did not give their names. They only stopped twenty minutes in the hotel; their luggage was removed at once on board the *Fulton*, and they have left for London, via Newhaven."

Louis Vendel made his way in melancholy mood to the shore. The smoke of the *Fulton* was just discernible, like a plume of feathers on the horizon. He was left alone with his love, and what was worse, had had no opportunity of manifesting to the beloved person how much he admired her.

There was no help for it, however, so taking a disconsolate walk round the "établissement," he returned early to bed at the hotel. He had not, however, been long in his room before he was roused by a knock. A young man came in whom he recognised as having been seated opposite to him at table, and having looked at him with an inquiring gaze:

"I have come," he said, "to return you the two louis you left in my room. My name is M. de Gèvres. I lend my linen, but I do not let it out upon hire."

"Really, M. de Gèvres, I have many apologies to make; but I wanted a shirt at any price."

"Can I lend you another?"

"A thousand thanks! you are really too good; but I return to-morrow to Paris."

"By what train?"

"By the seven o'clock train."

"Then I shall have the pleasure of accompanying you. Will you permit me one question? Had not a lady something to do with your extemporised loan?"

"You are right."

"Ah! a romance. I suspected as much. You are at the second volume?"

"There you are wrong, my dear benefactor. I am only at the first page, and I fear I shall get no further."

"Your romance is a tedious one, then. I," said M. de Gévres, with a slightly consequential air, "generally finish mine."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"Ah! at that age I, too, used to devour whole libraries."

The young men parted with a shake of the hand, met again next morning, and travelled together to Paris. By the time they arrived there, a casual acquaintanceship had ripened into intimacy.

Nine months elapsed without bringing about any remarkable event in the life of Louis Vendel. As he did not speculate on the Bourse, he had not ruined himself. He had fought no duels; he had not even penned a tragedy in five acts and in verse. One day, at the expiration of that time, having partaken of a frugal repast at the Moulin Rouge, washed down by a pint of sparkling Saint Peray, he resolved to spend the evening at the Cirque de l'Impératrice. Glancing round at the assembled company, what was his surprise on perceiving the beautiful vision of Dieppe, his friend, M. de Gévres, seated by her side, and Madame de Ramon, a mutual acquaintance, being also one of the party. In an interval between the performance, M. de Gévres made his way over to Louis Vendel to tell him that Madame de Ramon, seeing that he was there alone, requested the pleasure of his company at tea when the performances had concluded.

Louis Vendel declared that he should be only too happy to accept the kind invitation.

"And who is to be at Madame de Ramon's?" he inquired.

"Only Madame de Nerville, the counsellor whom you see opposite, and ourselves—five in all."

"Madame de Nerville?" echoed Louis Vendel.

"Yes, don't you know her? One of the marvels of the world—as clever as she is beautiful."

"You speak of her with the enthusiasm of an admirer. Is that one of the romances you are perusing?"

"Ah, no, my dear friend. That romance is written in Hebrew, and I cannot even decipher the title-page."

"And M. de Nerville?"

"M. de Nerville has been dead for three long years."

"Oh!" said Louis, breathing more freely.

Shortly before the performances were over, Madame de Ramon rose in order to avoid the rush. Louis hastened to join the party in the corridor, where he was introduced to Madame de Nerville. The five were soon afterwards seated at a round table, sipping fragrant bohea and cracking biscuits. Conversation was animated, and Louis listened to the sparkling observations of Madame de Nerville with ecstatic pleasure. Every vibration of her voice seemed to penetrate his whole being. He was all the more delighted as the fair one excelled in that essentially Parisian talk, which wanders from one topic to another, gathering spirit on its way, until it becomes a perfect firework in brilliancy—at once the terror and the admiration of provincials and strangers. The party broke up at one in the morning, and the counsellor, M. de Gèvres, and Louis Vendel accompanied Madame de Nerville to her hôtel in the Avenue Marbeuf. On parting, the lady said to Louis:

"I cannot ask you to call in as you go by, for no one goes by the Avenue Marbeuf. But I am generally at home in the evening; come and see me when you are not engaged."

"Well, what do you think of Madame de Nerville?" inquired M. de Gèvres of his friend, as they walked home together smoking their cigars.

"She is enchanting."

"Then I will tell you one thing. Do not fall in love with her. You might just as well take a leap from a fifth story."

"Really!"

"Yes, really. You see, my dear Vendel, I divide the sex into three categories. Those who have the instinct of coquetry, those who have the spirit, and those who have the genius. The first are dangerous, the second full of peril, but the third are disastrous."

"And Madame de Nerville?"

"Madame de Nerville has not only the genius of coquetry, she is still worse. She is coquetry itself."

"Well," said Vendel, "have no apprehensions on my account; at my time of life the heart no longer beats."

And as he uttered this tremendous fib, bidding his friend good-bye at the same time, his old heart was beating like a young heart of twenty summers.

Vendel was, in fact, very glad to get rid of his friend, and to be alone to commune with his thoughts. Had M. de Gèvres spoken in praise of Madame de Nerville, the young man would have listened to him all night long; but he spoke of her only in disparaging terms—at all events in terms that were disparaging to Vendel, and which are the hardest of all to bear, for what man, however modest he may by nature be, likes to be told, that the favours he receives at the hands of a woman he loves, are mere coquetry? "No," he said to himself, "Madame de Nerville is not a mere flirt, and her

juvenile detractor does not understand the first word of that difficult science which has been justly defined as feminine algebra."

He then passed over in his mind all the most trifling circumstances which had happened on that ominous evening. There are, indeed, no trifling circumstances to a man in love; everything in relation to the loved one assumes the proportions of an important event. Every smile, every glance, almost every word dropped, is treasured up as of the deepest signification. When he thought—and he thought of nothing else—of the smile tendered at parting, his heart beat with delight, and he walked with a proud step, as if he had been master of the world. He had to pass the hotel of the King of Finance, in the Rue Lafitte, on his way home, and happy as he was, he would not have exchanged his lot for the millions of Sultan Harun al Rothschild.

No sooner the next day arrived than he hurried, as soon as the conveniences of society would permit, to Madame de Ramon's, but that lady was out. He called again in the afternoon; still out. He called again in the evening, but with similar untoward results. The reader may say, "But why did he not call at the Hôtel Marbeuf itself?" If the reader says so, he has never loved truly. Fancy imparts boldness, but true love inspires timidity; and Vendel felt that he could not call upon Madame de Nerville for the first time except in the company of Madame de Ramon.

Our hero did not, however, succeed in finding the latter lady at home till the third day.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed. "I have found you at last!"

"What! are you the unfortunate man who has called seven times since the day before yesterday?" inquired Madame de Ramon, laughing. "You have been a long time absent; now you run to an opposite extreme."

"Having contracted a debt of politeness, you see I am anxious to repay it."

"And so you want to pay off capital, interest, and expenses, all at once?"

"Is it not to enrich oneself to pay off one's debts?"

"Creditors try to make us believe so. But pray, whence this monomania of calls?"

"What would you say if I had fallen in love with your beauty and talent?"

"I should say at once, and explicitly, that you had committed a folly."

"Well, then, suppose I should have fallen in love with another?"

"I should say, are you not as certain of losing your time as with myself? Do I know the lady you have honoured with your love?"

"Madame de Nerville."

"Madame de Nerville! Tell me, my good friend, are you

going to the Rhine this summer, for Jeanne is bound to the Pyrenees, and the sooner you place an interval of distance between you the better?"

"I cannot separate myself thus. I have loved her for a year. I must speak to her first. Do you think that, accompanied by you, she would take a drive in the Bois this evening?"

"*Chi lo sa.* You can try. Write to her, and I will send the letter."

Louis Vendel wrote with a tremulous hand an invitation as if it came from Madame de Ramon. It is not far from the Rue Montaigne to the Avenue Marbeuf, and the valet returned with an answer in a quarter of an hour; but those fifteen minutes appeared to Vendel to be considerably more than an hour. Madame de Nerville accepted the engagement, and Vendel issued forth in ecstasy to procure an equipage. This did not present great difficulties. There are several establishments in Paris where carriages expressly devoted to promenades in the Bois are kept, with liveried servants, and everything so arranged that they have so much the appearance of a private turn-out as to deceive the most practised eye. The coachman had not a red nose, and the two valets wore unexceptionable hats and white gloves. The whole had, indeed, an imposing and ambassadorial effect.

But the general aspect of the equipage did not suffice to give to Louis Vendel his customary assurance. He felt so little at his ease, that the ladies had to talk to one another to keep themselves in countenance. He swore that by the time they reached the triumphal arch, he would either break his stupid silence or throw himself under the wheels of the carriage, yet the vehicle passed the barrier without his doing either. Madame de Nerville at length made an attempt to relieve the young man of his embarrassment by intimating that she experienced a feeling of sympathy for him, that she reckoned upon his friendship, and that she hoped she was not wrong. The intimation was clear enough, but it only led to the explosion which it was intended to have averted.

"Madame," the foolish man replied—and everybody is foolish when in love—"it is not friendship I feel for you."

"I hope it is not hatred."

"It is love!"

"Take care, sir. Madame de Ramon has assured me that you are a man of sense: what you say might be taken as an impertinence. Why, you do not even know me?"

"I have known you for nearly a year. I first saw you at Dieppe, and I have loved you ever since."

"Nonsense. I am young, a widow, not absolutely ugly, and so men deem it necessary to treat me, every one of them, to the same tune. I am weary of their sentimental platitudes. If you would be my friend, sir, do play upon some new instrument. The old

one is as discordant to my ears as a barrel organ. I never reward the grinders."

"Yet they are deserving of your pity. If they play it is because they are hungry."

"And you, too—you pretend that you are hungry? An appetite of eleven months! My dear Ugolino, you really frighten me. Your first bite will be something terrible. I tell you what. You have been told that I am a coquette, or you will soon be told so. It is a calumny propagated by idiots. I do not dislike the attentions of sensible men, but I do not like them to annoy me with unmeaning declarations. Now the programme of our friendship must be that you conform to the regulations laid down, or there can be no friendship between us."

Louis Vendel was obliged to succumb. He felt that he had made an ass of himself by his hasty declaration, and he had strength of mind enough to bide his time. He was rewarded for his abstention by becoming more generally communicative, and less personal, during the remainder of the drive, and Madame de Nerville was so far satisfied with his reformation that, on parting, she asked him to come and see her the next day.

The Avenue Marbeuf is one of the most delightful places of residence in all Paris. There are no shops—every house is detached, and has its own garden, so secluded that real birds build their nests therein. Madame de Nerville dwelt in one of the prettiest of these urban villas, and her garden was the most shady and the best kept of any of them. When Louis Vendel crossed for the first time the threshold of this poetic villa, he felt as if he was entering into a temple, and when he was told that madame was in the garden, he walked into it with an almost religious emotion. But this solemn feeling received a rude shock when he heard a man's voice, and, when coming in presence of the person in conversation, he found that it was the counsellor; he wished him and the whole Court of Requests at the bottom of the Red Sea.

He had, however, been taught his lesson, and he made a successful attempt at appearing the most disinterested and unconcerned visitor that chance could have thrown in the way of a pretty young widow and a middle-aged man in a sober position of life. His spite, however, displayed itself in knocking off the heads of the flowers as he sat talking; and he could scarcely subdue some manifest expression of annoyance, when Madame de Nerville intimated that she had asked the counsellor to tea, and she expected that Vendel would also favour her with his company. There was no help for it—two, he felt too well, would, according to the old proverb, be company, three none, but he had promised to behave himself like a man and not as a lover. He was once again rewarded for his self-control, for shortly after tea the counsellor rose up, and, pretending an engagement, took his leave.

"You cannot spend the evening with me?" inquired Madame de Nerville, evidently annoyed.

"I am sorry. It is out of my power."

"A rendezvous, I suppose?" persevered the pretty widow.

"Oh, no! a rendezvous for affairs," responded the counsellor; but an ill-concealed agitation and the paleness of his face belied his words.

"My dear musician," observed Madame de Nerville, when they were left alone, "you seem unhappy unless harping upon the same string."

"I may well be so. I begin to fear that if you favour me with your friendship, it is that you have given your heart to another."

"That is my secret, and you must agree with me that our friendship is too young yet to entitle you to such delicate confidences."

"Anything rather than the state of torturing anxiety you bid me live in. Why did you send M. de Gèvres to me at the cirque? For I know it was you who whispered to Madame de Ramon to invite me."

"You are right. I was told that you were a man of sense—one less apt to ponder on the same perpetual theme as the generality of men. I sought for a friend in you, and I hope I have not been mistaken."

"If you would only love me for eight days, I should be satisfied."

"Eight days! Why, if I could love you for eight days should I not always love you? Do you think that I give away my heart with my right hand merely to take it back with the left?"

The conversation was interrupted at this point by visitors. Vendel rose as if to go.

"I do not wish you to go, stay here," said the pretty widow, almost in a tone of authority.

Louis Vendel took his seat with the demureness of a well-bred pet lap-dog.

Two days elapsed without his being able to meet Madame de Nerville. Becoming impatient he determined to write. He received in reply:

"I do not wish to love any one. I cannot do it. I do not wish to be loved. The very language is wearisome to me. But I should like to keep you as a friend, so come to me to-night between eight and ten. I shall be alone."

The letter was so explicit that Vendel resolved that he would not go. The widow had fairly given him his dismissal, and he put on his hat to go to the Cirque to aerate his vexation; but, arrived there, his legs carried him on towards the Avenue Marbeuf, and almost unconsciously he found himself knocking at the door of Madame de Nerville. He could not resist the attraction. He did not know what he should say, but he could not remain away

from her. He made his way to the customary summer-house in the garden, as a soldier advances to the breach, with a resolute heart, but his mind variously agitated. Jeanne, the valet had informed him, was there, and he made no doubt so also was the counsellor. But, to his mingled surprise and dismay, Madame de Nerville was there alone and in tears.

"What is the matter with you, madame?" inquired Vendel, in tones of unmistakable anguish; "has any misfortune happened to you?"

"Oh, it is nothing," she said, mastering her emotion. "I am nervous at times, and then I weep. It is very stupid, but I cannot help it. I would have loved you if it had been in my power to dispose of my heart. But I have faith in your devotion. That devotion I want, I have sought for it and I claim it."

"You want me, dear Jeanne?" exclaimed Vendel; "heart and arm I am yours."

"You have deemed me to be a frivolous, heartless coquette, when I am in reality the most miserable of women. I love, and am not loved in return. I weep, and he laughs at my tears. I have tried to tear him from my heart, I could not do it."

"Shall I punish the man who spurns your affection?" asked Vendel.

"No, no," she replied; "meet me to-morrow night at eleven within a few paces of my house, and you shall know what I want of you. Now leave me to my grief and shame."

Vendel was before his time at the rendezvous, and he had been waiting some minutes when he saw a young man, whose features were more or less concealed by a sombrero, approaching. He could scarcely restrain an exclamation of surprise, when he recognised Madame de Nerville."

"Silence!" she said; "let us go to the nearest coach-stand."

Madame de Nerville ordered the coach to drive to No. 17, Rue Rumfort. The two scarcely exchanged a word on the way. The one was full of strange resolve, the other grieved and surprised. Arrived at the place indicated, the valet informed the visitors that his master was out.

"Where is he?" inquired the youth with the sombrero.

"Monsieur is supping at the Café Riche," he replied, pocketing a louis which had been handed to him.

"Alone?"

"No, with Mademoiselle Aveline, of the Délassements Comiques."

Madame de Nerville took Vendel's arm, and, with his aid, got down to the hack, which was ordered to drive to the Café Riche.

"How you must despise me," said the young widow to Vendel.

"No, madame, I pity you," replied the latter.

Arrived at the Café Riche, they succeeded by bribing the waiter

in getting a cabinet which adjoined that occupied by Mademoiselle Aveline and her admirer. The young lady was making as much noise as a grasshopper inspired by the sun, with this difference, that the sun was set, and her inspiration came from a number of long-necked bottles.

"You see, my dear," she said or sung, "I will forgive you but on one condition, and that is that you will no longer attach yourself to ladies of the world. In what do they excel us? Are they younger, prettier, or more loving? I hate them, as one hates in the melodramas of the *Gaité* and the *Ambigu*. What do they not say of us? That we breakfast upon an adolescent, dine upon a young man, and sup upon a man of ripe age. One would think that we devoured them raw—we are the crocodiles of gallantry, and the boa constrictors of sentiment."

Mademoiselle Aveline's admirer was roaring with laughter in a manner not at all consistent with his gravity as a counsellor.

"What a funny one you are. I like your little finger better than a hundred ladies of the world in their own persons. I love you to idolatry. The Venus of Milo is not worthy of unlacing your boots."

"Stupid!" said the fair one, "Your Venus of Milo has got no arms. The lady you go dancing attendance upon in the Avenue Marbeuf is, I dare say, better provided."

"I give you my word of honour I have not been near her for these three months."

"You do not love her, then—your lady of the world?"

"I never loved her. I hate her."

Madame de Neville uttered a little shriek and fell into the arms of Vendel, who carried her to her carriage. The fresh air of the night, however, gradually revived her.

"Good-bye," she said at the door.

"Shall I see you again, Jeanne?" asked Vendel.

"Never!" she replied, as she tore herself away.

One evening, M. de Gèvres, Louis Vendel, and the counsellor were seated at Madame de Ramon's. The conversation fell upon the disappearance of Madame de Neville.

"She must be in the Pyrenees," observed M. de Gèvres.

"I think she is at Baden," remarked the counsellor. "Everybody is at Baden, and I am going there myself the moment the Council of State can dispense with my services."

"Madame de Neville has withdrawn to a convent," said Louis Vendel, gravely, "and I believe that it is her irrevocable intention to take the veil."

"What is that you say?" exclaimed the counsellor. "Why it is frightful—horrible! A kind of suicide! I shall never be able to reconcile myself to the loss. By-the-bye, we are four of us—it is raining. Suppose we have a hand at whist?"

THE DREAM PAINTER.

BY DR. J. E. CARPENTER.

BOOK I.

VIII.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

IF Bertha's parents had been rich enough to receive company and to make visits, she might have found a suitable companion even in their own humble sphere; an intellect, an intelligence like her brother's, might have captivated her apart from any considerations of worldly welfare; but their acquaintances were very few, and confined to hard-working people like themselves.

From among the sons of these Bertha had had several offers, very matter-of-fact in their way, but as to courtship, the young Germans who had been attracted by her beauty were too engrossed in their business pursuits, too wedded to them, perhaps, to indulge in anything like a romantic attachment. Bertha knew that she was fair, fairer than any of her young companions—when was beauty ever blind to its own attractiveness?—but she had no idea of being won without being wooed; and, besides, she had her own reasons for remaining single or for marrying well.

"Cold, calculating, heartless!" exclaims the reader. Judge not the heart of woman. Cold! so is the dull grey sea when the winds sleep in their silent caves and leave it passionless, without a wave upon its broad, wide surface; but first a whisper, then a louder cry, at last a roar; it is the same sea, now lashed to fury, and irresistible in its might. So to the coldest, stillest heart may come a whisper, very faint at first, but still prophetic of a coming storm.

The whisper that came to the heart of Bertha was a very distant one, the faintest echo of her own wild thoughts: "Who was the handsome stranger?—was he really looking at me?" This was all. Not a thought beyond had entered into her imagination.

And yet the next evening found Bertha in the promenade again, listening to the music. "She would have been there had the stranger not been there on the previous evening"—this she said to herself—"it was so dull at home, with Leopold never there to read to her in the evening."

This evening the count was not the "observed of all observers;" the light overcoat was exchanged for a dark surtout, the primrose gloves for grey ones, and altogether he had assumed the costume of a man desirous to avoid rather than seek general observation.

Bertha, somehow, found herself near the same spot that she had

occupied the evening before, but among the promenaders her eye did not rest upon the handsome stranger.

The band was performing a selection from Weber's magnificent opera of "*Der Frieschütz*"—a cornet, admirably played, was warbling the lovely air known through the English adaptation as "*Through the Forest, through the Forest*," supported by the lightest possible accompaniment of the other instruments, previously to bursting out in one grand swell into the tuneful *Bridesmaids' Chorus*—Bertha was listening in a dreamy sort of way, but she was thinking of something else. Presently she heard a voice say in an undertone:

"Charming—capital—exquisite!"

She looked round, the stranger was standing by her side; she had not observed his approach, he had come from behind; her face, like those of the rest of the listeners, had been turned towards the musicians.

"There is something in those delicious strains of Weber's that seems to suit the evening and the open air," said the stranger, half in soliloquy; "the sparkling melodies of the Italian school seem to require the glitter and the glare of the opera house to make them appreciable. What is your opinion, mademoiselle?"

He called her mademoiselle purposely; he wished to convey to her that he did not regard her in the same light that he did the ordinary promenaders, chiefly townspeople of the middle class.

"I have had no opportunity of making the comparison," replied Bertha, timidly.

"And yet you seem passionately fond of music?"

"Yes, I know many Italian airs; what I meant was, I have had no opportunity of judging of the effect of an operatic performance."

"Ah! yet you have travelled?"

"No, I have never been twenty miles beyond my native town; but I think all music that has soul in it like Weber's, or our own townsman's, Beethoven's, very beautiful."

"You have not travelled, then? And yet, what need. Your scenery here is so grand, I think it would reconcile me to a perpetual exile from my native land, beautiful though it is, and called by enthusiasts the land of love and song."

Bertha did not dare to ask a question, but she gathered from this that the stranger was an Italian; she could only hazard the commonplace remark that the scenery of the Rhine was admired by all who visited it.

The count was too wily to push the conversation beyond the mere generalities admissible between strangers, but he contrived to prolong it, and succeeded in interesting Bertha in the description of many places he had visited; he discovered, too, that she

had a certain knowledge of art, and that she took an interest in the fortunes and misfortunes of artists, upon which the conversation happened to turn.

A pause in the music and the conversation at the same time caused Bertha to look round. How long had she suffered the stranger to stand there talking to her? This was what she thought when she observed several pairs of eyes directed towards them; therefore she moved from the spot, and making the stranger a slight inclination of the head, passed to another part of the grounds.

The count raised his hat as before, and mingled with the crowd. But this evening he did not suffer her to pass out of the avenue unobserved. He went to his hotel, threw a long cloak over his dress, put on a travelling-cap, which came far down over his forehead, and immediately returned.

When the company began to leave the promenade the count stood behind those who were waiting at the entrance of the avenue for their friends to join them. Bertha was among the first to depart; the count, at a sufficient distance, followed her, marked her down at her father's dwelling, and obtained from the announcement over the shop-front his second piece of information, her other name.

"Only a tailor," he said to himself, "and yet she seemed very intellectual. It will never do to make her aware of my countship, or she will be flying off before I have a chance of saying a word to her."

The count returned to his hotel to amuse himself at *écarté* with a fellow-lodger with whom he had scraped acquaintance, and Bertha retired to her dreams.

This night they were confused and undefined, but the whisper that spoke to her heart breathed a little louder.

The next day Bertha began to reason with herself, and reason told her that she had committed a very grave imprudence in suffering a stranger to be talking to her so long; she, therefore, resolved that she would not visit the promenade for some days, as by that time the stranger would in all probability have proceeded on his journey. She decided to take her evening walk by the banks of the Rhine, dear to her by the remembrance of her brother, and of a few sketches of the immediate locality which he had left behind.

This was precisely what the count had calculated upon. He knew if he had asked Bertha to grant him a clandestine meeting he would have been instantly refused. He guessed that her innate modesty and her self-esteem would prevent her from coming a third evening to the same place, and he took his measures ac-

cordingly. He determined that their next meeting should appear to be accidental.

The third meeting did take place, it is scarcely necessary to say, on the third evening.

To Bertha this appeared a sort of fatality—with the count it would have taken place in whatever part of the town she might have happened to walk alone.

It is not our intention, in following the count in his pursuit of Bertha, to detail minutely all the further conversations that took place between them; suffice it to say, they were such as have passed between others, similarly circumstanced, and will pass, again and again, while love true or false is made at the twilight hour, and young hearts yield because they are human, varied only by the relative position of the parties. The count never confided to Bertha his real name; he wooed her in his false one, as false as the honeyed words that fell from his lips when, at last, he breathed a passion that he only feigned. He told her that he was a gentleman of independent means, that he was heir to a goodly estate, the only truth that he did tell her, and which a letter in his possession addressed to him in his travelling name enabled him to confirm; he pleaded to her that youth, beauty, and intelligence was all he looked for in a wife; he enlarged on the luxury of travelling at ease and enjoying the gaiety of foreign capitals; above all, on the advantages of position. And then he spoke of his Italian home, and his estate where, when the gaieties of London and Paris cloyed, they would return, and, happy among their tenantry, enjoy the repose that the evening of life requires, and that the excitement of brilliant society makes so welcome and so acceptable—in short, he spread before her a most dazzling future.

It must not be supposed that this was the result of one or two meetings. Bertha had become fascinated with the count, and believed in his apparent disinterestedness. Was hers an isolated case? Unfortunately we need not turn to the pages of romance to find many similar ones. Her first false step had been in not trusting her mother with her secret, and now she feared to do so. Scores of times she prayed that he would soon leave her and go—but still she met him; she doubted, sometimes, but yet she listened. She had allowed him to love her, and now would she cast him off? This was his constant plea. Would he make a formal demand of her hand of her parents? Yes, if she wished it; but there was a fearful bar to the probability of their giving their consent. Why had he not thought of that before? But love laughs at such trifles. Bertha and her parents were Protestants; he, an Italian, was Roman Catholic. Could they not be married first in his church, and then according to the rites of her religion? Her

parents would forgive what was inevitable, and she would be the means of making them rich and happy. No! it could never be—she could not marry without the consent of her parents. Then he would demand her of them; but he knew the result, a refusal; and then she would be forced to marry one of those detested suitors who had already demanded her hand of them; he had wormed this secret out of Bertha during one of their evening walks. She admitted it—no! their meetings must be kept secret from her parents, and they must part. Then it was that the practised skill of the count came into full play; he ceased to urge her; he assumed to be wretched and dejected; he spoke only of his own misery—of the impossibility of living without her; he hinted at suicide; he would go as he came, without one being in the world to live or care for him, lonely wanderer as he was—he with wealth and power at his command, so worthless to him, unless she would consent to share them.

As time rolled on, the count began to get impatient of delay; he was living at an expensive hotel, and no opportunity had been afforded him of replenishing his purse to any extent. He must make a last effort, or be content to give up his prize. Latterly he had really become fond of Bertha, and had she been an heiress, moving in society that would have been useful to him, he would have proposed formally for her hand, and not have dreamt of persuading her to fly with him before the marriage ceremony was performed, as he seriously assured her it should be in the first town they arrived at, when they were safe from pursuit, and not likely to meet any obstacle to their union. The marriage he proposed was a Roman Catholic one; he knew, however, that such a marriage, unless the ceremony was repeated according to the forms of her own religion, would not be considered a legal one, but he endeavoured to persuade her that it was, and to act under an impression that he knew to be false; his criminality would, therefore, be the greater, or, rather, his only would be the crime, for it made a mockery of a religious ceremony, and imperilled the fame of a woman who, by insisting on a marriage at all, took the only means at her command to preserve her honour unblemished. The second marriage he was resolved never should take place, and he could easily demand a separation from her if the time should ever arrive to make it convenient or expedient. It was a cold-blooded and cruel calculation to make, but we are speaking of a cruel and heartless man. True, Bertha, by conforming to the religion of her husband before marriage, would render the second ceremony unnecessary; but it was not his policy to endeavour to convert her, and the abjuring of her religion after marriage would not render the ceremony any more binding.

It may be necessary to remind the reader that to Bertha he was simply Signor Basil Monti. Such was the name of his maiden aunts, and as their estate was well known on the Continent, it had often served him in the place of a legitimate introduction.

It was nearly a month after the first meeting of the count and Bertha in the gardens that the latter consented to meet him yet once again—an interview which she had assured him must be their last.

The position in which Bertha found herself placed had so worked upon her mind, that she had become nervous and excited, and she had already aroused the apprehensions of her mother. That something was going wrong the good woman felt assured—what, she could not tell; but as all her questions and cross-questions seemed to excite her daughter more and more, she ceased to harass her, but she determined to watch her closely. This Bertha perceived; it was impossible that this could go on much longer and her secret remain undiscovered; she dared not venture out night after night, as she had done at first, and had made several appointments with the count which she failed to fulfil. An excuse to get out was now necessary, at least she thought it expedient to make one, though it was never necessary when her conscience told her she was free to come and go just as she listed. Yes! she was resolved at last that she would end it.

It was late before Bertha could get out. She had some work to finish. How she hated and despised that work now! At last the task was accomplished, and the work had to be taken home. Bertha needed no excuse for getting out, for she must take it. If he should see her trailing along with a milliner's basket? What degradation! She was almost glad that the twilight was beginning to fall, though she knew that she had kept him waiting. Very timidly did she peer down the street to see that no one was watching. Then she hurried to one of the houses in the square, where she left the work, and the basket to be sent for in the morning. She who at a word might have riches showered into her lap.

With trembling steps Bertha hurried to the place of meeting; she crossed the square, threaded the avenues leading to the university, and turned down the path that led to the river. It was nearly a quarter of a mile beyond that she had promised to meet the count, very near the outskirts of the town.

He was there, waiting for her; walking to and fro with an impatient step.

"Bertha, my beloved, I thought you were never coming," said the count, very sadly.

"You must not address me so, nor must I call you Basil any more. It must be our farewell meeting."

This she said as calmly as she could, but her tears almost choked her utterance.

"Bertha, Bertha, do not deprive me of all hope. I am here to make you my wife, or you are here to——"

The count paused, and took from his pocket a small mahogany case; this he opened, and in the light of the full moon, which had now arisen clear and bright over the flowing Rhine, there glittered two small barrels of blue steel. One of these he took in his right hand, and returned the case into his pocket.

"Basil, Basil!" cried the affrighted girl, "what does this mean?"

"Not in your sight, Bertha, be assured of that. I will not even accuse you of driving me to it. But if this must be our last meeting, what have I to live for?"

The count saw the impression he had made in the look of horror with which Bertha regarded his display of the instrument of destruction. If she had only known his coward heart, she might have smiled at his menace, and left him with perfect safety. His hot Italian blood once aroused, he might have used the instrument on another in the heat of passion, regardless of the consequences, but on himself, never.

"Basil, this is cruel. You know, were I your wife, you could never take me into the society of your equals. My humble station would be mocked by your fine relations and friends, and then I should become a burden to you, and you would despise me."

"Bertha! can you love me and say this? In London, Paris, everywhere, you would shine as my equal; the wife of——" He had almost committed himself and said a count, but he concluded: "The wife of any man takes rank from her husband, and with your talents, you were born to adorn any station."

"I hear your flattery, Basil, but it can never be. I would never consent to go from my parents' roof, unless——"

"Unless, Bertha! unless? Then you give me hope?"

"No; I can give you no hope—unless I were the wife of the man I went away with."

"Joy, Bertha, joy! You give me life—you give me happiness—you give me hope."

"Basil!"

"Listen. You know, Bertha, that a marriage by a priest of my own persuasion is binding upon me. You know, too, a marriage in a Roman Catholic place of worship is impossible here, for it could not take place secretly. I have told you that a marriage by one of our own priests, anywhere, is still a marriage. I have found a priest who is willing to unite us, and in a sacred edifice.

Amid the ruins of the old convent, not far from hence, there is a chapel, dilapidated, but still standing, with its walls and altar perfect. The wreaths that nature has formed have supplanted those cut by the sculptor's hand, and for the fretted roof it has nothing but the broad blue sky, but still it is a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, whom I worship. There, Bertha, we will breathe our nuptial vow to-morrow morning in the sight of Heaven and in the presence of the holy father, who will attest our union. An hour after daybreak he shall be there."

"Basil! this priest—has he the power?"

"Yes, dearest, full power; he shall tell you so himself. You can question him. He shall give you a certificate under his hand that the ceremony has been performed. You will be my wife, and far from hence you will adorn the station for which nature has fitted you, and where your beauty will not be wasted on a few lowly admirers."

"But my parents," again pleaded Bertha.

The count saw that she was beginning to give way.

"This is folly, dearest Bertha," he said, reproachfully. "Have they not suggested that the time has come that you should think of leaving them?"

"Yes! my mother has. But I know not what to think."

"Think only, dearest, that it is a dream come true. A singular fatality has thrown us together. I, a wanderer for so many years, never to have found an object worthy of my love till now. Oh! say not it is chance, Bertha; it is fate that links us together. Why should we endeavour to shun what we could not avoid?"

The count had found out another phase of Bertha's character, that she shared much of the superstition so inherent in her brother's disposition.

"Oh! it is such a perilous step, Basil. If I should be tempted to take it, and if you should hereafter give me cause to regret it; if for you I should leave father, mother, all, and you should not give me your whole, your lifelong love, a curse would fall on you. I feel it, and through me—— No! even now we had better part."

She said all this with a solemn energy that would have startled an ordinary libertine, and have turned him from his purpose, but the count really intended introducing Bertha into society as his wife, though it might be necessary for him to repudiate the marriage in the event of a really wealthy one presenting itself.

"In either case," he reasoned with himself, "her worldly position will be advanced, for I shall take care to provide for her, come what may."

Considering the very precarious means by which the count had

to provide for his own extravagancies, this was a very jesuitical reasoning, and he had often broken promises even more solemnly made; but the contemplation of a crime is generally accompanied by some thought that seems to justify, or at least to mitigate it.

"Bertha," he said, "may that time never come."

"You say so now."

"And you, Bertha, do you not say so. Do you wish me to forget you?"

"Yes, if you will but leave me."

"Ah! and you, then, will endeavour to forget me?"

"Oh! no, no, Basil. I will never forget you. I will pray for you—I will think of you as a dear friend, lost to me for ever."

"And you will love me still?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then, Bertha, dearest Bertha, we will not part."

Bertha instantly detected that she had betrayed her real feelings to Basil; she turned very faint, and stretched out her hands as if in search of something to support her. The count observed that she was falling; the next moment his strong arm supported her by the waist, and he pressed her, panting, to his bosom.

Not the next morning, nor the next; she must have some little time to collect her thoughts, to think of something to lull the suspicions of her parents. Heaven forgive her if she was doing wrong, but on the third she would meet him in the ruined convent. This on his sacred promise that the priest should be there to unite them, and that a marriage in the open day, in a Protestant church, should take place between them, binding her in her conscience as firmly as he told her that Roman Catholic marriage would bind him. All this the count assured her of; he was impatient of the delay that she proposed, but he would yield it to her love, to her entreaties, and in proof of his sincerity.

All this passed between them as they retraced their steps—when they parted where the more public streets rendered it imprudent for them to be seen together, the fatal promise had been given, and Bertha returned to her father's house the betrothed of a stranger to his hearth, of a man who had come to her like a shadow in a dream, whose antecedents were a mystery to her, and who would lead her forth into lands unknown to her, amid people whose ways were strange to her, and to whom, alone in the wide world, she would henceforth look for support, for comfort, and protection.

Unlike most young women of her own age, Bertha had no confidante—she had never spoken of her former suitors, such as they were, to any besides her brother, and now, where was he? They had not yet heard from him—he was lingering somewhere on his

lonely journey; but even had he been at home to advise her, this was a secret she would hardly have dared to intrust him with—only, if Leopold had been with her, Basil might not in the first instance have accosted her.

More nervous and agitated than before, in spite of her endeavours to keep calmer, Bertha, the next morning, felt her spirits giving way, and her appetite failing her; this was the re-action consequent on the strong excitement of the previous evening.

"This will never do, Bertha," said her mother. "What is the matter, my child?"

"Nothing, mother—a headache—I shall soon get over it."

"Perhaps it is the work, Bertha; you want rest, a change of scene would be good for you."

"Yes," said Bertha, briefly, for want of a better answer.

"I have been thinking it over," replied the Frau Sternemberg; "would you like to go to Dentz for a few weeks? Your Aunt Zimmerman would be very happy to receive you. The steam-boat for Cologne passes every evening, and it would not be a long nor an expensive journey."

"I should like it, mother," said Bertha.

She hoped from this to obtain the opportunity for which she was watching, but it was another journey that she was thinking of.

"Very well, Bertha, when could you be ready? I can spare you now, for we are not likely to be very busy. You can go to-morrow if you like."

"Not to-morrow, mother, I could not get ready; but the next day."

"Yes, that will be better; I can then write to your aunt to-day, and she will send some one down to the bridge to meet you."

Dentz is a small town situated opposite to Cologne, by which it is connected by the far-famed bridge of boats which crosses the Rhine, and is said to exceed thirteen hundred feet in length; it is floated out in the centre to allow the steam-boats and other craft to navigate the river.

"You can trust me away from you, mother?" said Bertha, a strange infatuation causing her to hover about the very brink of her secret.

"Away from me!" exclaimed her mother, bustling about, now that it was settled that Bertha was to take her holiday; "if you had taken my advice, you would have married and settled away from us long before this. I was, long before I was your age."

Wonderfully in harmony was this with Bertha's thoughts at the moment; it almost served her as a pretext, an excuse, for the imprudence she was about to commit.

"All in good time, mother," she replied, with a very faint smile.

"I shall run away from you some day, and when I come back and ask your forgiveness, you'll forgive me, mother, won't you?"

Bertha was approaching very near the edge of her precipice—a more far-seeing woman than the simple Frau Sternemberg would have divined her meaning; she replied only:

"I don't see the necessity of any running away, Bertha; you have only to hold up your finger and may choose a husband from half a dozen that I know of."

"No," said Bertha to herself, "I must not, I cannot trust my mother."

The day passed much as the others had done lately, and so did the next, only Bertha appeared very thoughtful. The necessity of packing her boxes gave her an excuse for keeping as much as possible from under her mother's eye.

At length the third morning broke pale and grey, and Bertha, muffled in her veil, stole from her room and went out into the quiet street before any of the household were about. She must make some excuse for her morning walk; she knew not what at present. Perhaps, even at the last hour, Basil would give her back her promise, and then she would make a full confession of her undutiful conduct, secure of forgiveness from her indulgent parents.

The mists were still hanging over the surface of the Rhine as she bent her solitary way to the ruined convent; not a soul was about; not a boat yet disturbed the ripples of the shrouded river; here and there, in thin wreaths, the mist had begun to curl, looking like ghosts vanishing at the break of day, returning to their haunted halls and melting gradually in the morning air.

As Bertha approached, with faltering steps, nearer to the ruin, she recognised Basil. He wore his long travelling-cloak and his cap, and, as he stood upon a broken column, watching for her approach, he looked, in the grey light, like some evil spirit of the Rhine awaiting its victim.

As Bertha got nearer he leaped from his elevated position and hastened towards her.

"Dearest Bertha——"

"The priest, Basil—the priest!" she gasped, interrupting his first words; "he is not here, then?"

"Yes, Bertha, he is here, a priest of the holy order of Jesus, an Italian who speaks German, but not fluently. I will lead you to him. Question him, dearest. I have not deceived you."

The count led Bertha through the interior of the ruin into the little chapel. Standing before what was once the altar, but which was now only a shapeless mass of crumbling masonry, the outline clearly defined, but all the tracery long since obliterated, stood a short man of sinister aspect, enveloped, like the count, in a long cloak.

Leading Bertha towards him, the count said:

"Father, the maiden to whom I am betrothed; she wishes to converse with you for a few moments before sacrament of marriage is taken by us."

The count then retired for a few paces, leaving Bertha with the priest.

It may be necessary to inform some of our readers that the marriage ceremony is regarded as one of the sacraments in the Romish Church.

"Speak, maiden," said the priest; "speak, and fear not."

"Pardon me, reverend father," said Bertha, "but a maiden's fame is too dear to her to throw it recklessly away, but I wished to know if you really are——"

"Do you doubt, then, the fidelity of your lover?" said he, interrupting her.

"No, no, but I risk so much; if you are really a priest, I appeal to you to know if I may take this step with safety?"

"My daughter, I understand your caution," replied the Jesuit, "and I applaud it. The garb of the priest is not assumed like the disguise of a gallant at the carnival."

He threw off his cloak and discovered the ordinary dress of a priest, not the vestments, but the cassock and the narrow neck-band worn in public by the Catholic priests in most countries.

"And in this place," asked Bertha, tremblingly, "no longer devoted to public worship, is it here that the ceremony may be truly performed?"

"My daughter," returned the Jesuit, solemnly, "wherever the priest chooses to plant the symbol of his Church there is the altar. Our Church is universal, its power extends to the far ends of the globe, even to the backwoods of the Far West, wherever man has penetrated or may penetrate, there will they be set up. Ruin may fall upon its ancient shrines as upon this, but the spirits of the saints still guard them. Consecrated to the blessed Virgin it is beyond the power of man to make this shrine unholy. Behold, I restore to it the emblem before which thousands have knelt within its sacred walls."

The Jesuit took from his pocket a small ivory crucifix, which he placed horizontally upon the stone slab that had probably been an altar-table, and knelt before it.

Bertha turned round as if looking for Basil. Following the example of the priest, he was already on his knees.

She could no longer doubt.

"You love this man?" asked the priest, who rose after having muttered a short prayer.

Bertha bent her eyes to the ground..

"And would follow him wherever he would lead you?"

"No, reverend father, I would leave him even now for ever, unless"—and her face deepened with a crimson blush—"unless I can go forth with him as my husband."

"Daughter, thou knowest not thy strength nor thy weakness; flesh is frail, human passions are strong. It is to prevent the possibility of this crime that I have consented to unite you."

The Jesuit said nothing of that other inducement that the count had found to reconcile his conscience. He had known him years ago in Rome, had recognised him among the strangers at Bonn, only a few days before, and then only he conceived the idea of blinding Bertha by a partial marriage.

That the Jesuit saw through him there can be but little doubt, for he put to Bertha no test of her religious faith; he had received the assurance of the count that it corresponded with his own, and that was enough for him if he should ever be called upon to answer for his act to his superiors.

The Jesuit made a sign to the count to approach; bidding both kneel down, he then recited some prayers in Latin, which Bertha could not comprehend. When the ceremony, which he read from a small pocket ritual, was concluded, he blessed them and extended the crucifix towards them. Then taking from his pocket a pen and ink-horn and a slip of paper, he wrote what purported to be a certificate of the marriage, which Bertha and Basil signed and he countersigned. This he gave to Bertha, and then resumed his cloak.

"Farewell," he said, extending his hand to Bertha; "remember the vow you have taken. Pray to the blessed Virgin to keep you a true and faithful daughter of the holy Church. May all good saints watch over and protect you!"

Bertha shuddered.

"Had she, then, in taking these vows in a language which was strange to her, done that which might be construed into the changing of the faith in which she was reared?"

She turned to Basil imploringly.

"What does he mean, Basil?"

"Fear not, dearest Bertha, dearest wife," he said; "these priests, they scruple at no means to frighten the timid to become converts to their faith. I question not your belief. You have said nothing to make him think——"

"Oh no, no, death rather than that!" she said, interrupting him.

But the words of the priest, who had meanwhile silently departed, sunk deep into her soul.

The morning was now breaking fully, and it was necessary that they should part. Bertha intrusted to Basil the plan that had so opportunely presented itself for her escape and left him, entreating

him not to follow her, but to remain where he was until there was no chance of their being seen in sight of each other by any one passing along the path or on the river.

When Bertha reached home one of Sternemberg's journeymen was taking down the shutters, and her mother was already in the parlour fidgeting about.

"What a fright you have given me, Bertha," said the latter. "Where have you been, child?"

"For a walk, mother," replied Bertha, sitting down to recover her breath.

"For a walk!—at this hour! After what you said yesterday, I thought you had run away in real earnest. Where have you been, child?"

"I have been," said Bertha—she had not yet been able to form the excuse in her mind—"I have been to the ruins of the old convent."

"And pray what took you there at this hour?"

"I wished to see it again, mother. You know it is the ruin Leopold was so fond of sketching."

"As if the ruin was likely to run away," said the matter-of-fact dame. "What could have put that into your head?"

"I thought that, as I am going away—I thought that, perhaps, I might never see it again."

"I really think the girl is bewitched. There, don't cry; go and take your things off. I hope your walk has given you an appetite for your breakfast, for you have not eaten much lately."

Hain Sternemberg, who was not habitually an early riser, now entered the parlour. Bertha was therefore spared further questioning, and the three sat down to breakfast.

It was with an almost superhuman effort that Bertha managed to control herself—she felt that she should like to utter a loud scream—to dash some heavy article from the breakfast-table through the looking-glass—to do anything unreasonable or extravagant to give her pent-up feelings relief—she, with that great secret upon her, with no one to impart it to, no one to confide in.

She scarcely touched her breakfast—she could not swallow; she felt choking; she could barely raise with her trembling hands a cup of coffee to her lips.

"Go to your room, child, and lie down," said her mother, in answer to her beseeching looks, "or you will not have strength enough left for your journey."

Glad to escape at any risk, Bertha rose from the breakfast-table and left the room.

"It is a good thing she is going," said the Frau Sternemberg to her husband. "It is the work that has done it. Bertha is far from strong. I hope this holiday will do her good."

As the day wore on, Bertha felt the necessity of making an effort. She came down calmer, but very pale. This her mother only attributed to her loss of appetite.

At last the hour came when the steam-boat was expected to pass. Bertha's luggage was wheeled to the landing-place by one of the assistants, and her father accompanied her to the wharf to see her off.

When Bertha parted from her mother she fell upon her bosom, and felt that even her sobs and tears were a relief. The good creature would have sobbed and wept too, had she thought that that parting might be for ever.

The last bell was being rung upon the steam-boat when a porter from one of the hotels came hastily on, wheeling on a hand-truck a quantity of luggage.

He was followed by a passenger in a long cloak, whose fur cap almost concealed his features. In another moment the luggage and the passenger were on board, the hawsers were drawn in, and the boat, gaining the centre of the stream, glided rapidly on.

The honest tailor remained on the wharf, waving his handkerchief until it was out of sight, but he failed to observe any parting signal waved to him in return.

THE FRENCH OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

[Among the dead, after the sanguinary battle of Woerth, a French captain was found with a letter crisped up in his hand; it was from his little daughter, a child; it expressed deep affection, and great sorrow at his absence, and hoped that he would soon return and embrace her, and console her mother.]

HE held it in his hand;
For he had plucked it from his bleeding breast,
As dying on the crimson field he lay,
And the small missive to his lips he pressed,
Calling up thoughts of dear ones far away.

He held it in his hand;
And though the fight raged on—a tumult dire—
The rush of squadrons—volleys—shouts and cries,
The boom of cannon, whizzing balls, and fire,
Still on that paper fixed his glazing eyes.

He held it in his hand;
His child's fond letter from her distant home;
It breathed of warm remembrance, purest love,
And grief that asked him back—up yon blue dome,
There only should they meet—in lands above.

He held it in his hand;
Blood flowed from mortal wounds—he felt them not;
Thought from that field of horror flew away;
He saw a tranquil picture—one dear spot,
And his unconscious child at blithesome play.

It trembled in his hand;
She too was there, his young, loved, faithful wife,
Who sent him forth to glory, hoping soon
To hail him back, victorious from the strife—
Alas! how all was changed in one brief moon!

It trembled in his hand;
He saw no ghastly heaps of dead around,
But only those loved forms; the cannon's roar
Was lost in their dear voices' gentle sound,
And in sweet thought he clasped them both once more.

He crushed it in his hand;
The brave who faced stern death; who shook his sword
In danger's crimson front, and mocked at fears,
That vision all unnerved; the blood which poured
Down his scarr'd cheeks, was mingled now with tears.

His hand sank slowly down;
He felt his end approaching; France! loved France!
But what to him lost glory that sad hour?
He saw a small, sweet face, a sunny glance—
Farewell, poor innocent!—his pearl, his flower!

He grasped it feebly now;
Sinking upon his elbow, low, more low,
Death came in faintness; now he smiled, then sighed:
"Heaven shield the fatherless, and soothe her woe!"
Once more he fondly kissed it—kissed, and died.

VALE AND CITY.

XXXV.

The Vale.

I HAVE received your three letters, my dear friend, and after each reached me I was glad that I had not replied to that which had preceded it, as I felt that there was nothing on the horizon around my tree worth commenting on to you—worth offering to your thoughts in the midst of your old and new ideas on German matters. As to those about Prussia, I must say that I hold much more with Alfieri's detestation of its military despotism than with your new friend Mr. W.'s high estimate of its destiny. Its system of education may be good, but even with that it can only make a people of able soldiers, trained into a servile obedience, that will undoubtedly fit them to grasp and retain provinces and lands lying near them, suited for the enlarging and rounding off their bounds, nothing more, and the social state wants something more in the times in which we live.

Stupidity and ignorance are fatal things to any people, but more than they is blind obedience. The obedience of man to the priest cramps the moral nature and limits the social affections. The obedience of the soldier to his commander must be that of a machine. If it be that of a reasoning man, it is of one whose training has made him, under the rude dogma, obey or die! has made him able to set at nought both his moral nature and his social affections. Of course I do not include in this idea of the soldier him who untrained becomes one voluntarily when his country is in danger. It is his moral nature and his social affections that rouse him to fight. A moment may, however, come in the life of a nation, when the trained soldier may be inspired by the generous passions of the volunteer. Even such an inspiration did once stir the Prussian army, framed as it was by the cunning and energy of a subtle despot, to be simply a machine in his hands and those of his successors. The ultimate result of that impulse in 1813 was by no means favourable to the development of free institutions in Prussia. Can it be that another impulse of the same kind would be more favourable to them? Your friend Mr. W. will say that it would be so. In that I cannot agree.

If instead of all that he expects from Prussia, he should find that the military tyranny which is educating her unfits for any development but that of a military power, let him not be disappointed. And be not you disappointed if what used to be said, that the

empire of the land was given to France, prove fallacious too. This rising power, which is admired by many, I know, may grasp it. And what, too, if the empire of the sea pass from England to a descendant of hers on the other side the Atlantic, who has two oceans under her control? Well! this is looking too far forward, and we can hardly make ourselves satisfied to anticipate such a thing. Yet we might be contented even to believe in it, it seems to me, if we could also believe that we were destined to have instead of it that empire of the air—of the soul, the intellect—to which the Germans once aspired. If that empire of the mind were a true and real sovereignty, it might console us for many losses of another kind. But to make it such, we should have to fall back on what we were some centuries ago, not found our sway on what we are now. Diffusion of our language and community of thought will not suffice for that, although one tongue and one mind spread from these islands over the great northern continent of America, the newer world of Australia, and a regenerated India.

What do you think of this empire for us? Do you think it possible? We have a language that makes it so in one point of view—that of its ruling through the power of expressing the thoughts of the free. Even a great German philologist has acknowledged that its directness and simplicity fit it, more than any modern tongue, for this purpose. Thus might those thoughts not permitted to be entertained by the speakers of other tongues penetrate in this time of reading, of travelling, and of trading, even within the bounds of Russia—pierce even through the circle of iron within which Prussia means to form her own ideal of the citizen; that is, the obedient soldier. Let us, then, hope that, with other aid to boot, the independence of England's descendants in the West destine for her language a more extensive and a more lasting dominion than the conquests of Alexander effected for that of Greece in the East.

And now I turn to what you say of Herder and Montaigne, that they are not writers for women. I acknowledge at once that there are many writers who are not women's authors, because to consider for whom they wrote never entered into their minds. They were men writing the thoughts of men as they would have spoken them to men. But would they have so spoken in the society of women? Certainly not. This decides the question on your side, that there are books more fitted for men's reading than for women's. How are we to rectify this matter? for you seem to infer that it needs some rectification. I am sure I cannot tell how it can be done in these days of universal reading, when every woman can read any book she pleases. There is this, however, to be said, that the entirely masculine books are essentially books of truth, of strength,

of wit. They could have no attraction for the very young—none for the loose, vapid mind, seeking a downward course for itself. Such a course is found by all who seek it much more easily without books than with them. For one woman whom a book has corrupted—if there be one such—ten thousand have been corrupted by the vanities of dress.

But I fancy I hear you say now, "Oh, then, the masculine books are for old women!" No; I do not admit this if there be evil in them. Evil would be a more serious matter to those on the verge of the tomb than to those who had the prospect of correcting their errors by the teachings of life. Being convinced that there is no sex in intellect, none in morals, and doubting the expediency of keeping an index of male and female reading, I confess that I have nothing to suggest further on the curious subject you started apropos of Herder.

You ask, can summer and fine weather not tempt me away from my tree? Autumn and fine weather and children have done so. Although under my tree I have pleasant memories of favourite books and of your society, it is at times too sadly haunted by thoughts of the aged, the suffering, the dead. With the wood, which you know is near this, no remembrances of that kind are connected; the young have filled it for me with gay and happy anticipations, and there the past was never present. What a delightful afternoon we had nutting last week! We envied you not the Thuringian woods, the Black Forest, nor aught that you can see in Germany. Our day was perfect. The sky, of a deep clear blue, seemed to shine with unusual lustre between the branches over our heads; and now and then, when we came to a more open path or to a glade, we saw it varied by a great cloud of snowy whiteness sweeping majestically on. All was beauty above and below to me, yet I am sure the joyous youngsters thought little of any delight connected with the place except that of filling their baskets with nuts.

You never discovered that there is an Arcadia near me? No, nor have I either made that discovery. Yet, although there was but one Arcadia in the history of the world, and Greece alone possessed it, it is certain that with a little more simplicity of taste, and something more of facile arrangement in our homes, we might contrive to leave with children the remembrance of an Arcadia of their own.

I do not fear your finding any semblance of an Arcadia in Germany that can tempt you to remain there. Having said so much, I just add that after autumn comes winter, and that you will do well to take refuge soon at my fireside. Till then, adieu!

XXXVI.

The City, Cassel.

I MIGHT find many things in your last letter, my dear friend, worthy of comment and of long discussion, but I am disposed to begin this letter by a remark on that with which you conclude. You say you do not expect me to find an Arcadia in any German forest, and seem to suggest that after summer and fine weather abroad, it would be as well for me to try winter and good fires at home. At home with you? Yes, my thoughts turn quite in that direction, and I am glad that some unexpressed sympathy guided yours to meet them. It is time to bring my roving to an end—and I shall end it—"until the next time," you will say, and I do not contradict you. We are proceeding from this place to Bonn; there the N.'s will remain for the education of their children, and I shall go on to England. Having said so much I shall leave discussions until we meet, and shall tell you of our movements since I last wrote.

We went from Weimar to Eisenach, a town that once gave shelter to Luther in his youth, and that now shelters an unfortunate princess who seemed destined to be the queen of a great people—I mean, the widowed Duchess of Orleans. Here she and her two young sons found an asylum after the events of '48 in Paris. A gentleman of the neighbourhood spoke to us in the highest terms of the royal exiles, and of the excellent education which is being given to the two young princes. Well, the little, dull, formal German town seemed to me a dreary place for her and them, and if I scorn most of those whom France took back after her last revolution, I heartily pity the mother and the two children whom she expelled. Will the day ever come when they may be received back by their country? Who can tell? But it seems at this moment scarcely probable.

We heard from another person that of late the duchess has lived in some fear of assassination. This became known to him in a singular way. He had presented himself at her residence to beg the favour of being allowed to exhibit to the two young princes some invention, or some curiosity, I know not what, and found himself subjected in the ante-chamber to a long scrutiny by several persons, who came and went successively, some questioning him in one fashion, some in another. At first, this was rather disagreeable, but the cause of it beginning to dawn on him, he became amused by it, and showed so frank and easy a manner that he disarmed suspicion, and was admitted to the presence of the duchess.

There are, no doubt, two persons whose name, position, and high

character, made them objects of dislike—it may be of fear—to the present unscrupulous ruler of France, these are the mother of the Comte de Paris, and General Cavaignac. Both these persons are guided by a sense of duty and honour that seems absolutely unknown to a Bonaparte sovereign. The princess, true to the simple duties of a mother; the general, true to his duties as a republican soldier—are distasteful to the third Napoleon, we are sure; but though he is capable of any kind of criminal act against the liberties of a people, is he capable of ordering an assassination? That is a question for those casuists who have made the larger crime more venial than the smaller.

Of course, that which interested us in Eisenach was not what is in any way connected with personages of the present time, but with those of the past. The Castle of Wartburg, in its neighbourhood, was the cause of our visiting the town. The personages, then, of the past who had some attraction for us, in the first instance, are, I must acknowledge, of very shadowy existence to us—these were the *minnesingers* of ancient days. Here in this castle is a grand hall, in process of restoration to its old state, in which were held solemn meetings for contests of music and poetry. The victor in them won, with whatever other prize was given him, some noble lady's love, and sung himself and her into great fame afterwards. Even seeing the castle to which the minstrels came from all points of German land, and the hall that had echoed to their strains, did not make them live again for us. Our practical ideas about such persons have, in becoming poetical, crystallised themselves into a King Alfred, disguised and playing on his harp among the Danes. Or in the form of the Welsh bard hurling his anathema against King Edward, of

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!

Or of Walter Scott's Minstrel, to whom

The way was long, the night was cold.

All these are such definite forms to us, that the crowd of *minnesingers* were in our fancy but the misty ghosts of Ossian.

But the Wartburg does bring back to memory in the living flesh and blood a man who can never be a *mere ghost*, though he has been dead three centuries—this is Martin Luther. He is not dead—he cannot die—for all his work is far from being yet accomplished in Germany, or in Europe. To the Wartburg he was carried when he was made in a friendly way prisoner by the Elector of Saxony. In the room in which he lived for nearly twelve months it required no effort of imagination to picture him occupied on his translation of the Bible, or to see him in moments

of weariness standing at its window to refresh his mind by a look on the wooded hills below and around the height on which the castle stands. It is true there is neither dignity, nor grace, nor beauty in the man as he lets his eyes wander over God's fair work beyond this forced abode of his, or as he turns sturdily again to his own great work in that abode, but there are courage and honesty in his look commending him to the regard of the true-hearted, the single-minded, who call up the remembrance of what he did and what he was. He, alone and unaided in the Wartburg, was forming in the Book, to be ever after open to all men, the instrument by which was to be overthrown one of the greatest tyrannies the world has ever seen. We left Eisenach, then, with our minds full of Luther's work accomplished, and yet to be accomplished. We forgot the exiles sent to it by new revolutions, in our thoughts of the great old revolution—the Reformation.

And now I come to the place from which my letter is dated—Cassel. If ever there were a place that had attained to that which is called by many the best results of civilisation, that is, the having large palaces for its rulers, theatres, museums, picture galleries, libraries, buildings for statues, fine gardens, and parks—if ever there were a place that had all these, and whilst making them had buried them in the slough of its own history, that place is Cassel. When one hears that its present ruler insists on retaining the title of Elector, and learns from some of the inhabitants of the town what his character is, one cannot but recal those years of the last century when such a man as this had the power of selling his Hessians for so many millions of pounds sterling to England to help in fighting her battles. And then the money obtained by the sale of this wretched soldiery was spent on the construction of one of the worst specimens of bad taste and extravagance that the world has seen since the building of Versailles. Truly le Grand Monarque had much to answer for in inspiring all the petty and vulgar sovereigns of the Germany of his day with the ambition to imitate in their fashion his stately follies. The large château of Wilhelmshöhe, near this town, is one of the most remarkable of these blundering imitations. There utter tastelessness and utter recklessness of expense went as far as they could go hand in hand. The stone and brick and carved records of the first could not be obliterated—the records of the second could; and it was thought best that they should vanish from all men's eyes—the accounts of the costs were burnt.

A man of a race very foreign to Germany, Jerome Bonaparte, was once thrust, with the title of King of Westphalia, into possession of these châteaux, and goods and chattels of the Electors of Hesse, where he disported himself for a time, much to his own

satisfaction no doubt. It is certain, however, that he left nothing testifying either to greater refinement of taste or to better notions of governing than the German rulers preceding him had done. Now all is, from what I can learn, about as bad as it can be.

Address your next letter to Bonn, and if you have anything more to say on that realm of the air which you would give to English thought, say it fearlessly. Yet I am sure that even in our letters, mere feminine letters as they are, many a thought has been expressed which would cause them to be kept back by the Prussian police—if they could read and understand our words. Can it be that the literary men, the great thinkers of Germany, are afraid to express in letters of friendship all that they feel on political matters and their estimate of sovereigns and public men? Or that if they do write their real sentiments, it is under the strict seal of secrecy? I fear it is so, from something that transpired once respecting one of the greatest philosophers of the day. What should I have to tell you were I to penetrate into Russia? Nothing certainly worse than the police system, the espionage, and the heavy drain on the nation of the military organisation of Prussia at this time. Again, nothing worse than the police system in France, the espionage, and the heavy drain on the nation of an outlay by its government on things of mere show and luxury that tend only to vicious indulgences and to the degradation of the people.

Having learnt so much, it is time for me to return to England, where if I can find anything to say in praise of Russia we will discuss it. *Au revoir!*

BRADY'S FOUR ACRES OF BOG.

BY FELIX M'CABE.

VI.

WHO SHALL BE INVITED TO KENNEDY'S BALL?

MR. WILLIAM KENNEDY has for many years practised as an attorney in Carra, Ballydy, and the surrounding district; he is Mr. Phillips's legal adviser, and is known all over the country by the sobriquet of "honest Billy." It was said his father came to the district at a time when the only attorney there had little or nothing to do, and, strange to say, in the course of twelve months

he managed to have half the barony at loggerheads. His son, the present Mr. Kennedy, is not on good terms with his brother chip.

"Law, indeed; faith, he knows as much as would take a pig out of pound; hang me if he can manage that same even without consulting 'Blackstone.'"

Such is the character Mr. Kennedy gives his opponent Mr. Ray; he will tell you his own opinion has never been set aside, not even by the Lord Chancellor of England, and will give you to understand that that high functionary has erred in judgment on such and such a case.

"Bungled, my dear sir—bungled, I assure you. I say so, my dear sir, though his lordship is a personal friend of mine."

Mr. Kennedy was always fussy and important at the magistrates' court of Carra, and a great toady and button-holder at the Four Courts, Dublin; he would stop Mr. Abjon just as he was going in to address the jury on a very important case.

"How do you do, Mr. Abjon—how do you do, my dear sir? Sure to get a verdict; the jury can't help themselves; told Cowan if any man in the three kingdoms could do it, you would."

"Thank you, Mr. Kennedy; I will try," said the leading counsel, as he endeavoured to make his way into court.

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir, only two words," said the attorney, laying his hand on Mr. Abjon's shoulder.

"Pray, be quick," said Mr. Abjon, pulling out his watch; "if I am half a minute late the chief will be in a temper."

The attorney took very little notice of the words of the leading counsel, and, placing his hand on his arm, walked him across the body of the court, as he talked in a most confidential manner before several of his opponent's clients, who were looking on.

"You remember, Mr. Abjon, the case we were engaged in last spring? Why they want to tax my costs. A word from you, my dear sir, will set the matter all right. You know we small rustic fry require a helping hand now and then."

"I will see about it," said Mr. Abjon.

"Thank you, my dear sir; go in and win," said Mr. Kennedy, as the counsel vanished behind the screen which divided the court from the body of the hall.

As he told Mr. Abjon to go in and win, he spoke quite loud enough to be heard by some of the "Rayites," as Mr. Kennedy called those people who were so simple as to go to his opponent for legal advice. He then took out his pocket-book to make note of something, conjecturing at the same time that those Con-naught gentlemen would come to ask his opinion on the subject which they did immediately they saw him disengaged.

"Sure of a verdict, as certain as you stand there. First-class man is Abjon; always thought him so. No better equity lawyer anywhere; a self-made man, mind you. Knew him when he could not pay his tailor's bills. We are no worse friends for all that."

With all Mr. Kennedy's legal knowledge he was not capable of holding his own in the family circle. He would sometimes tell his worthy spouse not to talk such trash; and she very pertly would tell him to mind his own business. He educated his family very well, and was attached to his second daughter, Nora, who had just returned from Brussels, where, her mamma will tell you, she was to receive the final polish. It was in honour of Miss Nora that Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were to give the grand ball.

"You know, William," said Mrs. Kennedy, "we must send out cards."

"Botheration to it, woman! Do you think those gentlemen" (meaning the Aberdeen fusileers) "care anything about cards? Faith, they don't."

"Well, I know when my mother invited the officers, she always sent cards," said Mrs. Kennedy.

"Fudge," was the only reply which the attorney gave to the time-honoured customs of his mother-in-law.

He was so accustomed to hear every day what was done at Derry Grove by some member of the O'Malley family, that he long since ceased to look upon his connexion by marriage in any other light than the plague of his life.

"There is no use in arguing with women," Mr. Kennedy told his friends in public, "they never will listen to argument; and if you drive them into a corner in the witness-box, they let loose the flood-gates, and do you any amount of injury with the jury."

Mrs. Kennedy made another attack on her husband as to the propriety of sending out cards, until the matter was so compromised that Colonel and Mrs. Spankie, with one or two other guests, were to receive polite notes inviting them to the ball, and Mr. Kennedy was to go over to Carra and invite the officers in person; he was also to ask one or two farmers and a few small landholders, but no tradesmen, Mrs. Kennedy insisted.

"You know, dear, we could never think of asking the Coughlans, the Raleighs, or the Regans. How could we expect Colonel Spankie and the officers to meet those people? I don't want to say but they are respectable in their way," said Mrs. Kennedy, laying great stress on the latter part of her sentence, "but their way is not our way."

"I don't know," replied her husband, "the people you mention have been always good clients; 'tis true Colonel Spankie and the officers may not care to meet them, but that does not lessen them one jot in my estimation. Besides, there is no necessity for those gentlemen to know every one they meet in my house."

"Now, William," said Mrs. Kennedy, in a very decisive manner, "I have made up my mind on the matter. The girls and I have even been talking it over, and they quite agree with me that if we can't have the ball in our own way we won't have it at all."

"Very well, Ellen," replied Mr. Kennedy, "there is an end to the matter then."

Mrs. Kennedy knew that her husband was booked for a little time; he generally remained after dinner to enjoy his forty winks in the dining-room, but there was no such pleasure in store for him on this occasion. After a considerable pause in the conversation between the worthy couple, Mrs. Kennedy shed tears abundantly, as she thought over the prospects open to her girls; her own great efforts to get them suitably settled in life; and the manner in which her husband generally thwarted her projects.

"I made no objection," said the lady, "to your asking that young man Grimes—in fact, I yield to you in everything. I have been a dutiful wife to you for the last twenty-five years, but you are fast sending me to my grave with all the anxiety of my dear girls on my shoulders; and when an opportunity occurs for getting them settled in life, you immediately set your face against it. I should die quietly if I could see my dear girls settled, and perhaps when I am gone," said the lady, with a loud sob, "you will not find so good in my place."

"Now, Ellen," replied her husband, who could not manage as yet to enjoy even a half-wink out of the forty, "any of those tradesmen, as you are pleased to call them, have incomes varying from two hundred to four or five hundred a year; you acknowledge they have educated and brought up their families well; and now, in the name of Heaven, what more do you want?"

"I," replied Mrs. Kennedy, standing up and walking towards the table, "was educated in a different school, and was not brought up to be hail fellow well met with them or their families. You seem to forget that I am an O'Malley; and if I married you, sir, there is no reason why I should know your friends."

After these remarks on the part of his "*cara sposa*," Mr. Kennedy stood up from his easy-chair, thinking there was no chance of his enjoying his post-prandial nap, while he looked at his wife with a half-cynical smile on his countenance.

"You should have done like your sisters, Ellen, married some one great on paper, then no doubt you would have had every

opportunity of indulging your aristocratic tastes," said Mr. Kennedy, as he walked out of the room.

But the good lady was not to be put off in that manner. Her husband generally showed the white feather by running away, "but she would introduce the subject again where he could not run." Accordingly, the curtain lecture was introduced with such spirit, and continued so long, that the wily attorney was obliged to yield at discretion.

"For goodness sake have it any way you like, only let me sleep."

The great day of the ball at last arrived, everything was in confusion, the four young ladies were awake from daybreak, and up since five o'clock. Mrs. Kennedy was no less excited, thinking what she was to do "on every side," what she must say to Mrs. Spankie, how she must be on the qui vive so that her dear girls might enjoy themselves. Miss Nora was supposed to have made a conquest. Captain Loder had been so attentive to her since she came home that the fond mother already looked upon the gallant captain as a son-in-law. Several young ladies came early in the day to assist each other in dressing and talk over the officers. The eldest Miss Kennedy was an authority on the military; she knew how long they had been in Carra, the extent of their private means, if any, where they had been previously, and that all-important matter, if they were married or engaged.

In looking along the solitary road which leads from Ballydy to Carra, we may see an Irish car, almost white with dust, coming in the direction of Kennedy's house; the only occupant—if we except the driver, who sits quite unconscious of the white clouds, whistling "Nora Crena"—being a lady muffled on every side against the sharp breeze and dust.

"This is Miss Baker," said one of the young ladies who was looking out for visitors.

Miss Baker was anxiously expected by the Misses Kennedy, as well as by Mrs. Kennedy. She was to dress the former, while she brought some slight ornaments and artificial flowers for the latter. She was one of the few that received a polite note from Mrs. Kennedy, but Miss Baker's note contained a postscript, which gave her to understand that she must come. She had, like many others, got into the hands of William Kennedy, Esq., attorney-at-law, and, unfortunately, had not the means to get out of them.

"Oh! Miss Baker," said two or three, speaking together, "we are glad you have come."

"We thought," said Miss Kennedy, "you were not coming at all."

Poor Miss Baker was not allowed to shake the dust from her garments, before she was called from one room to another; she was obliged to give her opinion all round.

"You know, Miss Baker, we are so quiet here, we know nothing going on in the fashionable world," said one of the young ladies; "and we are so glad to get your opinion, the Limerick ladies are so remarkable for good taste."

"They are supposed to be very handsome, too," said another, joining in.

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Baker.

"Oh yes, they are, now," said Miss Kennedy; "and you are a very good specimen."

"Thank you. I don't know that you are quite serious; but some few years ago I might pass in a crowd," said Miss Baker, in her quiet, subdued tone of voice.

When Mrs. Kennedy heard that she was in the house, she sent Bridget, the servant, to request her attendance in the kitchen. She was to show cook how to make the "macaroni cheese," what she was to do with the "scolloped oysters," and to be contradicted by Mrs. Kennedy at every turn, who was but too willing to tell her that they managed things differently when she was a girl in Derry Grove.

Miss Baker listened with great composure to the sharp remarks of the hostess, and would not allow her usual calmness to desert her even when she was asked to assist cook, only to be told she knew nothing about cooking. Sharp remarks are nothing new to her now; every day is one of trouble and anxiety. Could her aristocratic sister, who was leading the fashion in Calcutta, see with what meekness and resignation she bore up against adverse fortune, would she believe it? Would her lady's maid bear with Mrs. Kennedy's remarks? And what had she done, the calm, lady-like little body, who was now making herself generally useful in the attorney's house, that her father should cut her off with a mere pittance, while her younger sisters should be abundantly provided for? She had changed one form of Christianity for another, and thought proper to till and cultivate the soul that was given to her in the manner that seemed best calculated to bring forth fruit. Acknowledging in common with her relatives that God was the Lord of Conscience, she refused to bow to their human judgment. For such a crime Miss Baker left her father's house to hew out for herself a position amid many difficulties, and opened a small school, by which she continued to live in a quiet and respectable manner, until she became Mr. Kennedy's client. From that day poor Miss Baker's real troubles commenced.

"Now, Miss Baker," said Mrs. Kennedy, "go up-stairs and see

that stupid girl knows what to do in the supper-room. I am afraid she has not yet a notion even how to lay the supper-table; and will you show Brady, the boy, what he is to do? We shall have him to wait at table instead of Dan Lanigan" (Dan Lanigan being the man of all work—groom, gardener, farm-servant, and veterinary quack, all rolled into one). "Lanigan is so rough, that I am afraid of my life he would say something to disgrace us before the colonel and his lady," said Mrs. Kennedy.

As Miss Baker left the kitchen to proceed to the supper-room, she met Mr. Kennedy crossing the hall.

"Now, then, little woman," said the attorney, "you here? I want to speak to you. Come in here," said Mr. Kennedy, opening the door of his office. "Sit down. I suppose you have brought me some money?" said he, as he folded his arms on the desk and looked directly at Miss Baker.

"No, Mr. Kennedy, I have not."

"What do you mean?"

"I promised to let you have some the latter part of next month, and I hope——"

"Don't talk to me of your hopes. You are always hoping," said the attorney, "and for the last twelve months you have only paid me ten pounds towards my account."

"Well, Mr. Kennedy," said Miss Baker, rather frightened at the sharp manner of her legal adviser, "I assure you candidly that the sum of ten pounds was even more than I could afford."

"Nonsense; you don't tell me that. I know better. Now, I tell you what it is," said Mr. Kennedy, as he pointed his index finger at Miss Baker, "you don't come the 'ould solger' over me. I am too old a bird to be taken on the wing in that manner. Mind you, I will take active measures, and that very soon. Mind, I tell you, that very soon."

Mr. Kennedy spoke so loud and in such a determined manner, that the little woman before him became terrified. He saw she was shedding tears, but there was no jury there now to take notice.

"What did he care about other people's feelings? They were nothing to him. Juries were all a parcel of fools to be influenced by handsome women in the witness-box. But he knew the law too well to take any notice of their humbug. They can let loose the flood-gates at a moment's notice, my dear sir," said the attorney to one of his clients. "By George! I speak from an experience of five-and-twenty years, both at home and abroad. What is feeling and sentiment and all that nonsense to a professional man knowing anything of jurisprudence? It may suit the laity to indulge these childish minds with sentimental sugar of candy, but the

bread-winners, like you and I, must look to pounds, shillings, and pence."

"You told me," said Miss Baker, after a short pause, "that if the lawsuit did not turn out successfully, you would not press me very hard for the costs."

"Press you hard, indeed; do you think I have nothing else to do but to give my time and professional labour to you for nothing? I should see you far enough first. Why the d—l don't you get your relatives to pay me?"

"Well, Mr. Kennedy, you know I am not on friendly terms with my relations; you knew that before you undertook the lawsuit."

"Yes, nothing would do but you must change your religion; we have enough of paupers among us already without you adding to the number."

Miss Baker, who, previous to this observation, was looking quite dejected and trembling all over, now turned on her persecutor, and, standing up before him, looked defiantly in his face.

"My change of religion was a matter, sir," said Miss Baker, "altogether for my own conscience, and has nothing whatever to do with your bill of costs. The loss it may have been to me is a subject that I don't consider myself called on to discuss. I would never have gone on with this lawsuit if not persuaded by you. I would even stop when I had counsel's opinion, had you not told me you would risk your costs, so sure were you of the issue. You now threaten me, and insult me, by throwing my religion and poverty in my face. Don't fancy," said the little lady, as her dark eyes sparkled with indignation, "that I am going to forget the position I once held, and that I hold now in the estimation of many, by making use of any epithet sufficiently expressive of your character; but this I will say, that Shylock, though a Jew, was more imbued with Christian charity and forbearance."

HER WINNING WAYS.

A NOVEL.

XLVII.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

O MISERY, or whatever be thy name, thou for the date of whose beginning we need not search, found wherever light has crossed the driftways of man, art thou unavoidable, even amidst our pastimes, or is thy sudden leap at the bidding of folly and crime?

Thou now hast thy impropriator and his children in thy writhing folds, and thy incumbent, who takes his tithe in kind. Tofts is thy present abode; its groves are daubed with thy tints; its sunset gilds feebly the ghastlier tones of death.

John Master was alarmed at the change in his uncle; never had such a manner as that which the baronet manifested put his feelings, intellect, or sense to the test before; it was passionless, it was stern from its very apathy, and the cold voice was that of an automaton. It told him that he was pitied by his victim, that the sufferer lay collapsed, that he was about to sleep, that he desired to take leave of one whom he loved, and counted on the departure of his destroyer.

The man listened to the circumstantial report as it reached him from the mouth of one who read from a copy, who barely understood the purport of his speech. It was a more terrible threat than any accuser could have uttered.

The lonesome halls and corridors of Tofts are now thy world, unhappy man! Thy paces to and fro measure out the circuit of a wanderer. Why is the silence lighted up: is not all over?

Whom he met he asked the same question of, vacantly: "How is he now?" He stood in turn before the butler, the footman, the maid; his haggard eye stopped each in turn, and he still offered up to their pale faces the burden of his soul: "How is he now?"

He walked to the offices, stood at the doors before servants with downcast looks, as if what he wanted he had forgot, as if when in sight of the human eye he did not know it by sight. He wandered again round his world while the moments stood still to listen to their own tick: while the thoughts reflected each other, image within image, until the last was a shadow.

He walked up and down all day; the hours seemed to stop at

his frequent gaze; still night was in wait for him, only to greet him with lamps for false moons, as, swinging in the air, they mocked him.

The midnight hour sounded. It was to him the passing-bell. Its last sound ended where eternity began; he stopped. Then a carriage drove up; the doors were thrown open; it was for the Count de Fleury and Mr. Travers, who entered.

Master walked up to the great surgeon with the words:

"Sir, I am that unhappy man!"

He then began his wanderings again.

Not many have experienced the sensation created on such an occasion as this, when the godlike assistance of a true and justly famed surgeon is secured. All about him is noble, whatever his bearing, for the lustre of skill covers him—a gift wrested from nature by a life of toil. But Travers had a mien that did honour to the art he had mastered, and a judgment too well practised to take a step before he had examined into every fact, and weighed it well. He asked at once to be shown to Mr. Fawkes's room, and he there passed a quarter of an hour. His examination of the patient over, he retired with Sir Jacob Fawkes and the Count de Fleury.

"Before proceeding further, I would ask a question; or rather I would presume that it was Mr. Master who spoke to me as I came in?"

"It was," replied the Count de Fleury.

The circumstance was explained to Sir Jacob.

"Why do you ask," Sir Jacob Fawkes inquired.

"It is no matter now; I wished to be certain."

Mr. Travers then gave his opinion distinctly that, much as the joint was injured, removal was inadmissible.

"In such cases," he said, "it is an established rule not to operate at all unless it can be done immediately after the accident, that is, during the collapse, while the pulse flags and the surface is cold. This may surprise you, but, at that stage, the shock of the knife is not felt by the system; it rather rouses its energies; and it would be well if this were more generally known. In the present case, the opportunity has gone by, for reaction has set in, and it is the sole remaining chance, though surrounded with danger from mortification. The use of the knife now would inflict a second shock as serious as that of the accident; it would cause a relapse, without a reasonable prospect of reaction a second time, or of final recovery."

Thus Siche and Sorry were both wrong, though they did differ; and Sir Jacob, though he grieved that timely advice had not been at hand, had cause to rejoice at having enjoined delay. He was

satisfied with the opinion he now received, for though new to him, it approved itself to his common sense.

"I must tell you, for your comfort," added Travers, "that had the knife been resorted to, it would not have diminished the danger at once: it would only, in the event that the patient shows strength to rally from the general shock, have anticipated the evil attendant on such a wound, the increased danger of an operation later. However, should he unhappily sink from this first shock, no operation would have saved him; indeed, you might then have thought that he had succumbed to the knife, and not to the blow."

This intelligence, too, was highly prized.

After this, Mr. Travers consulted with the surgeons, explaining to them in detail the conclusions he had reached.

It was one o'clock when the baronet, taking Mr. Travers, and with him Count de Fleury, into his library, where refreshments were laid, asked the surgeon if he could remain at Tofts Hall the next day.

It was with great satisfaction that he received an affirmative answer.

September, the month of sport, is holiday-time for the élite of the medical profession; they take their excursions to the Highlands or abroad, while the wealthy classes are out of town, in the same search for health and pleasure as themselves, and leave the steady-going aspirant to glean after their own rich harvest is gathered in. It was, therefore, easy for Travers to gratify the baronet, who at once admired the man, and felt a desire to intrust him with his confidence.

It requires a lifetime to make a friend; indeed, the only safe course is to breed one and rear him yourself. Still, in the hour of need, one is to be found ready-made in the high-bred medical man, who is trained by his calling to be the friend of humanity.

The father learnt from Travers, and he saw it himself, that his son could not recover; the reaction had excited vain hope for a time, but as the night advanced, the cold sweats, the quick breathing recurred, and stimulants were unavailing. The conversation had scarcely begun when it was interrupted by messages from the sick-room, responded to by Travers, whose mind was stored with expedients and resources with which to meet the crisis; but if he left the room, it was only to be recalled.

At about two o'clock, Olive ran into the study, wild yet calm, agitated yet still, as if paralysis had fallen on her soul to soothe its anguish. "Father," she breathed, he wants you," and she sat down as not remembering she was there.

Sir Jacob went instantly, and felt the cold breath as he leaned over his son.

"I am off!" said the young man; "let John Prentiss take my place." He panted and died.

Mr. Travers had followed him to the room; the father remained some minutes at the bedside with his eyes fixed in fascination.

Travers roused him by placing his hand on the father's arm; not yet was he the mourner.

"Yes, it is too late to watch," said he, and having kissed his son, he closed the eyes of the dead. "Follow me to my room," said he, looking at Travers. "Olive, my dear, the will of Heaven is fulfilled; be firm; take Janet to your own chamber, and you can weep in each other's arms."

Mrs. Boldero was with Olive. She had gone to her in the library, and, suppressing her own grief, she took her to her room, where she had previously led Janet; they were both too much stunned to shed tears, and were passive as children, worn out, not by excitement, but by a paralysing sorrow.

Sir Jacob closed his door, closeted once more with Travers and De Fleury. He spoke only after long intervals, and then in short sentences.

"Do you think it would be advisable for you to see Master," was one, but not the first remark that escaped him.

"It might be kind to do so on my part," was Mr. Travers's reply.

"Not on that account," said Sir Jacob.

"To inform him, I mean, of this sad conclusion."

"Not on that account," repeated the baronet.

"Then I will decline the interview; nothing is to be gained by it."

"What is your idea, M. Fleury?" Sir Jacob asked.

"He will have plenty to tell him," was the answer.

"He ought to quit the Hall," the baronet said, and he rang the bell.

Butler appeared at the door.

"What did I ring for? Is Mrs. Boldero with the young ladies?"

"Yes, Sir Jacob."

"Tell her to insist on their taking some refreshment; they have had none."

"She has rung for tea, sir."

"Have you anything to say to me, Butler?"

Count de Fleury hinted to the butler about Mr. Master.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Master is gone; he begged me to say that——"

"That is sufficient—another time," replied the baronet, intimating that no more need be added.

"Do you require rest, at present?" the baronet inquired equally of the two others.

"Not I."

"Nor I."

"Then I will tax your friendship a few minutes longer, late as is the hour."

XLVIII.

THE STERN RESOLUTION.

"Now, tell me," Sir Jacob Fawkes began, addressing Mr. Travers, "what was the purport of your remark concerning the meeting between you and Master on your arrival? I noticed in your manner that which assured me it was no idle inquiry."

"You are right. I could not fail to be much struck both by his manner and by his words, for the same words had been addressed to a colleague of mine occupying much the same position as myself, and in the same manner, only a year since. Perhaps the circumstances are not altogether unknown to you. An accident very similar to this occurred in Essex, at the beginning of last season, to a Mr. Fortescue, a clergyman."

"At Drury's place?" the baronet exclaimed.

"The same; Mr. Fortescue received the charge in the knee-joint. He was an elderly man. He, too, very soon sank from the effects of the accident."

"I remember it perfectly, and have thought of it many times this day."

"The surgeon who was sent for, whom I have already spoken of, is the father-in-law of the unfortunate gentleman whose carelessness had caused this calamity, and he is a man much beloved and courted, more so than any man in the profession. The poor fellow who had done the mischief sent off for him at once. My old colleague had served formerly in the army; he was a friend of the Drurys, therefore his assistance would prove extremely welcome, the more so as it was difficult to obtain it, for he had in some measure given up practice in favour of country life. He, however, did not hesitate to respond to the summons of his kinsman, who was in great distress of mind. On his arrival—this my friend told me—his son-in-law met him in the hall, and exclaimed: 'Sir, I am that unhappy man!' and then retired to hide his grief and shame."

"You can readily imagine that the coincidence struck me very forcibly; and as scientific men think over everything that happens, perhaps too much, I asked myself whether human nature, under

similar circumstances, could be thus precisely the same, not only in action but to the very turn of a phrase. A very nice question, and not a little curious, seeing how slight is the connexion between these two events.'

"It is a strange story; but events are sometimes linked together in a way that it is not in our power to explain at once, though time may throw light on the connexion, and perhaps it will. To you, as a medical man, who hear more of the private affairs of families than many of its own members, and habitually preserve the confidence of strangers inviolate, I can speak as freely as to my friend De Fleury. Without preface, then, let me ask, does your professional glance enable you to say sometimes whether a man is guilty or not?"

"I will admit frankly that it does. I was once summoned to a murdered man. The person who came to fetch me was a labourer; I noticed from his gait that he was left-legged, that meant left-handed as well. There was a manner with him that roused my suspicion. I spoke of it to my assistant. Aided by my first impression, I found out that no right hand could have inflicted the wound. This circumstance, corroborated by other evidence, convicted that very man."

"It was very singular, and it leads me on to ask you, in confidence, whether anything about Master has set your mind at work in the same way?"

"Allow me, for the present, to reserve my answer; it is one that I should decline to state in court, because a man is not called upon to enter on such inquiries, and if he does so involuntary he is extremely liable to err."

"Before you are prejudiced by what further I have to say, you will perhaps write the answer in your note-book."

"That I will do willingly, and perhaps one day I may have no scruple in showing it to you."

Mr. Travers took out a memorandum-book, and wrote half a dozen lines in it.

"As De Fleury, my trusty friend, is well aware"—and the baronet gave the count his hand in a way that brought a film over the young man's eyes that was soon on his noble moustaches—"the loss I have now to bear puts Master in my son's position. With that shot the reversion"—here the baronet took an account-book from his drawer and opened it—"of sixty-three thousand pounds per annum—never mind the odd figures—changes hands. Master is now the heir. If he is innocent, his position is a very painful one, and I would, in such an event, be the first to support him by every means in my power. I am now going to pay you a compliment that your delicate justice has just prevented your pay-

ing me. I mean to tell you my mind. I have no doubt that Master has murdered my son in cold blood!"

Mr. Travers drew himself a little back; he had a mild, polished manner. De Fleury remained motionless, as his own thoughts had anticipated this announcement.

Sir Jacob then went on to justify his suspicions:

"Circumstances are at this moment coming to light which show plainly that Master has lived for seventeen years or more behind a mask; one so well fitted, that none of his family has suspected him of the falsehood he has practised. The bishop, his father, is deceived in him to this hour; such is my belief. Until within a few days I was myself ignorant of his character, and I am not easily taken in, though on this occasion I admit that no man could have been more thoroughly duped than myself.

"The way in which I have arrived at this discovery is singular in the extreme. De Fleury is acquainted with the whole matter, and he will tell you all; let me, then, leave out the intricate chain of evidence that has led me to a certain knowledge of his baseness. It involves facts so apposite, yet so contradictory, that no jury could entertain them; indeed, few less interested than myself would have patiently waded through them. There is a loop-hole artfully devised at every turn of his career, and every plot is so contrived that it is like a medal with innocence on the face of it, and guilt on the reverse. However, let me omit details here, and sum up in a few sentences the charges against Master.

"De Fleury knows them. I sat up last night with my worthy friend and told him what a few days had brought to light, not dreading that the crowning act of villany was at that hour planning itself in Master's heart. Why did I not speak out plainly, and tell him that he was henceforth disowned? Why did I not drive him from my home? Had I deserved the name of a man, I should have let him know openly how a woman claimed him as her husband, a youth as his father. A lovely wife whom he had deserted and endeavoured to destroy, with his own boy hanging at her breast! Not satisfied with this, he has attempted to decoy the child; and now that his many failures are complete, and no other means of escape remained for him, he stopped inquiry by laying all his crimes at his brother's door.

"I subjected him to a trial, however, under which he broke down, despite his hypocrisy, and it was then that I should have driven him from these doors. He was here as a suitor to my daughter, and when the prospect of success in gaining so high a prize had vanished, he saw one way only left to retrieve his fortunes—the grandest scheme of all.

"But, my friends, he who has robbed me of my son has yet to

enter the lists. He shall share no peace until he acknowledges his former crimes and accepts their burden; and should he be truly guilty of this last deed, the confession shall be yet wrenched from him."

"Your situation is indeed worse than could have been believed; it is devoid of consolation. Would that I could serve you! Tomorrow Count de Fleury and I will enter on these subjects afresh, and we will sift this last sad event to the bottom. The first thing to be done is to examine the ground where the accident took place."

"I am very anxious that you should do that. De Fleury will assist you, and give you particulars that I am incapable of supplying you with in my present state of mind.

"Good night. I will now go to my daughters."

ON THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "CAPTAIN."

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THE wind was fresh'ning, and the rising sea
Betokened a wild night—but all were free
From thought of danger, and the fleet rode o'er
The waves, regardless of their threatening roar.
'Twas a proud scene which Britain's naval might
Displayed, that ne'er to be forgotten night!
The splendid ships, each with its gallant freight,
Appeared beyond the reach of adverse fate;
The thunders of the billows and the gale,
Of coming ill told no prophetic tale.
At sunset all were safe, a watery grave
Undreamed of by those hearts so bold and brave.
When morning dawned, a noble ship was—where?
Not where it lay at eve—no, no! not there—
But down beneath the raging, treacherous deep—
Oh, horror! it had sunk! From nature's sleep
What numbers passed into the sleep of death,
No time to sigh a prayer with their last breath!
It sank without a sign, without a sound,
To warn the glorious fleet that clustered round!

How sad that *he** whose energetic mind
 After ten years of struggling against blind
 And jealous opposition, when, with pride,
 He saw his views triumphant, should have died !
 No blame to *him*† who had the chief command
 Can be attached ; his name shall ever stand
 Upon the honoured list of those whom most,
 As her best sons, will be Britannia's boast.
 Alas for him, for them, on all of whom
 Such swift destruction came ! Their awful doom
 A startled nation mourns. But who shall dry
 The tears of those bereft ? That God on high
 Who called the loved, the lost, to brighter spheres,
 Away from earth-born hopes, and cares, and fears !

A few survived to tell the dreadful truth
 How perished in their manhood's prime, or youth,
 The rest, now lying in their sandy beds,
 With ocean's wild waves sweeping o'er their heads.
 Few relics of the fated ship have come
 To give the world their testimony dumb,‡
 But these confirm the melancholy tale,
 And further search would be of no avail,
 For the vast deep but seldom yields its prey.
 When the loud trumpet's blast proclaims *that* day
 The last of mortal life, and sea and land
 Shall into chaos pass, by God's command,
 'Twill matter not from whence the dead arise
 To meet their Lord and Judge above the skies !

* Captain Cowper Coles, R.N.

† Captain Hugh Burgoyne, R.N., V.C.

‡ Captain Commerell, R.N., V.C., C.B., of H.M.S. *Monarch*, a personal friend of the lamented Captain Burgoyne, picked up, at the extremity of Cape Finisterre, the pendant and ensign-staff of the ill-fated *Captain*. The ship's ensign was hauled down at sunset on the 1st September, at Vigo Bay, never to be rehoisted. The *Captain* sank on the night of the 6th September.

STRAY THOUGHTS AND SHORT ESSAYS.

VI.

HYPOCRISY AND RELIGION.

When hypocrisy prevails, it is a sign that religion flourishes. Hypocrisy is the leaves, religion the fruit. Hypocrisy is the shadow projected by religion. Where there is little of hypocrisy there will be little of religion. There was but little of hypocrisy during the Reign of Terror in France. There was much of it in England during the Commonwealth; but there was also much religion. Hypocrisy has been termed the homage which vice pays to virtue; now, where the homage is paid, the object of that homage must be present. There is more hypocrisy among women than among men, but then there is more religion; a fact which confirms my original position.

CALVINISM AND ARMINIANISM.

It is wonderful that any man of combined piety and intelligence should have been a Calvinist of the type of Dort, and should have gone with approval into those presumptuous speculations, which seem to be even profane when we consider the Divine attributes, and to have a licentious tendency in respect to man's duties. What have we to do with the secret counsels and decrees of the Most High?

Viewed in one aspect, Calvinism is a metaphysical theory, devised to account for the co-existence of Divine foreknowledge with human responsibility; to account, too, for the original differences between individuals; and, in fact, to give reasons why one man is not another man!

The Arminian system is not more satisfactory in solving the mystery, for, as it has been well observed, there is as much difficulty in understanding why one man should choose God and another reject Him, as in understanding why God should choose one man and reject another.

The Calvinistic system creates other difficulties than that which it pretends to solve. The Arminian system only shifts the difficulty.

The question, What determines the human will? is a question which has often exercised the human mind, and must always exercise it in vain. It was a congenial topic to the schoolmen, in one of whom, Thomas Aquinas, we find nearly the same system as that which we call Calvinistic. The Stoics were fatalists; so

are the Mahometans. Surely the failures of our predecessors should warn us from attempting to solve what has hitherto proved insoluble in matters so mysterious as the counsels of God and the will of man.

FORMS.

Moral dispositions will always display themselves respectively in certain forms; and, again, the observance of the appropriate form tends to strengthen a moral disposition. Thus national character will exhibit itself in certain institutions and customs; and the maintenance of those institutions and customs tends to keep up the corresponding national character.

Thus mind embodies itself in form, and form reacts upon mind. Moral dispositions in a man may exist or energise where no corresponding form has been imposed upon him, *from without*, as a plant may grow in a particular way without artificial means having been taken to make it grow in that way. But, if you want a plant to grow in a particular way, you would apply the proper artificial means; and so, when you wish to foster certain moral dispositions in a man, you would seek to subject him to the observance of forms expressive of those dispositions. The forms suggest the reality. Such is one of the relations between mind and matter, the unseen and the visible, the inward and the outward. All this is a corollary and consequence of our being composed of spirit and matter, soul and body.

"TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN."

The truth of this saying is seen even in secular matters. Money of course makes money in the ordinary way of interest and trade; and it attracts money, for large sums of money are usually left to rich people:

—thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, leaving their sum of more
To that which hath too much.

When a man has less need of friends, he may have plenty of them. "Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos." If he wants friends, he is the less likely to make them. If he has honours, he is so far the more likely to reach higher honours. An idea gained, opens a vista of fresh ideas to the mind. One discovery leads to another. This, as it may be called, principle of accumulation or accretion in human advantages, gives no reason for complaint. It is part of the designed order of things. It is the principle of permanence in earthly things, counteracting the constant tendency to disintegration and destruction. It teaches the lessons of prudence, care, and industry to those who desire to obtain, or keep, any of these advantages.

JOYS AND SORROWS COMPARATIVE.

To how great a degree are the joys and pleasures on the one hand, and the woes and sufferings of human beings on the other hand, comparative! That which, if we were in a state of less comfort, we should aspire to as the acme of comfort, would perhaps seem, if we were in it, very uncomfortable. Then as to miseries—if we are in a condition of greater misery, we think that a state of less misery would be a perfect boon, though had we been in that state we should have thought ourselves most miserable. Simple death is an object of terror to all, but would be a boon compared with death by torture; and so was thought by unhappy men condemned to die by the wheel, whose death-blow, if given before all the torments of their sentence were gone through, was called the “coup de grâce”—the blow of mercy and favour!

COMPLAINTS.

Half the complaints about evils and troubles really arise from grief and cares deeper than the things complained of.

ENVY OF MERIT.

Envy is more felt against successful merit than against success with which merit has had nothing to do; against distinctions or wealth when acquired by the honourable exertions of talent, than when received by inheritance and the accident of birth. One reason of this difference is, that advantages honourably achieved seem to others as reflections on their own misconduct or incapacity, which has prevented them from obtaining any similar advantages.

BENEVOLENCE NATURAL, CRUELTY FACTITIOUS.

Men are naturally benevolent; hence we speak of “humanity”—i. e., a quality natural to man; and of “kindness”—i. e., the feeling of *kind* or nature. Sydney Smith’s argument for the natural benevolence of man is as cogent as it is witty: “A. sees B. in distress, and wishes C. to relieve him.” Another argument is that a tale of gross cruelty, even when the parties in it are in no way connected with us, causes a disagreeable feeling, as jarring with our nature. Men become cruel by envy, by jealousy, by revenge, by anger, by the obtuseness of feeling which ill usage often produces, *and perhaps most frequently through selfishness.*

I have not met in history with two more striking examples of cruelty arising from selfishness than the treatment of the “boy-crusaders,” in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the practice of “wrecking.” The first of these instances is as follows: A

number of boys, inflamed by the prevalent enthusiasm, started off in a body for the Holy Land, but by the time that they had reached Marseilles, found themselves in a state of complete destitution. The inhabitants of that city, who, we may believe, shared in the general desire for the recovery of the Holy Land, yet, instead of furnishing forth the youthful zealots, or even making some provision for their distress, did what? seized and sold them all for slaves! Had these boys been Mahometans, they would hardly have been treated worse by the Marseillais Christians.

The wrecking system, which prevailed on some of our coasts down to a recent period, would have been incredible if it were not notorious. The deliberate contrivance for misleading to their destruction men who are already in the deep distress of fighting against the violence of a storm in the darkness of night, the moving of lights about on a lee-shore, to induce the mariners to suppose that there are vessels between them and the shore, and that, consequently, they are in the open sea, and this with the mere view of profiting by the waifs and strays of a shipwreck—here is an extreme instance of the extent to which self-interest may lead to cruelty.

When, however, men have by self-interest or the indulgence of evil passion become cruel, they sometimes go a step further, and love cruelty for its own sake. Yet they were by nature benevolent!

WANT OF FEELING.

What is understood by a want of feeling arises from three different causes. First. It is often the result of the natural constitution of men's minds, increased in many cases by the heartless and unthinking kind of society in which they have been brought up. Some men seem to be naturally as wanting in feeling as others are, in an ear for music, or in the faculty of imagination, or of fluent speaking. Some nations, like the Irish, have naturally a great deal more feeling than others. As to the effects of certain kinds of society in deadening the sensibilities, it is remarkable how great a want of feeling is often seen in those who are accustomed to what is termed *par excellence* "the world"—that is, the world of fashion. Those members of it who *have* feeling affect not to have it; a clear proof of the want of it in the society in which they mix. Second. Want of feeling is also caused by the having suffered much ill usage. Surely it is one of the greatest of the many mysteries of our moral being, that the ill usage we receive from others affects injuriously our moral nature as well as our immediate happiness. Habituation to ill usage produces a certain

insensibility to suffering, and a disregard for the feelings of others. In its more extreme forms, ill usage hardens and brutalises the character of its victims. We see this effect in people that have been tyrannised over—for example, the modern Greeks. The slave invested with power usually turns tyrant. Again, in the miniature world of boys, it is known that they who have been the most “bullied,” become, in their turn, generally the greatest tormentors of their juniors. Of the tendency which suffering has to blunt the finer feelings, we have a remarkable instance in Johnson, benevolent indeed in heart, but from the miseries, the distresses, and the rough knocks of the world in his earlier life, rendered utterly insensible to the minor unhappinesses of men, to the griefs of weakness and refinement, the sufferings of scrupulousness, the vexations of wounded vanity. Third. That sensual indulgence and deliberate wickedness destroy the faculty of feeling, is too manifest to require proof or illustration. They will even make a heart, naturally tender, hard and cruel.

SOME EFFECTS OF ILL USAGE.

In this harsh world, to have received a course of ill usage usually leads to the suffering of persecution from other quarters. None are tolerated but those who have or seem to have a perpetual fund of cheerfulness. Ill treatment produces an effect upon the manner which provokes disgust. It causes a down-trodden spirit, which invites tyranny by the prospect of submission. The vulgar saying, “Hit him hard, he has no friends,” is but too true a picture of the way of the world. The wretched are vexed by others, as a sickly member of the flock is tormented by its fellows. Thus Shakspeare, in words sadly true:

For misery is trodden on by many,
And, being low, never relieved by any.

“Relieved” meaning “raised up.”

Much of the cowardice in men arises from their spirit having been broken by continued ill usage. Again, much of the viciousness among young people is owing to ill usage, which has rendered them subject to melancholy, and, therefore, prone to seek relief in the pleasures and excitements of vice. By the same cause the temper is often rendered sour, or harsh, or irritable.

INJUSTICE REPRODUCTIVE OF ITSELF.

Injustice often produces unreasonable demands. They who deny just claims provoke the subsequent advancement of unjust claims. Retribution, like Tarquin’s Sybil, being repulsed, goes on raising her terms!

SELF-DECEPTION IN CRUELTY.

Hatred and vindictiveness are never so self-deceptive as when men think that they are indulging them on behalf of others, and not on their own account. People are never so cruel as when they exercise cruelty under the pretext of duty, or when they can appeal to the advice of others.

INJURIES LESS FELT THAN INSULTS.

Why is it that men usually feel insults more acutely than injuries? What hurts their self-respect more than what damages their interests? It is that self-respect belongs to the higher and more spiritual part of our being. An insult, too, is always offered with the mere intention of hurting; whereas an injury is often inflicted from selfish motives, and for the supposed benefit of the wrong-doer.

THE WORSE VEX THE BAD.

In this world, where the weaker always goes to the wall, the more audacious workers of mischief become the tormentors of their less resolute fellow-workers.

A CHARACTER.

He never acted unjustly or generously, and was not loved and little lamented!

MISCHIEF OF OVER-STRICT PRECEPTS.

Great mischief is done to the cause of true morality by an over-strict and over-refined exposition of its laws. This brings upon it an undue odium, and provokes scorn and ridicule against it. Its restraints, if drawn too tightly, are apt to be broken altogether.

ILL-TEMPER REPRODUCES ITSELF.

Bad-tempered people generally spoil the tempers of those who are subject to their humours; so fertile in the reproduction of itself is vice!

WAR AND ITS EFFECTS.

Of the many evils of war, some are less apparent, though not less real, than the bloodshed, the mourning, and the manifold miseries which it entails. It tends to deteriorate, in some respects, the feelings of a community engaged in it, to engender a harshness of sentiment, a recklessness about life, and an insensibility to suffering. It throws back civilisation and its arts. It banishes many of the lighter graces of society. It infects a nation with the

notions, habits, and manners of the camp. In a political point of view it has the mischievous effect of taking off the attention of a nation from its own internal affairs, and thus not only of impeding useful legislation, but of suffering abuses to flourish.

Yet certainly a just and necessary war—a war of self-defence, or for the defence of allies unjustly attacked, or a war of principle—is in some respects favourable to the national welfare, and beneficial to the national character. It gives occasion for the emergence of choicer spirits and great minds. It throws into the shade material interests and sordid considerations, and brings honour to the front. Heroism and chivalrous enterprise, and the stern virtues of fortitude and endurance, are called forth. The sentiment of patriotism is rekindled into a flame. Traditions of national glory are revived. The bands of national union are more closely drawn. The clamour of faction subsides into a whisper, and the weapons of civil strife are laid aside. The war-trumpet rouses a people from the torpor of self-indulgence and ease. Even the non-combatant part of the population catch the infection of military virtues, and are present in spirit with their countrymen in the field, sympathising in their toils, their exigencies, partaking in their reverses and their successes. The energy and activity thus called out in a nation take, when war has ended, other channels, and are directed to the pursuits of peace.

The true object of war is the prevention or punishment of injustice. Doubtless war is too often perverted from this object, and is itself made the instrument of injustice. But this objection applies to all employment of physical force for the prevention or punishment of crime. All the coercive measures which are necessary for civil order and peace may be abused to purposes of oppression. The policeman's baton, the gaol, the lash, the axe, may be employed against the peaceable subject, as well as against the turbulent and the lawless. And though war may be waged unjustly, yet it will generally be seen to recoil on the unjust aggressor. The power that has wrongfully taken the sword has perished or suffered grievously by the sword. Imperial Rome fell under the swords of the German nations whom she had wantonly attacked. Prussia in later times wrongfully tore away Silesia from the Austrian dominions, and, in consequence, brought upon herself the enormous sufferings and sacrifices of the Seven Years' War. Alsace, wrested from Germany by Louis XIV., becomes, as late as 1870—two hundred years afterwards—the occasion of prolonging a war with Germany which inflicts the loss of thousands of Frenchmen, the misery of millions, and the deepest humiliation of the national pride. The aggressive wars of

the French republic and empire have been returned sevenfold into the bosom of France.

Thus war is the justice of Heaven—armies are Heaven's police-force! On the other hand, if the saying be true,

Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just,

it follows that the right side in a war must usually succeed. And success in a just war gains sterling honour to a nation, and great influence for good. The well-earned successes of England in the French war gave her for a time great weight in the councils of Europe, and secured respect to her foreign intervention in favour of public rights and constitutional liberties.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BENEATH the palace roof,
The peasant's home of thatch,
Grief lifteth up the latch,
And Sorrow plies her woof:
Where no child's voice is heard,
No sound of pattering feet
The longing ear to greet,
The heart's pulse is not stirred.

All homes are silent, sad,
Without one ray of light
To cheer the aching sight,
And make the soul grow glad;
From day to day, no change
From early morn to dark,
No Dove within the Ark,
The thoughts all outward range.

But lo! at length appears
A ray of heavenly beam,
Like Jacob's ladder dream,
Which home at once endears;
Then Apathy doth rouse,
A little Child is seen,
That comes two hearts between,
THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE!

T. J. OUSELEY

BLACKLOCK FOREST.

XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

MORE calmly enchanting was the retrospective view of the Alpine range as the travellers passed over the flat between Susa and Turin, and welcome after all was the haven of rest to be afforded by the latter. Now they are in the tree-planted Piazza d' Emanuele Filiberto; now embraced by the Piazza d' Italia; now galloping like mad along the Contrada, to be brought up in the Piazza del Corpus Domini; whence, turning in and out, they at last approach the portal of a mansion, in the balcony of which is to be seen an old gentleman, making the most extravagant gesticulations of welcome, and who, a minute afterwards, appears in the court below to give practical evidence of his welcome's earnestness. His eyes glance with delight over the entire four, then fix upon the one who gazes with like intensity on *him*.

"It is your Francesco," says his other grandson.

The old signore clutches his Francesco to his breast, holds him at arm's length, and reads every feature of his face, saving only his ears, then falls on the Mute's shoulder, and so remains weeping until, relieved by tears, he embraces Giacomo, and is introduced to his grand-daughters. There is a queenly serenity in Isabella which makes him courteously bow before he takes her into his arms, but he forgets the bow when the Mute introduces Mary to his embrace. Then, refixing his gaze on Francesco, he is moved as only he could be moved by certain similitudes that proclaim the young man to be the very son of his daughter Emilia Ridotti.

"And he cannot hear or speak?" exclaimed the old man.

"Oh yes, sir," replied Mary, "he can both hear and speak through *me*."

And then the venerable signore, charmed alike by the melody of her voice and the modesty of her bearing, looked on her in her beauty, as if she were indeed a gain equivalent to her husband's loss of speech and hearing.

"Carissima!" he exclaimed, "you bring to me enough. It would have been too much to have recovered him all, and to have you too! Together, you are better than the best I have hoped for. To find him at all in *any* state had been a blessing, but to find him with you to hear and speak for him! Ah, you bring

him that I may joy at Turin as much as I grieved at Genoa. Thank God I lived to see him. But I am too happy, and I must bear my gladness quietly as I did my sorrow resignedly. I would live a little longer yet. Ah, he is too like his mother!"

The emotion of the old gentleman was so alarming that Isabella put her arm round his neck, saying:

"Nay, but my dearest grandpapa, I shall be jealous if you quite forget that you have another pair of loving children here."

"Ah, yes, my equally beloved; but you know how we may for a moment forget all the others in the lost sheep that is found."

"Then," said Isabella, "you cannot yet think of the two poor sheep who have been found without previous loss?"

"Pardon, Bellissima, the flock must come one by one, then two and two, and then altogether. But—there, *you* shall be my joy now. You are very beautiful, and you look very good. Yes, my boys have good taste. Only remember, they are half Italian, and as you have made them yours you become mine, and must love me very much."

"Dear signore," replied her young ladyship, "when first he loved me I thought he was *all* Italian, and I love him not more for being half English, though I am proud that England can claim so much of him. Remember, that I only cared to be Signora Ridotti. I cannot help being what I am besides."

This enraptured the old gentleman.

"You lose nothing by what you say in at once satisfying my national pride, and making me proud that I have such English ladies for my grand-daughters. Ah, yes, I know all; how you thought my Giacomo an orphaned youth of less means than mental and moral worth, even as I thought his English father; how, as my daughter chose the poor English gentleman, you chose the supposed Italian one; and how you would not be my Lady Blackleigh when you would have been plain Mistress Ridotti. Well, that you *are* my Lady Blackleigh I do not care, but how much I rejoice that you are my Giacomo's wife! I choke myself in trying to say all I would, my Isa-bellissima. And now, where is the blessing of my other boy? Ah, Maria, you are not less a blessing to *me*. My children all; love one another, and contribute alike to make happy the closing days of your old grandfather."

And a truly happy household was that of the Ridotti mansion at Turin, where the most serious employment was that of studying the art of manual discourse, so that Francesco should have interpreters among the servants, who were all either English, or acquainted with the English language.

As may be supposed, the old signore was persistently curious to

know the particulars of Francesco's abduction and of the interval between then and his late recovery; but with so much as was distinctly known to Isabella and could be attested by Lovell, he was content. The child had been consigned by one shortly before his decease, many years ago, to a most kind foster-mother, and from her, by Sir R. Blackleigh's direction, to the care of Mary, who, from the day of the accident which caused him to become a deaf mute, had nursed and instructed him, winning and reciprocating his love, and who would have become his wife by Sir Richard's wish, and under his promise of full support, had it not been discovered that, instead of being a poor foundling of unknown parentage, the young man was the younger son of Edmund Blackleigh, by his lawfully espoused Emilia, daughter of Signore Ridotti, of Genoa and Turin.

"Ah, my poor Maria," said the enraptured grandsire, "you must be content with less than a baronet, but you have a baronet's son for your husband. We will soon visit Genoa, that you may see where he was lost, though I am too old to see where he was found."

Then the venerable man became almost deliriously loquacious; talked of his Anglo-Italian enthusiasm, of his being a Protestant at heart, as shown by his love for his non-Catholic son-in-law and grandsons; said that the only priest with whom he was in close intimacy was the chaplain of the British consul; and was only to be subdued by Edmund's suggestion that the open exposition of his religio-political feelings was needless, and might be mischievous.

The visit to Genoa was shortly made. There was the Villa Ridotti, with its garden and belvedere, the steps to the beach below, and all preserved as it existed twenty years ago. The temporary activity of the old gentleman was of alarming excess, as he described and enacted the movements of himself and servants on the day of the abduction. Edmund (as we have before seen) had previously some vague recollections of the locality, and memories of his lost friend Wilton now sadly participated in his thoughts. Isabella had heard from her mother of the mimic tableaux at Blackleigh Hall, and it may be conceived how the grandfather was interested in the account of them, especially in the remarks made at the time by Mrs. Goldrich on the facial peculiarity which was finally so conclusive. Then was the old signore's curiosity revived.

"Who was the thief? Was the theft by banditti, or by one of the gipsy tribe? If banditti, their purpose was frustrated; if otherwise, curiosity was baffled!"

But no useless questions were to be asked. There and then in

Genoa, was the tomb of the truly dead grandson, and the living bodies of the supposed dead and of the imagined lost. The associations connected with the place were no longer repellant, but most happily fascinating; and the present tenant of the villa made the former abode of misery the scene of hilarious enjoyment.

As to future arrangements, the old signore was too bewildered to give them his personal attention. He confided all to his legal adviser and Lovell, in communication with the steward of Sir Richard, so that everything might be settled, as required by justice to all parties directly or indirectly concerned; and then followed a sudden determination on the part of the grandfather, that the whole party should revisit Rome and Tivoli, if only that his Giacomo and Isabella should re-enjoy the scene of their love's beginning.

Then did the eyes of Frank and Mary open wide before the art wonders of Florence, with its strange Duomo, paramount Campanile, and treasures statuesque and pictorial; to be followed by the marvels of St. Peter's, the Colosseum, and the palace and Campidoglia galleries; these to be succeeded by the Tivoli visions of rock and cataract, and the *Temple* "that enchants the world." Frank had before seen gloom enough, in the sulky stillness of the Black Loch; but there was better than gloom in the active and varied features of the gorge and valley of the Anio. The ever-increasing delight of poor Frank was in itself enough to prolong their travels, for there seemed almost a something of the preternatural in his amplitude of reciprocity for the diversified beauties of nature and art; and, leaving the old grandfather to repose awhile in Rome, the remainder of the party made a hasty visit to Naples, and, ascending the smoking Vesuvius, Frank beheld in its crater a gloom which astonished even the fisherman of the Black Loch!

And now, if the reader be thinking that he has had "something too much of this"—that is, of twice or thrice told tales of past events—he may be relieved to know that our concluding chapters are to have, if any, an entirely new interest.

During a family chat at Belmont, just before the day of the marriages, Edmund Blackleigh had stated that, while at Rome with Carlo Wilton, the latter introduced him to an Italian sculptor, who desired "on his own account," to model the bust of his new visitor. Edmund—then *Giacomo*—observed that the sculptor seemed to regard him with much apparent interest, "but he could not imagine how *his* face could be desired as a model." Isabella had "no difficulty whatever in imagining the artist's reasons," nor was she the only one interested in the matter, for Mr. Goldrich immediately decided on applying for a marble copy of

the bust which, Giacomo said, had been made, and was by Wilton esteemed an admirable likeness.

"The name and address of the sculptor?" was Mr. Goldrich's inquiry.

"By Jupiter, forgot!" was the reply. "He was a man of middle age, but had only lately succeeded in his art, and he intimated that the favour he sought of me, as a sitter, might contribute materially to his professional success. I cannot recal his name; and of his address, otherwise, I am entirely ignorant; but were I in Rome, I could find out the locality, and, as I think, point to the very house."

On the morning after their first arrival in Rome, Edmund and his wife, unknown to the others, sought the studio of the sculptor. "It was certainly hereabouts;" then "it was possibly thereabouts;" then "it was in a street leading from the Corso;" then "it was south of the Piazza d'Espagna." "Ah, yes, the Propaganda!—close to the latter; here it is! Via Frattina! A little way down on the left:—*Eccolo!*" at length ejaculated Edmund, reading on a door, "GUISEPPE FABBRONI, *Scultore.*"

But, alas! the knocking and ringing brought no one to the door, until a very civil man crossed over to it from the opposite side of the street to inform them that the sculptor was away at Florence for some weeks, and that the rest of the family were at Ostia for change of air, whence they might return in about a fortnight. It was, however, a solace to think that the intervening time would not more than suffice for a general survey of Rome and Tivoli, followed by the purposed visit to Naples, and it was most comforting to consider that, on their return from Naples, Edmund and Isabella might find at least the wife at home, when she would communicate with her husband, and probably exhibit to them the bust.

"Till then," said Edmund, "say nothing of it to my grandfather or to Mary."

"Of course," said Isabella, "there will be the cast from the model, and the mould for further castings. My father's order for a marble copy will be worth the artist's attention, and several casts will be required; one for Turin, another for Mr. Lovell, and one for me."

"For you?" said her husband. "Nay, if you think well of the likeness, you shall have a marble copy as well as your father."

"Well, as to that, perhaps the second marble bust may be of a different subject, and for *you*, dear. Should you value one of myself? And what should you say to a *coloured* bust? for these white busts are but ghostly portraiture, with 'no speculation in

the eyes,' nor silken fringes to their lids, nor glossy beauty in the hair; very deadly presentments of still life."

"But surely, my love," said Edmund, "the portrait-painter will best serve for all this?"

"No, except for one view of the head. The bust has the advantage of substance, and may be viewed from three hundred and sixty points of the surrounding circle. Yet, pardon me for talking nonsense—not without something of sense too—as I am told tinted statues are in contemplation; and unquestionably, as mere portraits, the lack of *colour* in busts is a serious deficiency. Enough, however, remains to compensate for that in the work which, with equal fidelity, gives the full *form* in all its aspects, and all I desire is one of the casts from the original model, for the model is immediately from the life, and the cast is a fac-simile of the model; while the marble bust can but be (especially if the living original be not always before the sculptor) the copy of a copy, and therefore in second remove from the life itself. I speak, of course, only as regards portraiture; and so far, if you please, my dear husband, I had rather have a cast from the model than a marble from the cast. Did not our lamented friend tell me if I could only paint pictures from my out-door sketches as well as I had done in making those sketches, I might aspire to be a landscape artist? I know not that, but this I know, that I had rather, for my own especial satisfaction (and speaking of those I have seen), possess the original studies on which pictures are founded than the pictures themselves. Compare that sketch of 'The Wreck,' by —, in my father's portfolio, with the great picture of 'Coast Scene, with Wreck,' on our dining-room wall, and say which is 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"

Edmund could but agree with her, and say:

"Be it so; your father shall have the marbles, and we will have the casts."

BOOKS BY THE FIRESIDE

IT used to be a custom with publishers—perhaps it is now—to issue at considerably protracted intervals series of books (works of fiction, for the most part), each series bearing a distinguishing title. This title was presumed to supply an index to the character of the works so collected and issued, a hint as to the class of readers solicited, and an advice as to the manner, time, and place most suited for perusal. You remember we had a “Run-and-Read Library,” a “Railway Library,” and so forth. I don’t know whether anybody was ever deceived by this ingenious device. Nor do I think that there was any intention of the kind indulged in by the booksellers. *This*, however, nobody can deny, that if a traveller should hastily alight at Rugby, and should he, while enduring the agonies incident upon the mastication of the now celebrated sandwich, be attracted by the alluring contents of Smith’s bookstall; should his attention become riveted upon a volume professedly compiled for the delectation of railway travellers, and should he eventually (rash mortal!) be induced to expend “one an’ six” or “two shillin’s” in the purchase of the supposed beguiler of weary miles and hours, he would upon reaching his carriage and exploring his treasure experience a disappointment, compared with which the mockery of the sandwich would not be “a circumstance.” But while we sympathise with the beguiled traveller as he tosses aside a novel which, in three volumes, he read long ago, or a book which in any number of volumes he’d much rather not read at all, and as he consoles himself with last Wednesday’s *Punch*, we are forced to admit that the idea of the publisher’s was a good one. The failure was merely in the carrying out of the project. The intention in such matters is everything. And of course the idea of pecuniary emolument in such intentions never enters as a dictating element.

The crime, however—if crime it be—of attempting to collect a series of this kind is fully absolved when we remember that it is scarcely possible, even with the extremest editorial care and the most accurate knowledge both of men and books, that a satisfactory series under a single describing label should be achieved. Every reader has his own library. And almost every reader has his particular place and method for the enjoyment of his special favourites.

In the abundant catalogues of literature, however, there are certain books—not a great number possibly—but certain books which carry with them a flavour suggesting not very indistinctly

the circumstances best suited to their perusal. Shakspeare is *not* such a volume. As its revelation of humanity is for all time, so its perusal is for every place. Read in a garret it glorifies the place, filling it with pomp, and light, and movement. Read in a palace it enhances the actual, tinging it with a more real glory. "Milton," says Lamb, "almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him." Spenser for a sylvan nook deep meadowed, shady, spacious, with Dame Nature's "properties" advantageously arranged, in stream and sombre foliage; while the numerous orchestra of the grove accompanies the cadence and rhythm of his verse. Cowley may be read to advantage on a bright spring day in Kensington Gardens; that is if you consent to ignore the occasional apparition of a gaunt thing in a red uniform conveying (how often has Leech sketched for us the amours of this tall but tender-hearted son of Mars!) a stout little Abigail in expanding muslin, whose attention is divided between her protecting deity and the trundling of that inevitable perambulator containing those equally inevitable twins. I don't know of any book which may be read with enjoyment in the British Museum, or other huge walled-in but desirable retreat. You may peruse a volume there; you can't read a book. Thither you may resort for purposes of instruction, consultation, and the like, and there you may gain an overawing sense of the immensity of our national resources. It is given to very few to derive unalloyed pleasure from the ceremony. There is a coldness in the great space, an unsympathising silence on the part of the greedy bookworms. Besides which, you feel consciously condemned when you have obtained a folio of Ben Johnson say, or Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and sit down to its perusal in the very midst of a hundred eager students. You feel yourself to be little better than an impertinence, and slink out after an hour or two unedified and unamiable.

The most delightful time and place—outvying your summer mornings in sylvan nooks or your spring saunterings in Kensington Gardens—are winter and a fireside. Quiet, subdued, intense enjoyment for those—and they be many—who can appreciate, it sets in with the fogs of November, and does not leave us—thank Heaven!—till late in February or with early March. Then all you want is a room, a fire, a book. The fire is the indispensable qualifier of your enjoyment. It is the special sign and token of winter. Your position in reading, the arrangement of the apartment, whether you sit at the table, or lounge half-slipped in an easy-chair—these are matters of secondary consideration and for individual choice. The great point is the fire. The next thing is the selection of the fireside author.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument—although it is perhaps

supposing overmuch—that you have *not* introduced into the sanctity of the chamber the last novel from Mudie's. Because certain it is that old favourites must give way to that epic-and-span novelty with the carefully affixed yellow label. Then you approach the bookcase, and haphazard, not of prearranged determination, you take your book. A volume of Sterne has come to hand. The fireside book par excellence. Much-abused author of *Uncle Toby* and the *Widow Wadman*, the most genial of all companions in a lonely chamber.

Of all the writers of English prose, it seems to me that none has had an influence at once so permanent and widespread upon the lighter literature of this country as the author of "*Tristram Shandy*." You may trace him everywhere. Deriving much of his own quaintness and peculiar flavour from older sources, he mixed it with his own original genius, and transmitted the mixture to posterity. Undoubtedly he is the father of the modern school of English essayists. More correctly dubbed so than Addison, or Steele, or Goldsmith. We pretend to read Addison, and we pretend to admire him. But its little better than pretence. If our own experience does not tell us that, any bookseller will. Sterne is not only read, but studied by those who themselves hope by-and-bye to plead guilty to the accusation of having a style. As far as I know, there is but one solitary and cold allusion to Sterne in the whole of Lamb's *Essays*. Yet Lamb's indebtedness to Sterne is obvious. While it will be freely acknowledged that both writers indulged unstintedly in the same sort of quaint old-world reading, it cannot be denied that the influence of Sterne is apparent all through the *Essays of Elia*. Derived from Sterne, and possibly through Lamb, the tone and manner of the former writer is clearly discernible in the works of that author, who has written the best and bitterest things ever penned about him. Indeed, the very essay in which Thackeray belabours Sterne with all the honesty and indignation of his big nature, is the very one by which, in the clearest possible manner, he betrays his indebtedness to the object of his wrath.

That essentially distinct class of writing—too ephemeral in interest, and too hurried in execution to be called a school—known in our day as "special correspondence," of which Mr. Sala is the most voluminous and most vivacious illustrator, is founded, I think, to a great extent on the "*Sentimental Journey*." The enshrinement of mere personal matters, the dilating on trifling circumstances, the magnifying to prodigious proportions of the waifs and strays of the voyage—it has all been done before. If Mr. Sala in Paris happens to have a toothache, it is instantly dignified into a national disaster, and the details of the sad affair are perused next

morning in the newspapers by a thousand sympathisers. Well! a hundred years ago a thousand readers were sympathising with Mr. Sterne concerning "that hacking cough" of his, though not one in a hundred, had they met him in the street, would have known the reverend gentleman from Adam.

We have been somewhat prolix over Sterne. Rare companion of the hearth, infallible driver out of blue devils, see how the vision of Betty and the corporal whirl away in that last wreath of smoke. And observe my Uncle Toby's grave and puzzled countenance innocently regarding the obtrusive blandishments of the widow, as we close the volume and reseek the shelves.

Lamb has been mentioned. He stands at the head of those essayists concerning whose writings the word *homely* may, with some fitness, be used. And used without any idea of suggesting their reception as anything else than "classics." Leigh Hunt, gentle soul, and pleasant chatterer, is another. In our own day, there seems to be but one essayist having the exact quality which admits to the temple of the fireside—Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." But Charles Lamb do we especially and emphatically enshrine as the deity of the hearth. No kindly reader will regard him merely as an abstraction, an unrealised entity, an essence only recognisable in the word author. As we dwell on his page he is really and personally present with us. With what tender feeling did he himself regard these "winter evenings—the world shut out." There is a warmth about his work which betrays a close room and glowing embers. It has a ruddy light upon it. He cannot give shape to his fancies in the glaring sunlight. "The mild internal light," he moans, "like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine." And with a delicious touch of sentimental humour, he concludes one of his essays with "We would indite something about the Solar System—*Betty, bring the candles!*" Of all names possible to mention this is surely most properly and peculiarly the one to be borne in mind as the embers settle themselves into a "solid core of heat."

Of poets there are few whose books are for the precious interval of smoke and slippers. Among contemporary poets none. Tennyson men don't read much after leaving college. Browning should not be attempted except after a severe course of physical and mental training. Swinburne may be read advantageously on the top of an iceberg. We must go back a little for our selection. We can't call Byron a fireside poet, nor dare we be so impertinent in the case of Shelley. Clearly Wordsworth would resent it, as would Coleridge. No one in his senses would call Southey a bard to be read by the hearth—or anywhere else.

I went into a theatre the other night, which, in face of the fact that there was nobody in town, bravely kept open during the out-of-town months, and seems to have thrived upon it. When I entered, one of the actors was playing the part of a lawyer, and during the performance he had to deliver certain words prepared for him by his author. Apropos of something which I didn't see, he quoted a couplet which I didn't catch, adding, after the manner of Dr. Pangloss, "Crabbe—out of date." Then, in mild depreciation of the individuals who allowed Crabbe to go out of date, he lifted his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

It has been quite the thing for many a year to poke fun at the Rev. George Crabbe. Those witty rogues the brothers Smith commenced the ill treatment in their "Rejected Addresses." And Rogers, I think, sneered at him as "Pope in fustian." But in spite of all Crabbe is a rare fireside companion. A perfect mine of unaffected and cheery sentiment, a storehouse of interesting incident, with a flow of vigorous metred and memorable garrulity. It's quite refreshing to read even his arguments. Here we have the "Borough," and therein the well-remembered style:

"LETTER XIII.

"THE ALMSHOUSE AND TRUSTEES.

"The Frugal Merchant—Rivalship in Modes of Frugality—Private Exceptions to General Manners—Almshouse built—Its Description—Founder dies—Six Trustees," &c. &c.

And the dear gentleman proceeds dealing you out in little jerks his homely "argument" in the most natural and confiding manner possible. Exhibits his enticing bill of fare, and bids you welcome to the little repast. Not that it's all so tame either as you would imagine, supercilious critic! Consider the ways of that notorious scoundrel Blaney treated of in this very "Borough," and be wise. Look at him in the noonday splendour of his guilt, see him last of all in the workhouse, when

The old men shun him, some his vices hate,
And all abhor his principles and prate,
Nor love nor care for him will mortal show
Save a frail sister in the female row.

And reflect upon the misery which is sure, sooner or later, to overtake people who read Voltaire. A little old fashioned it mayhap, and gossipy, but when the night is cold and the fire burns with a more than usually brilliant sparkle, commend me to Crabbe.

"Sweet Auburn" can nowhere receive the proper tone save from the presence of quietly consuming—not that whizzing

gaseous—coal, although Dr. Goldsmith himself would perhaps have had but a small respect for readers who read him so.

Gray's "Elegy," which albeit an elegaic composition, is in point of fact no elegy at all, is, methinks, most surely relished when, doors secure and curtains drawn, warm light fills the room. It requires that contrast to give keenness to the appreciation. The cold outline is felt to be more intensely cold as that last log crackles in the blaze. The tolling of the curfew seems to steal musically through the drawn curtain. And the ploughman is plodding towards a fire as bright as mine. "Chill penury" is an idea only bearable amid comfortable surroundings, suggesting if not prompting the exercise of charity.

But meantime our fire has dwindled to half a dozen cinders, and the thread of our discourse is irrecoverably lost.

Of modern literature and of its fireside aspect, we have been somewhat unmindful. Truth to tell, however, there is in most of the books of our time a something quite out of keeping with the glow, a sneering, cynical something calculated to make us feel ashamed of homely and tender associations. We have some, however, whose flavour suits the humour. And as we return Lamb and Sterne to their places on the shelf, the eye lights sadly on the "Christmas Carol" and the "Cricket on the Hearth."

WILLIAM MACKAY.

THE HANDWRITING UPON THE WALL.

"WE live in troublous times!"

The remark is old and stale: each succeeding generation has probably made it, convinced that the particular epoch in which it lived was, of all epochs, the most remarkable.

What does this prove, however, but the truth of Solomon's saying, that "There is nothing new under the sun?" What, too, but the different light in which we regard the affairs of others from those of ourselves, and how the reasoning and reflective faculties are at all times liable to become distorted from the inherent selfishness of our nature?

Nevertheless, we repeat it, "we live in troublous times!"

Events, political, social, and religious, *do* seem to be hurrying past of a magnitude, and with a velocity, unprecedented, since man's history first began.

Hurrying past, as if telegraphs and railroads were but outward

and visible signs of the rapidity with which mundane affairs in general are commencing to move.

Whither?

This is, indeed, a momentous question, and one which has at all times excited the interest and exercised the ingenuity of our kind.

For, despite the unseen hand which absolutely holds our intellects in subjection, and prevents our being able, even for a second, to penetrate behind the limits of this material world, man ever has strove, and ever must strive, to clear up the mysteries of those mighty problems connected with the final destiny of his race.

Nor is it extraordinary that, in the endeavour, the principal text book made use of should be the sacred annals which treat of life and death. Where else, save in this volume, which, as a Christian people, we believe to be writ by the hand of God, could we possibly hope to gain the clue we seek? Accordingly, it is to the Bible we have long been accustomed to turn in our perplexity, struggling from a comparison of past and passing events, with the utterances contained in it, to read rightly the signs of the times, and especially to ascertain "*when shall the end of all things be.*"

What though these efforts have as yet been attended with but limited success? Is not the failure to be attributed to inability to comprehend the meaning of the indications enshrined within the volume, and not to any want of accuracy in the indications themselves?

Is it not possible that, in consequence of increased knowledge, these difficulties may disappear, and that we may yet be permitted to obtain some insight into the solution of the problems we have alluded to?

But these speculations open out to our view a field vast and almost illimitable—far be it from us to presume to obtrude therein.

We only wish to make a few remarks upon passing events, and, from their scrutiny, to draw attention to the handwriting upon the wall.

How short-sighted and vain are man's imaginings; how erroneous often his most cherished calculations; how mistaken his fondest and firmest beliefs! Of this, what can be a stronger proof than the events which have taken place since 1851?

In that year, and for some time before and after it, the idea was widely spread that the days of warfare were past, that mankind had become too civilised to kill one another in battle, and that nations were too wise to allow the arbitrament of the sword to decide their disputes.

The temple which was raised in Hyde Park, and of which

Prince Albert was the principal supporter, was inaugurated professedly by the disciples of this theory, which it will be found throughout pervaded the literature of the day.

Since then the Crimean war, the Indian mutiny, the Italian war, the Austrian war, the Mexican campaign, the American internecine struggle, the Prussian aggression on Denmark, the Chinese war, the Abyssinian campaign, and other smaller events of a similar nature, ending with the fearful spectacle which the war between Prussia and France now presents, have been the comments of time and of experience upon these visionary dreams. Man's passions are seen to be as little amenable to reason as ever, notwithstanding all the restraining influences of the civilisation of which he then boasted; and, practically, the only effect of this civilisation would appear to be the facility which it gives him to invent mitrailleuses, torpedoes, petroleum pumps, satan fusées, and other deadly means of destroying his fellow-creatures.

It is certain, therefore, that we can no longer indulge in the illusion that "the lion will lie down with the lamb," or that "wars and rumours of wars" will henceforth cease.

The spectacle which our planet now presents is in itself fatal to such an hypothesis—the best answer to such a doctrine.

For, if we look around, is it not apparent that there are signs of a further spread of the fatal war fever now raging upon the Continent? Does not Europe visibly heave and throb with suppressed symptoms of the complaint, whilst is it not notorious that the old kingdoms of the far East lie convulsed in the throes commonly presaging an outbreak? In short, are not the nations that compose the civilised world seething with an excitement more than ordinary?

Look, for instance, at Germany, that rejuvenescent giant, for ages slumbering peacefully in ignorance of his strength, at length awake, and conscious of it. See how, now that he has tasted blood, he holds his vanquished neighbour France savagely by the throat, and well nigh strangles her, whilst he directs an eager, lustful, glance at Luxembourg, Holland, and Belgium. Mark how "*l'appetit vient en mangeant*," and how, his passions now aroused by the excitement of conquest, he drops his former cautious tone, and, in his intercourse with his neighbours, displays his grim consciousness that a million of the best soldiers in the world, elated by victory, stand ready and eager for further action!

Does *this* look like peace?

Then gaze at France. See how, conquered in the strife and bleeding from the fray, she lies prostrate and well nigh powerless on the ground! Regard the sullen fury which sits upon her

visage and reveals the fires of vengeful wrath which burn within. She only bides her time to rise and rend her victor.

Does *this* sight promise peace?

Now let us wing our way northwards to Russia.

Mark, as we do so, how the hammers clang on the anvils night and day, and how the flames of fire leap up high from the furnaces throughout the empire! How is the Colossus of the North occupied? In fabricating arms, in manufacturing munitions of war, in drilling new levies, in completing military railways, in preparing, in short, with silent speed (the whilst she fixes her glances greedily at Turkey and defiantly elsewhere) for—certainly not *peace*.

There, too, sits humbled Austria, once so proud and powerful, but now overawed by her two great neighbours. Her remaining German provinces must, she foresees, soon leave her, and serve to swell the forces of united Germany; meanwhile she gazes wistfully around—stealthily clutching at her sword—in search of time and place and an ally, by means of which she may hope to compensate herself for her losses, and be able to save her empire from threatened disruption.

There is not much promise *here* of peace.

Then Italy—the last born great power—gauche and ill at ease, as all young things are. Full of incoherent political atoms. Timid and conscious of her weakness, yet borne on irresistibly to possess herself of Rome by the magic force of events and of public opinion.

Traditionally afraid of France, yet loving her—of Germany, and hating her no less. A power of little weight in Europe. A tool in the hands of older, stronger states.

And Spain—without a government. Disorganised, convulsed, and writhing in the throes of revolution. Threatened with the loss of Cuba, and filled with obstinate Castilian pride.

And little Denmark—shamefully forsaken and despoiled. Nourishing a bitter hatred to her despoiler, and biding patiently her time.

And Turkey and Egypt, these two Oriental states, who have somehow or other intruded themselves into our European system. Followers of the false Mahound in the midst of Christians, what of them? Their time, too, draws nigh. They await but Russia's signal to draw the sword against each other.

Do *these* promise peace?

But leave our modern world, and come away to the far East, where those old countries still exist first civilised by man.

What of China, with her three hundred millions of the human race? Torn by anarchy, and united but in one thing, detestation

of all other nations, she has just ventured to display publicly this feeling. By the massacre of the French residents at Tientsin and of the unhappy sisters of charity, after committing upon them unnamable atrocities, she simply signalises in her Old World way her belief that she is at last strong enough to expel from her shores the "foreign devil" she hates so blindly. The latest accounts represent her massing troops and preparing for war, having already provided herself with large stores of European arms and ammunition.

Does *this* look like peace?

And India, what of her? Does she love peace, hate war, and abhor rebellion? Inquire of the officers who govern her huge provinces, those men whose contact with our dusky fellow-subjects should give them power to read their hearts. What do they say? This. Disaffection with our rule pervades their masses. What, though we do them good, and make them rich? They hate us all the same. Bigoted, unchangeable, the ancient effete races who compose her population, have nothing, and can have nothing, in common with their conquerors. She, too, but bides her time, prepared to welcome with open arms the first great power which would show her how to rise.

Once more. Let us glance at the great New World, inhabited by our own kin. What do we see there? A mighty nation, brave, prosperous, and progressive. And peaceful? Anything but that. A people that holds the "Monroe" doctrine, and tolerates only themselves upon their vast continent; a people filled with resentment against ourselves, bearing malice on account of the *Alabama* question, and publicly avowing their intention to gratify it at the first opportunity; a people covetous of Cuba, still more covetous of Canada, restless, ambitious, and devoid of national principle. Methinks there is not much promise here of peace.

Lastly, let us turn our gaze on England. Here, if anywhere, one would expect to find a land that promised peace, for is not peace the thing of all others that England loves? Has she not, thanks to her colourless and time-serving policy, lived in peace—as regards Europe—for many years, and when provoked to fight, as in the Peninsular and Crimean wars, has she not, at all events, taken care to be backed by good and efficient allies? Has she not, in short, *always* been assured, before commencing a war, that she was fighting on the strongest side?

Have not these principles thus carried out been eminently successful—in a commercial point of view? The only point of view from which she cares to take her stand, ignoring as she does in its favour those abstract ideas represented by the words honour, glory,

and renown, which operate to influence so largely the actions of other nations. Have not these national sentiments, complacently carried into practice, made her rich, and prosperous, and happy? No doubt; and yet, is it not to be feared a Nemesis is at hand? The glory of her past history, which has so far stood her in such good stead, cannot last for ever. Nations will hardly continue on the strength of it to court her alliance, now that it is evident that no practical benefit can result from it, and that "moral" aid is all that can be expected from her when the hour of trial is at hand.

Nor is it probable that the powers who decline a future alliance with her, will be exact in maintaining a "benevolent" neutrality in her favour. "Each quondam friend betrayed, an enemy becomes." Where at this moment can she look for an ally in her hour of need? Will France or Germany stand by her if attacked?

In the *Times* of the 6th of October, a remarkable letter appears, written by a Belgian, and dated Elbœuf, October 2. In it this passage occurs:

"Aujourd'hui que la France est malheureuse vous l'abandonnez, et c'est au vainqueur que vous prodiguez les compliments et les adulations. Les Français n'oublieront jamais l'ingratitude et l'égoïsme de l'Angleterre. Ils étaient en Orient vos seuls alliés, mais lorsque l'heure du danger aura sonné pour vous, lorsque la Russie, de connivance avec la Prusse et les États-Unis, menacera la Turquie et votre empire de l'Inde, la France, à laquelle vous n'aurez pas tendu une main secourable, calquera sa conduite sur la vôtre; elle laissera faire le Czar, comme vous laissez faire Bismark; et ce sera bien fait. A chacun selon ses œuvres!

"Moi-même, qui suis Belge, je conjure mes compatriotes de ne pas ajouter foi aux promesses de vos ministres.

"Ils sont laissé écraser le Danemarck, demais ils laisseront démembrer la France, et lorsque la Prusse voudra étendre ses frontières maritimes et s'annexer la Hollande et la Belgique, ils se garderont bien de souffler mot; car ils aiment trop la paix pour se lancer dans une guerre même juste et nécessaire. Cette abdication de vous-même a déjà produit pour vous des fruits amers; vous n'avez plus en Europe ni prestige, ni influence, et lorsque tôt ou tard, bientôt peut-être, vous aurez perdu les Indes, vous regretterez votre incurie, et penserez peut-être alors à demander compte de ses actes à un gouvernement inepte. Malheureusement il sera trop tard pour sauver la France et l'Angleterre."

In the same newspaper occurs a letter from a German, dated Bonn, October. Thus he speaks:

"The weak or timid always imagine that the safest course is to

do nothing; it is often the most dangerous of all; it has proved so in the present case to you. What will your position be at the end of the present war? You have allowed the French to pursue unchecked a brigand policy. For all you would have done Germany might have been torn to pieces, and her people subjected to nameless atrocities. Have you thereby gained the gratitude of France? Why, an Englishman is hardly safe in the streets of Paris. Will you find an ally in Germany when Russia moves on Constantinople or threatens you in India? Why, there is scarcely a wounded soldier in our hospitals who does not believe that England supplied the guns with which the Frenchmen shot him down. Your policy of non-intervention, as carried out by your 'white salve ministry,' simply means that you will submit to any indignity yourselves, that you will look calmly on at any wrong inflicted on your neighbours rather than risk responsibility, rather than shed your blood or spend your money. With what feelings will other nations regard your sufferings when you, like us, have to fight for your very existence against some mortal foe of your liberty and honour? What other ally could you have but Germany? Russia perhaps, or America? Or is it on France that you rely? A curious combination between Quakerism and Chauvinism—between sheep and tigers. England has had a glorious past, and both we and all the civilised nations of the world have much to thank her for. Her withdrawal from the councils of Europe is a calamity to the world, as well as to herself. But we feel assured that a long continuance of such a policy would reduce her to the position of a third-rate power; and we cannot but fear that the time is at hand when her neutrality will be pityingly guaranteed by other nations, together with that of Belgium and Holland."

The sentiments expressed in these two extracts represent, it is to be feared, the feelings of a large portion of the populations of France and Germany, and if so, it is unnecessary to say that England can scarcely look in future for support to either of these powers in any of the emergencies which may arise consequent upon the present unsettled state of affairs.

Do these things, then, in our own country portend peace?

But let us turn to other topics connected with the history of our race, and try from their consideration to read the lesson they ought to teach.

And how about religion? Is there not notoriously a disintegration of it going on both ominous and sad? Is not the religious world, like the political world, convulsed by mysterious causes?

Forth from his throne of centuries is hurled the Pope, whilst Catholic Europe meekly looks on.

The English Church—its Irish limb cut off—shows signs of breaking fast. Its sects increase—no two priests think the same. Disbelief and infidelity rage in its midst, and its most learned members, and even its very bishops, are tainted with them.

On the Continent, rationalism prevails and increases, and the Goddess of Reason has well nigh usurped the place which of right belongs to the God of Inspiration.

In America, again, strange doctrines prevail. Mormons, Free-lovers, Shakers, and the like, cast ridicule upon everything sacred. Spiritualism with its false prophets is the belief of millions, and Mammon, in the shape of the almighty dollar, is the paramount idol of worship.

The Eastern nations, slowly learning to disbelieve their ancient religions, gain no other in exchange. Scepticism prevails, and wherever we look, man's faith grows faint and weak.

Then if we glance at the domestic affairs of the different nations which compose our globe, it will be seen how strong a current has set in, agitating them violently in one direction.

It is democracy which thus, like a resistless tide, is permitted to sweep everything before it.

The divine right of kings has been long a thing of the past. The divine right of the masses is the modern programme, which, in these latter days, looms before our vision.

Absolute equality is the dream of the age, and in the mean time, until it is procurable, republicanism, veiled or unveiled, prevails.

All these surely are startling signs and symptoms in our ancient world, and seem to portend some important crisis is at hand.

Nor, when we reflect to how vast an extent man has been permitted to penetrate into the secrets of nature, does it seem conceivable that progress at a similar ratio can long continue. The tree of knowledge has been already vigorously shaken: there must be *some* limit to the fruit with which it is loaded.

These, then, are some of the indications, which, combined, constitute "the handwriting upon the wall," to which we would draw attention. It is not for us more specifically to endeavour to interpret them.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1870.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE RHINE.

Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein !

BECKER'S *Die Rheinwacht*.

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,

* * * *

Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant.

ALFRED DE MUSSET, *Réponse à la Chanson de Becker*.

THE question of the Rhine as the natural or political frontier of Germany or France, requires more consideration than is usually given to it. A river affords a ready and convenient line of demarcation, just as a chain of mountains does, between two countries; but while the latter effects a natural division, often between races of men, as in the instance of the Pyrenees, a river, on the contrary, is generally the populous and commercial centre of a nation. Poland before its partition was the valley of the Vistula, just as Prussia itself was once the Oder.

The Rhine does not, then, constitute the boundary of France and Germany, because the race of people on both sides, at least its central portion, are the same—that is to say, German; although the long tenure of a portion of the left bank by France has introduced into the provinces so held much French blood, a mixed dialect, strong religious feeling, and French proclivities, just as was the case with Germany in Holstein.

A French writer of distinction upon this oft and bitterly discussed question admits that the Rhine constitutes a political rather than a military frontier. "The region which it traverses from Basle to the sea is," he says, "a geological whole, through which it forces itself a way, and the regions on both banks are so similar in climate, soil, productions, and inhabitants, as to be indivisible."

The same writer, however, commits a great error when he says that the Romans made of the Rhine a barrier against Germanic invasion, or, as he has it, a barrier between civilisation and barbarism. The Romans really colonised the whole length of the valley, as a great commercial centre and line of communication. So well were their stations selected, that many of them, as Argen-

toratum (Strasburg), Maguntiacum (Mainz), Confluentes (Coblentz), and Colonia Agrippina (Cologne), have continued ever since to be great centres of population and commerce. Some of their strongholds, as Bingen (Bingen), Ambitarinus Vicus (Boppard), Antonacum (Andernach), and many others, were erected to defend the passage of hills or the centre of mountainous regions, just as in the instance of the feudal castles of mediæval times. Their towns and strongholds, although in main part on the left bank, were also in many instances planted on the right bank, as Mons Brisacius, (Alt Brisach); Castellum Germanici (Wiesbaden), in the Taunus; Segedunum (Siegburg), on the Segus or Sieg; and others.

The left bank of the Rhine constituted, in fact, in Roman times, Germania Superior, which extended to the Jura—the country of the Seguni—and Germania Inferior, which included Holland, or the Netherlands. What is now better known as Germany, was then Germania Trans-Rhenana, or Germany beyond the Rhine. Gallia Belgica, or Belgian Gaul, extended from the Scaldis (Scheldt or Schelde) to the Seguna or Seine; Gallia Celtica, or Lugdunensis, so called from its capital Lugdunus (now Lyons), commencing upon the other side of that river.

That a central, fertile, and populous valley like that of the Rhine should be occasionally invaded by the hardy tribes at that time inhabiting mountain recesses and openings in the vast tracts of forest and marsh, which covered the greater portion of the adjacent countries, is natural; but it did not constitute a frontier against aggression so much as a centre of resistance, and so well was it kept, that it was not till the third century, when the empire was in its decadence and its legions were demoralised, that the defence of the Rhine was intrusted by Probus, not to the Gauls, but to its native inhabitants, the Germans. The valley of the Rhine was at this epoch divided into what were called “*Germania prima*” and “*Germania secunda*.”

These German colonies were even at this early period incessantly invaded and harassed by the Gauls and Franks; it was in vain that Julian drove back these warlike tribes; they returned like locusts to the assault, ravaged the towns and cities, and devastated the country. At length, in A.D. 406, the whole of the north sent forth its hordes to take reprisals, the country that stretches from the Rhine to the Atlantic was overrun; and we must go back fourteen centuries to find a parallel for the events of 1813 and 1870.

The rise of the Franks upon the fall of the Roman Empire was followed by the continuation of the same unending wars between the Gaulish and Teutonic races, until Charlemagne brought both under

the same sceptre—an unnatural extension of power, which entailed the same fatal consequences in the ninth as it did in the nineteenth century. The people gathered together under this ephemeral empire soon sought to separate themselves from it; the battle of Fontenay, followed by the treaty of Verdun (A.D. 842), effected the separation; and Gaul, now the kingdom of France, was cast back to its own national centre, and within its own natural limits. These limits did not at this first distribution of the land by its own people, and following up the collapse of an ephemeral empire, in as far as France was concerned, extend to the Rhine; on the contrary, the kingdom of Lorraine aggregated in the north between the Franks and the Saxons, just as that of Provence did in the south between the Franks and the Lombardians.

France commenced, however, at this early epoch, as a dismembered joint of Charlemagne's empire, that incessant career of turbulence and invasion which, after ten centuries of struggles and combats, has not yet found an end. French writers designate this state of things as a glorious task imposed upon its successive monarchs, to be ever striving to recover their "natural frontiers," and to establish the "true position and grandeur" of the country—that is to say, its supremacy, and the result has been to render France a perpetual centre of aggression and a focus of European discord, and to compel all other nations to preserve an attitude of defence, and to maintain large and exhausting fleets and armies.

This system of aggression, designated by French historians as "the work of reconstruction of the French territory," was energetically proceeded with by the kings of the third race. The traditional policy of these kings to keep extending the limits of their dominions began with Hugues Capet, and, if suspended for a time, has never been entirely abandoned. Such an extension of territory was admittedly not "the work of one man, nor of one reign, they knew that; but each successive monarch was expected to contribute a stone to the edifice, and that with a deep faith, an unfailing devotion, and a persevering skill. It was not a vulgar ambition that animated them, but a family mission, which they had to fulfil patiently and perseveringly."

By following out the system thus laid out for themselves by the French monarchy, the kingdom of France, which had Orleans and Beauvais for frontier towns under Hugues Capet, extended under Philippe Auguste to Auvergne, Mayenne, the Yonne, and the Somme; Saint Louis conquered Languedoc; Philippe le Bel, Champagne and the Lyonnais; and Philippe de Valois, Dauphiny. Already, at the same epoch, they coveted the episcopacies of Verdun and Metz, Luxembourg, Hainault, Namur, and other provinces of Flanders as far as the Rhine, and the Emperor Albert of

Austria having sought an alliance with Philippe le Bel, the project was only entertained upon the understanding that the kingdom of France, which then extended to the Meuse, should be carried to the banks of the Rhine (Guill. de Nangis, Anno 1299; Gilb. de Fracheto in the "*Historiens de France*," t. xxi.). There can be no question, at all events, as to the antiquity of French ambition to occupy the left bank of the Rhine.

Under the Capetian kings the policy of France was especially directed to driving the southern provinces from their alliance with the Latin kingdoms by extending their influence in the south; and it was thus that the brother of Louis IX. became King of Naples and Sicily, and that Philippe III., conquering Navarre, took Castile under his protection. The wars with England materially assisted the aggrandisement of the French monarchy, or, as the French term it, "the unification of France;" for the feudal chiefs of remote fiefs, before more or less banded by the Crusades, all united to defend the common territory from the invasion of a stranger. Thus Charles VII. found himself at the end of these wars at the head of almost all the provinces that have ever constituted France strictly speaking, with the exception of Brittany, Provence, Burgundy, and Lorraine, or Lothringen, of which kingdom Elsass, or Alsace, constituted an integral part.

The first movement made by France towards the Rhine dates as far back as 1444, when Charles VII., instigated by certain disaffected German princes, marched into Lorraine; but the inhabitants of Metz, satisfied with the municipal liberties which they enjoyed under the empire, stood as an effective barrier to all further progress eastwards.

Charles the Bold of Burgundy was for the time more successful. Possessor of certain provinces in the Low Countries by marriage and inheritance, he subdued Lorraine, which lay between them and his duchy; but it was only to become, as De Commynes has it, "a vassal of the German emperors." Louis XI. devoted his whole life to the subjugation of his great territorial rival; but it was not till the reign of Charles VIII. that Burgundy and Brittany were, with the provinces of the south, added to the French crown, whilst the Low Countries went to the House of Austria.

The Protestant princes of the empire having leagued with the King of France against Charles V., the three episcopacies of Metz, Toul, and Verdun were delivered up to Henri II.; but when that prince wished to extend his power to Strasburg, he met with so effectual a resistance, that, after "having watered his horses in the Rhine," he was obliged to retrace his steps. Metz, Toul, and Verdun remained territories of the empire, but Lorraine was left open to invasion from the side of France. This is the first time in

history that the three strongholds upon the Meuse and the Moselle were spoken of as "three nails stuck into that territory and keeping it in submission"—an expression which has ever since adhered to them. They constitute, in fact, a triangle, which once in possession of the enemy, no other places of importance, in a military point of view, save intrenched camps, like that of Chalons, lies between him and the capital.

The religious wars of France caused a suspension of these labours of "reconstructing frontiers;" yet Henri III. lost his life and his crown in what a powerful advocate for French extension by a strange anomaly designates as "*ses velleités d'agrandissement national*."

These velleités, however, as they were contemptuously termed, suspended for three centuries by the wars with England, wars with Italy, wars with Burgundy, and religious wars, were methodically resumed under the Bourbons. Henri IV. projected the union of Lorraine by marriage, and the absorption of Luxemburg, Cleves, Limburg, and other states "as frontier districts of the Low Countries." Death put a stop to these ambitious projects, but they survived in the person of Richelieu, who succeeded, during the Thirty Years' War, in appropriating territories on the Scheldt and the Meuse. It remained, however, to the astute Mazarin, backed by Turenne and Condé, to conclude the treaties of Munster in 1648, and of the Pyrenees in 1659, by which Upper and Lower Alsace were ceded to France, and the acquisition of Thionville and Montmedy, in Luxemburg, insured the possession of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, ceded by the treaty of Munster.

Louis XIV., who had wedded a Spanish infanta in order to bring about this territorial aggrandisement, was further abetted in his ambition by certain German princes, who found in the money and alliance of France the means of being independent of the emperor; and France, which had before twenty thousand Swiss under its flag, could now count twelve regiments of German infantry and six of cavalry (raised by Louis XV. to twenty-five) in its service. These regiments were known as the Royal-German, Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau, Deux-Ponts, Fursteinberg, &c. (*Fièffé*, "*Hist. des Troupes étrangères au Service de France*"). Louis XIV., checked by the coalition of England, Holland, and Sweden, in his attempted subjugation of the Low Countries, still obtained by the treaty of Nimeguen (1678) the outlying province of Franche-Comté, and a host of strong places in Artois and Flanders. The German provinces were, however, only nominally annexed to France under Louis XIV. Their princes had taken refuge beyond the Rhine, and the treaty of Nimeguen restored to them their domains, ceding, however, Nancy, Longwy, Marsal, and four

military roads. France in consequence disregarded the terms of the treaty, in as far as Lorraine was concerned, and continued to occupy the country militarily.

The war of Holland, entered upon with so much pomp, "and which was to have given to the kingdom her natural limits," ended in the subjugation of only one province and of a few towns, and thus became a great lesson. Louis XIV., obliged to moderate his ideas of aggrandisement, entered, with the aid of Vauban and Louvois, upon what has been termed an arbitrary or conventional line of frontier. This was constituted by a series of fortresses, stretching from Dunkerque to Basle, defending the basins of the Scheldt, the Meuse, and the Moselle externally; the Oise, the Marne, and the Seine internally. Condé, Valenciennes, Bouchain, and Cambray were fortified to defend the Scheldt; le Quesnoy, between the Scheldt and the Sambre; Maubeuge and Landrecies, on the Sambre; Philippeville, Marienburg, Avesnes, and Rocroy, between the Sambre and Meuse; Givet and Charlemont, Mézières and Sedan, on the Meuse.

The Moselle was defended by Metz, Thionville, and Sierck, and the Vosges by Bitche and Phalsbourg. Louis XIV. added Saarlouis, but the valley of the Saar (Saar of the Germans, Sarre of the French) and its strongholds were, with Philippeville and Marienburg, severed from France by the allies in 1815.

The most vulnerable part of France, the hollow between the Vosges and the Jura, by which the whole line of fortifications from Dunkerque to Basle can be turned, was defended by Huningue, Belfort, Besançon, Auxonne, and Langres. The "trouée de Belfort," as the French call it, has never lost its importance even up to our own times.

The plan adopted for the defence of France, "to," it has been written, "the eternal glory of the three persons concerned in carrying it out," may be designated as conventional or arbitrary; but it really attests, to a certain extent, what are the natural frontiers of France. The country so designated comprises the hydrographical basins of the Somme, the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne, and the Adour on the one side, and those of the Aude and the Rhone on the other. The basins of the Lys, the Scheldt, and the Sambre are as essentially Flemish, as those of the Meuse and the Moselle are German. If the basin of the Rhine could in any way be proved to belong "naturally" to France, then the countries watered by the Neckar, the Main, the Lahn, and the Sieg, would be French also, and would comprise a large portion of Germany. The strong places situated on the rivers Lys, Scheldt, Sambre, Meuse, Moselle, and beyond the Vosges, may be places for the defence of acquired territories, but they are not French fortresses save by right of conquest.

The first portion of this great political reconstruction of the French frontiers was carried out from the sea to the Meuse between 1678 and 1688; from the Meuse to the Rhine from 1688 to 1698. It was while this "*règlement des places de la frontière*" was being carried out, that the triumvirate engaged in the work became dissatisfied with the *trouées* left between the Meuse and the Moselle, and between the Moselle, the Vosges, and the Rhine. To remedy these defects eighty fiefs were taken by force from Lorraine, ten towns from Alsace, including Strasburg and Lauterburg, the duchy of Deux-Ponts, the counties of Chimay and Montbeliard, whilst Luxembourg, Courtrai, and Dix-Mude were taken from the King of Spain.

"These annexations," to use the words of one of their apologisers, "carried out in a brutal manner and at a time of profound peace," aroused the indignation of all Europe; a new coalition was organised, and the war called that "of the frontiers" by contemporary writers was inaugurated. Louis XVI. was obliged to temporise, and by the treaty of Ratisbon (1684) he agreed to hold his new conquests provisionally, but continuing at the same time the fortification of the places; the league of Augsburg was instituted to counterbalance the ambition of France, and thus with the expulsion of the Stuarts at the same epoch from England, by depriving France of the neutrality of that country, entailed to France "the loss of its natural frontiers"—that is to say, it placed impediments in the way of the forcible extension of those frontiers, just as far as was dictated by the lust of conquest.

The policy of Louis XIV. changed with the new circumstances under which France was placed, and all thoughts were turned towards the expansion of power on the sea. This, we are told, was the policy followed by the "*grande monarque*" until the end of his reign; it was that which was followed by his successors up to 1792; "the natural frontier continued to be nothing but a dream, so long as the British parliament rang with that cry of hatred which old Pitt repeated with one leg in the grave: 'war, war, unending war against the ambitious house of Bourbon!'"

The generals of Louis XIV. were, however, not the less engaged in the barbarous task of devastating the towns, and burning and destroying everything in the three electorates and in the palatinate; "the king had been persuaded," says Villars, "that the safety of the state lay in creating deserts between our frontier and the enemies' forces." Landau was fortified at the same time to hold the palatinate in subjection, and Mont Royal was founded on the Moselle to keep the electorates in check. Louis especially coveted Mons and Namur, which command the regions between the Scheldt and the Sambre, and the Sambre and Meuse; but the allies defeated his plans.

The Augsburg league sought to turn the north-eastern strongholds by the trouée of BÉfort, the line followed by the coalition in 1814, and by a strong German force in the present war, but they were opposed by Switzerland, and what were then called "*les villes forestières*," and obliged to attack in front, and though unsuccessful in the field, they so far exhausted the enemy, that by the treaty of Ryswick Louis had to restore Lorraine and Luxemburg, besides many important strong places on the Rhine and in the Low Countries. The treaty of Ryswick, which created as great an outcry in France at the time as the proposed cession of Lorraine and Alsace in our own times, was destined to last, however, with some modifications, more especially in what concerned Lorraine, up to the time of the revolution.

One reason for this was that France found herself engaged in the terrible war known in history as that of the Spanish succession. In this war Marlborough and Eugène recovered almost all the strong places on the Flemish rivers, and the Germans reconquered the provinces lost on the Rhine; Villars alone held out in the strong places of the Saar and the Scarpe. The allies, who after the battles of Ramilies and Oudenarde, had marched upon and captured Lille, the metropolis of Flemish France, met, however, with no support from other quarters. The Duke of Savoy was kept in check at Briançon by Marshal, Duke of Berwick; the Germans, under Mercy, were defeated under Rumersheim by the Count du Bourg. The allies, thus unable to advance upon the Somme without support, turned back upon Mons. Once in possession of that stronghold the trouée of the Oise was followed, its strong places and Bouchain and Quesnoy fell into the hands of the allies. Paris was in a state of consternation, the enemy was almost at its gates, when a successful assault upon the camp of Denain relieved Landrecies and saved the country. "The work of Louis XIV. and of Vauban received," said the French historians, "its solemn consecration from Villars." France was henceforth, thanks to this network of strongholds, deemed to be safe from invasion. Time has proved the contrary, and that no number of strong places can resist large armies triumphant in the field. The war of succession ended with the treaties of Utrecht and Rastadt, and France remained pretty nearly as she stood after the treaty of Ryswick. Her losses were greatest in the Low Countries, but owing to misunderstandings among the German princes as to who were to garrison the left bank of the Rhine, little was done in that direction, and France was allowed to hold Landau. The misfortune of Germany has been hitherto its subdivision into so many petty principalities, often without either national or political coherence. This obstacle, however, to the

power conferred by union in a common cause, has been removed in our own times. France again had a Bourbon on the throne of Spain, and the fleet of that country continued for more than a century to be available against England, to whom all the humiliations of the country were attributed; but, on the other hand, Austria held Italy, and the Celtic or Latin races remained, at the most glorious period in the history of France, with the exception of the first empire, by the admission of French historians themselves, in a condition of inferiority in presence of the Germanic races, in which they include the Anglo-Saxons. France argued at this epoch, as it has done ever since, that its frontiers could not be left unprotected whilst the means were left to other princes to enter into their territory; but it was replied to this that France, powerful as she was, had nothing to fear from her neighbours, but her neighbours had everything to dread from her. History repeats itself, and the very same words have found an echo in our own times. France has no greater enemy than herself in her ambition to extend her frontiers, to exalt her power, and to dominate over the rest of Europe.

The reign of Louis XV. was marked at its onset by a fatal transaction, in which Austria was concerned, but with which Germany had nothing to do. The Duke of Lorraine had wedded Maria-Theresa, heiress of Charles IV. He would thus inherit the imperial crown. It was also the era of the departition of Poland; and it was deemed politic to remove the prince to the duchy of Tuscany, whilst the ancient principality of Lorraine was conceded to Stanislas Leczinski, the deposed King of Poland, upon condition that, at his death, it should pass into the hands of France. Stanislas died in 1766, and "thus," said the French historians, "did the province so long coveted, so often annexed, and so often separated, become French, and the highway of the Moselle to the interior of the kingdom was for ever closed." Historians are not always gifted with prophetic powers.

Notwithstanding this acquisition, the results of that war of Poland, from which the diplomacy of Cardinal Fleury succeeded in estranging England, Louis XV. devoted himself almost entirely to Italian affairs. His ambition was to cover the south of France with Bourbon dynasties, among whom there should be a perpetual defensive and offensive alliance. Whilst pursuing these chimerical objects, he allowed Great Britain to seize upon his American colonies, in return for the aid given to the Americans in revolt, and he had to dismantle Dunkerque at the bidding of Pitt.

The policy of Louis XVI. was the same as that of Louis XV.; it was solely directed by enmity to Great Britain, and, aided by the war of independence in America, he was enabled to efface the

humiliation of the demolition of Dunkerque. On the frontiers his whole policy was directed to surrounding France with a girdle of neutral or allied states, which could act as so many bulwarks against any attempts on the part of Germany to recover its ancient possessions.

The idea of "natural frontiers" had remained for eight centuries the prominent political idea of the French kings, and the traditional dream of French statesmen; but with the advent of the revolution of 1789, and in the presence of Europe coalesced against the public disturber of peace, it was taken up by the people, and became, and has ever since remained, a national idea. The first instructions given by the Convention to the republican generals were, "to remain upon the defensive wherever France had its natural limits, and to assume the offensive wherever it had them not." This was tantamount to saying, "attack wherever there is not a sea, or a chain of mountains, between you and the enemy."

The man, strange to say, who was at first the most energetic and the least scrupulous of all to carry out this system of aggressive policy—Dumouriez—and who declared in 1792 that France could have no durable security save with the Rhine for a barrier, by a strange reaction of thought, or by a conviction forced upon him by experience, declared in 1797 that "the famous barrier of the Rhine was good for nothing save upon a map."

The allies advanced, upon the failure of Dumouriez, into France by way of Luxemburg, but, assailed in the defiles of the Argonne and defeated at Valmy, they were forced to retrace their steps. Custine was thus emboldened to advance from Landau upon the Rhine, where Spire, Worms, and Mainz were either captured or capitulated; and such was the fanaticism created by an ideal "liberty, fraternity, and equality," that they, with other towns, and all the chief places in the Low Countries, asked to be associated with France in a visionary Utopia.

But they were not long in awakening from so pleasant a dream to stern realities. The French committed excesses; France itself was a prey to anarchy, and terror reigned where "liberty, fraternity, and equality" were supposed to be enthroned. The powers of Europe coalesced against a state of things which was abhorrent to humanity. The republicans were everywhere driven back where they had advanced beyond the frontiers, and the allies advanced by the trouée of the Oise, defended, as we have seen, by the fortresses of the Scheldt, the Sambre, and the Meuse. One after another the fortresses fell before the Austrians under the Prince of Coburg, but Maubeuge was destined to play the part, in 1794, that Landrecies did in 1712, by detaining the allies, till Jourdan was enabled to come up and relieve the place. The

battle of Wattignies was not precisely a Denain, but it obliged the allies to retrace their steps beyond the Sambre.

It is impossible to follow out in detail the various turns of fortune that accompanied the wars of the Republic in the Low Countries, and in the Rhineland, so closely connected; nor do they affect the question at issue, and which we have proposed to ourselves to discuss, which country has the greatest claims to hold the valley of the Rhine, for they were purely wars of conquest. Whilst Coburg reduced Landrecies, Hoche relieved Landau; and Moreau and Pichegru capturing Courtray, Ypres, and other strong places in Belgium, the army of the Ardennes was joined to that of the Moselle, under the celebrated name of "Sambre and Meuse." The victory of Fleurus (June 26, 1794) thus enabled the victorious Republic to send one army to the north, which penetrated as far as Amsterdam itself; another along the Rhine by Mainz and Rheinfels; and a third along the Moselle; so that the French could boast that the three armies, that of the north, that of Sambre and Meuse, and that of the Rhine, occupied the great river from Basle to the sea. "The Republic," it was said, "had obtained its 'natural frontiers,' its 'Gaulish and Frankish frontiers.'" (Louis XIV. had to go back to the same times to establish his pseudo-historical claims.) "Our patriotic soldiers bivouacked in the cantonments of Clovis and Charlemagne; and the tri-colour flag was going to wave for twenty years over the Rhenish towns." According to this view of the question, the natural frontiers of France include Belgium and Holland; an idea that often oozes out from the discussion, and that at the very time that the towns on the Rhine are designated as Rhenish, not as French.

The National Convention was as valiant and bellicose, and the Committee of Public Safety was as perverse and impracticable in those days as the Government of National Defence in our own; but, luckily, a man of common sense came to the rescue. Carnot, who first called the line of fluvial strongholds by the name of "*la frontière de fer*," had more confidence, as well he might, in that frontier than in that of the so much coveted Rhine, and which he had the courage to declare to be "a geometrical frontier, too divergent, too eccentric, too far removed from Paris." The Republic held, however, in its negotiations for peace, by the left bank of the Rhine, including the duchies of Gueldres and Cleves, and it was ceded, by the treaty of Basle (April 5, 1795), that the republicans should occupy the provinces which they had militarily reduced, until "the general pacification between the German Empire and France." The mouths of the Rhine were left to Holland by the victors, but the Netherlands were shorn of their

fair proportions. Antwerp and the Scheldt were especially retained as "defensive positions against Great Britain." We are told that France departed from its great principle of natural limits by not annexing Holland; but to a restless, ambitious country, the mouths of the Rhine no more constitute a natural frontier than the Central Rhine. Nor do the mouths of the Rhine constitute the frontiers of Holland, they are Holland itself—politically an entity, geographically, like Poland, a mere expression. The day may come when Holland will follow the fortunes of the Rhine; but it will be from the German side, not from that of France. As it was with Prussia, so it was with the minor German states, they were obliged to submit to the occupation of their territories beyond the Rhine, to save those in the interior, always reserving all definitive arrangements until the general pacification. The Republic did not trouble itself with these reservations; it simply divided the conquered countries into nine French departments, none of which, however, extended at that epoch to the left bank of the Rhine.

The campaign of 1796 was entered upon with the ostensible object of forcibly appropriating these territories "*les arracher par de nouvelles victoires à la maison d'Autriche et à l'empire germanique.*" This new campaign brought Bonaparte to the front. It was he who, after the victories of Lodi, Castiglione, and Rivoli, signed the treaty of Campo-Formio (Oct. 17, 1797), by which a Cisalpine republic was constituted, but the left bank of the Rhine was left untouched. A secret convention, however, attached to the treaty defined the French possessions as extending from Basle to the Wethe, and yet professed to restore to the King of Prussia his possessions on the left bank of the Rhine. A more confused diplomatic convention, it has been truly remarked, was never drawn up, nor had it any issue.

The policy of the Directory, which had succeeded to the Convention, was not to defend France, but to surround the country with a band of allied or vassal republics. The foundation of a Batavian, a Cisalpine, and a Ligurian republic had suggested this dream of ambition, which must be necessarily fatal to the preservation of peace. The foundation of a Roman republic, and the violation of Swiss neutrality, aroused, indeed, the indignation of all Europe. Geneva and Mulhausen, allied with Switzerland, had to renounce their old feudal sovereignties, and the latter was incorporated in the department of the Haut Rhin. All Europe coalesced against these aggressive proceedings of the French Directory, and the allies were once more on the point of advancing on Paris by the "*trouée de Bèfort,*" when the country was saved by Massena's exertions on the line of the Limmat and in the

mountains of Zurich. Bonaparte, now consul, followed up the check thus given to the allies, recovered Upper Italy by the battle of Marengo, and obtained the treaty of Luneville (March 16, 1801) by the battle of Hohenlinden. By this treaty, in which the Emperor of Austria was supposed to represent the head of the Germanic States, the whole of the left bank of the Rhine, from where it left the Helvetian territory to where it entered Batavia, was ceded to France, and four new departments, Roër, Sarre, Rhin-et-Moselle, and Mont Tonnerre, were created. The number of French departments was triumphantly declared to be one hundred and one, and the natural framework (cadre) of ancient Gaul was pronounced to be filled up. In eight years the Republic had brought to a glorious conclusion the work so painfully elaborated by the monarchy during eight long centuries: the Rhine was reconquered, the artificial frontier of Louis XIV. was converted into a natural frontier, and France found herself as Providence had constituted her! "People long separated from her," said the First Consul, "had rejoined their brothers and increased her population, her territory, and her forces by a sixth." No one knew better than the First Consul that the population and the territory of the Rhine had never been French, and her forces only partially so; just as had been the Swiss and the Irish. So also we are told that this magnificent position of France in 1801, with its natural frontiers established, and its national grandeur exalted, was all sacrificed to the implacable jealousy of England and the insane ambition of the man who ruled over France, and wished to make it "the first nation in the world."

The wars of the First Empire were carried on upon such a scale, and were for the most part so far removed from the frontiers, that these no longer played but a secondary part. The first country to fall under the rapacious dominion of the eagles was Piedmont, and seven departments, including the island of Elba, were added to France. The visionary character of what were called "natural frontiers" was at once demonstrated. It became patent that a power inflated by the lust of conquest, having its natural limits on the Lower Rhine, would seek to extend them to the Elbe; on the Middle Rhine to the Niemen; on the Upper Rhine to the Danube; and at the foot of the Alps, or the Pyrenees, to the regions beyond. Switzerland passed in like manner under French domination (Feb. 19, 1803). The battles of Ulm and Austerlitz added Istria and Dalmatia to the empire. As a set-off for the battle of Trafalgar, Napoleon subjugated Naples, and gave the kingdom to his brother Joseph, while he made a kingdom of the Batavian republic for the benefit of his brother Louis. He conferred upon his sisters the principalities of Piombino, Lucca, and Guastalla; upon Murat, the

- duchies of Berg and Cleves; upon Berthier, the principality of Neufchâtel; and, above all, he constituted the "Confederation of the Rhine," into which he drew most of the secondary powers of Germany, taking them under his own special protection. Nothing could more clearly attest that the genius of Napoleon at once perceived that the Rhine could not be made to constitute a natural frontier, that it was a valley of its own, with its own population—the centre of a region, not its limits—and the only way to rule over it was to confederate its different states. Louis XIV.'s conquests, and indeed all movements upon the Rhine, had been previously justified by what Gaul had once been, and what Charlemagne and Clovis had made of the Franks; Napoleon defended an usurpation so flagrant as even to be condemned by the French themselves, by quoting the example of the monarchy, and declaring that he only established a right which had existed, but had not been put in force, for centuries past.

The fourth coalition, which took Napoleon to Berlin, Warsaw, and the Niemen, was followed (Jan. 21, 1808) by the annexation of Kehl, Cassel, Wesel, and Flessinguen, with their dependencies. A continental blockade was at the same time inaugurated against Great Britain.

In order the more effectually to carry out this blockade, Napoleon annexed Holland to the empire, notwithstanding the protests of his brother Louis against what he designated as "the intolerable tyranny and the insatiable ambition of Napoleon." The emperor justified the proceedings by declaring that Holland "constituted in reality a portion of France, since it was only the alluvium of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt; that is to say, of the great arteries of the empire." This has legacied to the world what is often written of under the heading of "the question of the alluviums;" for it would be in the power of any confederacy holding the Rhine to claim the Netherlands as their alluvium.

Nor did the emperor stop here. By a *senatus consultus*, he constituted a large portion of Westphalia (a kingdom of his own creation), the duchies of Berg, Aremberg, Oldenburg, and Lauenberg, the principality of Salm and the Hanseatic towns of Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubeck, into ten departments. The Valais was also annexed as the "department of Simplon." This was the one hundred and thirtieth, and the *last* of the annexations to the empire.

Napoleon's disasters began, indeed, with these last usurpations. The Duke of Oldenburg was a near relation to the Emperor of Russia—war was declared—and Napoleon marched to Moscow, only to be driven back, and his army, with three hundred thousand auxiliary troops, almost utterly destroyed. He attempted to retrieve

his fortunes in 1813, and gained the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, but he was utterly crushed at Leipzig, and was obliged to bring back the relics of his army to the Rhine, followed by nearly a million of enemies, burning with revenge, and resolved, says a French writer, "upon making France pay not only for the extravagant conquests of the Empire, but the reasonable and legitimate conquests of the Republic!" Certainly, comparing the one with the other, the latter might almost be termed reasonable, but they were not the less conquests and usurpations, and even in the latitudinarianism of politics, nothing can legitimise conquests, save the power to hold them.

Whilst Wellington entered France by Bayonne, three armies advanced from the east, one by the *trouée*, or opening of the Oise, renowned for the campaigns of 1712 and 1794; another by that of the Marne; and a third by Belfort. The French marshals, Victor, Marmont, Ney, and Macdonald, each occupied a given space on the Rhine, and driven back, they defended the Jura, the Vosges, the Argonne, and the Ardennes almost foot by foot.

Lyons was defended by Augereau, and the north by Maison, but the allies advanced in such force that they could pass the strong places by merely blockading them. These facts would be useless but for the light they throw upon the campaign of 1870, which has been characterised by difference in detail, but a general similarity of design. In 1814, Napoleon, defeated at Saint Dizier by Schwartzemberg and Blucher, was still able to cast back the army of Silesia, which was following the left bank of the Marne. This he followed up with his usual impetuosity by successfully attacking the Austrians at Mormans and Montereau, and that when the army of Bohemia had crossed the Seine at Nogent, and was only some forty miles from Paris—at that time with few or no defences. We have seen no such displays of vigour and audacity in the present day. The army of the north occupied Soissons and Laon, and Blucher, harassed on the Marne, was obliged to effect a junction with it. Lyons had fallen before the army of the south. The three armies were thus united in one common march upon Paris, the opening on the Oise being held by the Duke of Weymar, in case of disaster, and the capitulation of the metropolis entailed the first downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons.

M. de Talleyrand fought hard upon the Restoration to preserve the outlying countries of Liège, Luxemburg, Savoy, &c.; but the allies very naturally would not hear of such a thing. It was decided that the frontiers of France should be re-established as they existed before the 1st of January, 1792. Some differences were, however, allowed in detail, especially on the Rhine, and Landau, which had been so long held by the French as an isolated strong-

hold in Germany, was ceded, with part of the departments of Bas Rhin and Mont Tonnerre.

The treaty of Paris was received with a degree of resignation, and even gratitude, which France would do well to imitate, when attempting to recover its frontiers of 1800; it has once more brought itself into the same predicament as in 1814. The Germanic Confederation, inaugurated at this epoch for the defence of the Rhine, placed that long but open valley in a very different position to what it had been when divided into so many petty states, electorates, principalities, and duchies. Luxemburg became a federal fortress, as did also Mayence, and at a later period Landau. Prussia did not obtain Sarrelouis until 1815.

We shall not stop to describe the catastrophe of the "Hundred Days." The result proved that in the presence of a victorious army, Paris could be approached with comparative impunity from the north, as well as the north-east, the east, and the south-east. It is true that the French say that the allies would have been crushed at Paris but for the treachery of Fouché and Davoust; but so also they say Waterloo was lost by the treachery of Grouchy, and Metz by the treachery of Bazaine. A proud people grasp at wherewithal to soothe the disaster, and he would be an implacable enemy who would grudge them some consolation, the reputations that have temporarily to suffer being always restored by the calm verdict of history.

England, so much vilified as the worst enemy of France, saved, in combination with Russia, the country from dismemberment. The Germans, irritated to the last degree, would but for them have parcelled out the whole line of Vauban's strongholds. As it was, only a few places, such as Philippeville, Marienburg, Condé, Givet, and Charlemont, Sarrelouis, and Landau, were taken from France, but Alsace and Lorraine were left to her. "It was necessary," said the Duke of Wellington, "that the French people should be taught that Europe is stronger than her, that the day of retribution must come sooner or later, and that she must have a great moral lesson." France has, however, never known how to profit by the said lesson, and from that day to this she has coveted her old possessions in Flanders and on the left bank of the Rhine.

Louis Philippe effected some important changes, which have greatly influenced the war of 1870. He dismantled several useless strongholds, and created new strongholds, by fortifying Paris, Lyons, Soissons, Langres, Belfort, Bitche, Weissenburg, and other places on the Oise, the Meuse, and the Moselle. It only remains to add that, under Napoleon III., France, returning at first upon a small scale to its traditional policy, claimed Savoy and Nice as

a set off, or "a legitimate compensation," as it was called, for the aggrandisement of Piedmont. Three new departments were constituted under the names of Savoy, High-Savoy, and Maritime-Alps. The new attitude assumed by Prussia as a conquering and annexing power, the subjugation of Holstein-Schleswig, and the gradual unification of Germany, for which the way was paved by the humiliation of Austria, roused, however, the old national passions of France to a degree that they could no longer be restrained even by the prudence of Louis Napoleon. France could not tolerate for a moment that there should be another power in Europe that uncoalesced should presume to rival her. For Prussia, which held the lower part of the left bank of the Rhine while she held the upper, to presume to such domination as was implied by the unification of Germany, was not to be suffered. War between the two claimants to European predominance became inevitable, no matter however slight the pretext seized upon for an open rupture. Hostilities being declared, no alternative remained to Louis Napoleon but to place himself at the head of his army. The result is now before us. France fought for the German provinces on the Lower Rhine; she will, as a just retribution, forfeit her German provinces on the Upper Rhine. There can be no peace for Europe so long as hostile nations face one another upon the same coveted stream. The words of the popular songs with which we have headed this article express perfectly the attitude of the two nations. The Germans said, "our German Rhine;" the French said that they had held the "German Rhine," and they would hold it again—that is, not by race, or even by the oft-boasted power of assimilation assumed by France, but simply by conquest. It would be well for all nations that where they exceed the limits of justice, and carry out wars of conquest and annexation, that they should meet with a similar and quick retribution.

The natural frontiers of France in the north-east are the sources of the Somme; those of the Seine, the Oise, the Aisne, the Orain and Marne, and the Aube; and those of the Saone and Rhone, including the Vignon and the Doubs. By this she would preserve Belfort and Montbeliard. The Simplon, Savoy, and Geneva, belong, unquestionably, to the basin of the Rhone; but so also do Pas de Calais and the department du Nord belong to the basin of the Lys and the Sambre, essentially Flemish rivers. So also of the Meuse, which is a Flemish river, whilst the Moselle is essentially German. With the Meuse, France would be left Roeri, Mezières, Sedan, Montmédy, Longwy, and Verdun. A compromise, by which the Upper Meuse, including Toul and Nancy, upon the Upper Moselle, should be left to France, whilst the

German frontier should stretch from Metz by Marsal to the Vosges, would be the best terms that probably could be arrived at at the conclusion of the present war.

Franche-Comté, and almost the whole of Lorraine, including its capital, would thus be left to France, whilst Germany, by the acquisition of Metz, Marsan, and Phalsburg, and the annexation of Alsace up to the crest of the Vosges and to the head waters of the Saone and the Doubs, would obtain as good a political, military, and natural frontier as could be well devised. Germany can in fact gain nothing in strength, security, or in preponderance by any attempt to extend her limits into France. The extension of such indeed beyond the head waters of its own rivers, would only be a source of constant irritation and consequent weakness.

A WINTER SONG.

THE quiet snow, all white with woe,
 Droppeth down
 Upon the winter-darkened town—
 On the want and sorrow sky below,
 Wailing now.

Full fleet and fast, the snow at last
 Light doth speed,
 Where smiled in summer vale and mead.
 "Days will come as fair as days long past!"
 Saith it now.

The friendly flakes in thorny brakes
 Lie asleep;
 With spells, Spring's garland pure they keep,
 For many a brow that wearied aches
 Even now!

Tear-blinded eyes to gloomy skies
 Wistful turn,
 From hopeless depths no joy to learn;
 Summer-tide will flash a glad surprise,
 Hidden now!

ELLYS ERLE.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

XLI.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY PRISCILLA LUDWIG.

I MADE my appeal to the Church; I was unfit for the foreign post which had been assigned to me; I had neither health nor spirits to encounter its difficulties, and so on.

Did you ever get up on a very stormy night, when the wind was intent on driving in the windows and forcing back the doors, making you think of stormy seas and shipwrecked sailors, as it gathered its forces in the distance, and then burst with a rush of sound upon the house and shook it to its foundations? Did you ever feel as if you could beg it to cease, to be still, to grant a respite, as you remembered the long line of coast strewn with wrecks, the wet and slippery rocks to which human beings might be clinging with the last remains of their strength? And the storm went on just the same. This is what the Church did, when I made my poor little protest and appeal against its decree.

We were to go, the Lot had decided it, and Mr. Ludwig calmly made his preparations, until one evening the feeling all at once came over me that I could not bear it any longer, that I must run away from it. I put on my bonnet and shawl and left the house, not knowing where I should go, and I had walked through several streets before I thought of Mrs. Williams, wondering whether she would receive me for a little while. I went to her house, and she did receive me, and Mr. Ludwig came to seek me there before the evening was over, and was not admitted. Mrs. Williams even went so far as to deny all knowledge of my proceedings, and as he never says a word himself that he does not believe to be strictly and literally true, he believed her

Of course it was necessary for me to take at once some further step, and so I wrote to Mr. Stone, telling him the circumstances, and leaving it to him to help me in any way that he could. There was no long delay; my letter was written on the morning after my flight from home, for Mrs. Williams would not let me write on the same evening; it would be delivered I knew on the morning of the next day, and in the afternoon David Stone himself

appeared. I was rather expecting a letter from him, which I should have received some hours later, but instead of writing he came himself.

I thought him altered and looking ill; he thought me also greatly changed for the worse, and so no doubt I am; and Mrs. Williams's business took up most of her time that afternoon, and left us free to talk together.

First he wanted to know the full particulars of my call to a savage settlement; he seemed to think that the plea of missionary work to be done there was only a pretence to get me out of the country, and to prevent me from exposing the evils which the Herrnhutter system has brought on me, and on Mr. Ludwig.

I set him right there. Thorny Rose is really and truly a missionary settlement, and work has been done there for about eight years by pious and earnest Herrnhutters, a "church" has been formed there, consisting of about thirty-two natives who profess the doctrines of Christianity; there are schools, one for girls and one for boys, in which useful arts are taught, and Christian precepts are inculcated. Occasionally there is an outbreak against the European invaders, and missionaries with their wives and families are murdered, or perhaps narrowly escape that fate; in a general way the climate is fatal to Europeans, and carries them off without requiring any aid from the natives.

He was silent for a long time after I had told him these particulars; there was no sound except the tinkling of cinders as they fell from the grate, and Mrs. Williams's voice in the distance, volubly explaining some matter to her customer; she had insisted on keeping me up-stairs, not daring, as she said, to let me go near the house-door, but she had kindly allowed David Stone to see me in the little room which she had set apart for my use. I watched his face anxiously to see what his decision would be, but I could only read a troubled expression there; at last he spoke.

"A great wrong was done to you—and not to you alone—when you were placed with the Herrnhutters." My heart throbbed and quivered with pain that would not be all pain, some of it *would* be pleasure in spite of myself, as he spoke of a wrong that was not against myself alone. "It was an evil," he went on, "and a greater evil was to follow. I do not like to speak in this way of your marriage, but I am obliged to do so; I cannot tell you to look at it as an event ordained by God, the fitness and wisdom of which you will one day see, because I believe it to be an evil brought about by a distorted system of Christianity."

"And from which I am justified in escaping?" I asked him in a whisper, for my voice failed altogether.

He turned to me and looked at me earnestly, a long pitiful

gaze; I could not bear it, it was too much like the look of one who suffers, and resigns.

"It will be right for me to try to escape from it," I repeated, aloud this time, and not questioningly.

"I believe that it would not be right," he answered, firmly. "The marriage was forced upon you by circumstances, but still it is a marriage, and Christ's rule is binding upon all his followers; only for one cause can that bond be broken or set aside—a cause that in your case does not exist. You do not accuse Mr. Ludwig of anything worse than want of sympathy, and inability to make you happy in your own way?"

"Oh, dear, no," I answered, bitterly; "of nothing worse than of a determination to cut short a very unhappy life, to sacrifice me together with himself to a Herrnhutter's idea of duty."

"A Herrnhutter's idea of duty is not very far removed from the New Testament standard," he answered; "in this instance, at least. You know, perhaps, that I have been accused of negligence in this particular, of having no missionary spirit, as it is called. I have had to do the work of a missionary in my own parish, and among my own people, they were so very ignorant not only of spiritual things, but even of the most ordinary duties and decencies of daily life. The harvest was plenteous, and the labourers at first were very few, so no one need wonder that my missionary spirit was absorbed in my daily work; I had really no time or thought to spare for the spiritually destitute beyond the seas. Or money either, for my people were very poor, and all that I had to give I gave to them. But still the command holds good, and is binding on all true Christians, to obey it in their degree and measure, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' To you, dear child, this command has come in a special and personal sense, and though it comes through a warped and distorted system, it comes not the less from God."

"Then you think that I am bound to commit suicide?" I asked him, and some of the bitterness that I felt would make itself audible.

"I think that we are all of us bound to go exactly where our duty calls us, sometimes into the very midst of disease and infection, sometimes among dangers before which our hearts quail even more readily. I think that it is your duty to go with your husband, who has been appointed to this post of danger by the Church to which he belongs. We all, in baptism, enlist as soldiers of Christ, and if that means anything, it means that we are to shrink from no danger in doing His work."

My heart was troubled, and I could not answer; I thought him hard, and rebelled against his decision. I thought of the

time, now separated from me by a long and dismal interval, when his face had seemed to me as the face of the beloved disciple, a human reflection of the divine love. And now it seemed to me as the face of a judge, condemning me to exile and to death. Some such thought as this floated, unformed, through my mind, and then—I scarcely know what happened next, I must have risen and left my place by the little fireside, for I was crouching down by the recess near the window; tears did not come, but my heart wept, words did not come, but my soul prayed.

Time passed on, perhaps only by moments; I suppose that no long interval really elapsed, and then I felt a hand just touch my head, and a voice, the voice that I should know out of all the world, said, "Pray for strength."

I got up then, but slowly, for my limbs were stiff, and I was trembling as if from excess of cold.

"I will not pray for strength," I said, facing him, "for that would be only a mockery. I do not wish for strength to go where I shall never hear of you."

I did not want to say that, something said it for me, and then the tears came, all in a moment.

"This is too hard—I cannot bear it!"

I heard him say that to himself, or to some invisible witness. I tried to reply.

"Don't bear it. Neither of us can. Let him go and preach to the savages. Let me do the work of a missionary at home. Let me hear from you once now and then. Let me see you once a year. From a distance. Don't send me quite away."

I said this, and more, as I could, in broken sentences. I seemed as if I could not breathe enough air to enable me to live, much less to enable me to speak.

His arm pressed me suddenly, just for one moment, and then a numbness was creeping over me from which his voice roused me directly.

"Priscilla," he said, "let us pray!"

I had so often heard him say those words that I responded to them at once by mere force of habit, just as if I had been in the little chapel at Banfield.

I cannot recal the words that followed, only the impression that they made upon me. In that moment our two lives were offered, as Christ's was, to do the work of Him who sent us upon earth. In that moment the short space of time that could make up the remainder of our lives, short in any case, seemed to me as a tiny bridge between the past and the future. I seemed to live already in the light that falls upon the life to come.

"So soon, so very soon."

This was what he said to me afterwards.

"If it were only a little sooner!" I whispered, for still the coming days were hard to think of.

He told me not to wish it, for the merciful moments were still running on, each bringing its appointed task of labour or of patience.

I knew that he was right, and I think that I said so. I cannot be quite sure whether I said so or not, but I know that I felt it. Mrs. Williams interrupted us by opening the door without knocking.

"Fourteen yards of black blond, wound on a blue card."

This was what she said as she came into the room, and for a long time afterwards the syllables sounded in my ears, though without conveying any idea to my mind.

She hustled about the room, seeking for something, I suppose for her black blond, and she stopped suddenly just when her researches brought her opposite to me.

"I never saw you look so bad before," she began, "never! And whatever have you been a-doing to yourself to turn yourself such a colour as that? Mr. Stone—why, lawks, you don't look much different neither. What's it all about?"

"We had a battle to fight," he answered, quietly, "and we fought it, and won the victory. Only one does get a little battered and ruffled in every conflict. That is all, Mrs. Williams."

She did not understand him in the least, and she fussed about us all the rest of the afternoon, trying to find out my plans for the future, and David Stone's connexion with them. He told me all about the misfortunes that had overtaken—not my parents—I must never call them so again, and of course I was sorry, and equally, of course, I was not very much surprised, for they always lived extravagantly, and were always, ever since I could remember, in debt and difficulties. The property that should have been mine had been lost or wasted, and could not be recovered by legal proceedings, even if I could have resolved to attempt anything of that kind.

The last hours of that afternoon wore on; David Stone was to leave Welminster by one of the evening trains. I did not again find an opportunity of speaking with him alone, but when he spoke to me he said what he had to say, soul to soul. And I felt as one feels who has won a victory at a great—great cost.

XLII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY LOUIS LUDWIG.

VERY strange things have happened to me since last I laid down the pen, that it is sometimes a torment and sometimes a comfort to me to take up. My wife resisted in stubborn silence the wise decree that was to remove us to a post of honour, and of difficulty, where the temptations that do beset us here should be no more known. I, too, was silent, knowing that the decree must certainly be fulfilled, fearing, too, that the clinging of her heart to this country must arise from a remembrance dishonouring to me and to herself.

What followed was strange indeed. On the afternoon of Tuesday in last week she left her home, and returned not to it that night. I sought her, but without success, and I spent a terrible night, vainly endeavouring to imagine what had happened to her. Wednesday passed, and Wednesday night, and Thursday, and she came not, and my heart was racked with fear, and love, and hate, all woven into one, and I could not take any rest in sleep, or sit down to my solitary table, while this weight of dread and doubt did press upon me. Also, it was hard to meet the looks and the questions of the servant who waited on me, and the chance words of the friends who spoke to me outside my door, and asked after my wife. These were truly chance words, as I said, for of Priscilla's movements our servant did not speak, her mistress having exercised over her the way that she has of drawing hearts unto herself, and, as it were, compelling love. On the Thursday evening I had a service in the chapel, which many Germans were expected to attend, and I dared not to neglect it, knowing that a substitute could not well be found, and that many eyes were now upon me. With a so-heavy heart I went therefore to my work, resolving in my mind to lay this matter of my wife's unexplained absence before certain of the most discreet members of our Church on the following morning, fearing that she had foolishly tried to escape from the new duties which had been assigned to her, not knowing in what way she might have compromised me and herself, the Church's honour, and her own. The service that night was dead and blank to me, the prayers were empty syllables, the hymns were unmeaning noise. I spoke some words in my native tongue, but the sentences came to me ready-made; the thought that should have informed them was not there. Afterwards many spoke to me, and held me by the hand, even asking me questions about the health and well-being of my wife, who was absent, as she had so

often been, from the place that of right belonged to her in the little chapel. And I answered all, yes, every one, for during all my life deep feeling and emotion had troubled me not, and now that it had come to me, the outward signs of it did not soon show themselves.

I went home with weary step and heavy heart, resolving in my mind that before twenty-four more hours had passed it would be needful to report to the bishop this prolonged and unexplained absence of my wife; feeling sure that I should be blamed for not reporting it sooner, perhaps for being the cause of it; wondering where she could be and with whom she could have taken refuge; wondering whether word, or deed, or omission of mine had helped to urge her to this step, fatal to me, to the Church, and to herself.

While I pondered thus, walking slower and slower yet, for my desolate and lonely home invited not my footsteps, I turned the corner of Grafton-street, and saw—unexpected sight—a light in the window of the little room which generally Priscilla did appropriate. And as I watched and wondered, not daring to reason or to hope, I drew nearer and nearer, and went up the steps to the door, and did open it and enter in. The door of Priscilla's sitting-room stood ajar, and the light of a candle shone from within, and as I went towards it, my mind was like a letter on which one dares not to look, because of the message of life or death which may be written there, for I did not dare to hope, and I was afraid to fear.

And there, coming to meet me with a smile on her face, was Priscilla, looking thin, as I thought, and weary, but with none of the self-will that had so often kept her silent when I would fain have talked with and admonished her. And this was what she said to me:

"You missed me, I am afraid, but I was not able to tell you beforehand, or to write. I have returned now to help you in your preparations for our journey to Thorny Rose."

I was so troubled that at first I could not answer her; the smile that shone through her face did disquiet me more even than her words. When at last I spoke I could but say:

"Where have you been since you left me?"

She only smiled again.

"You had your call to Thorny Rose," she said; "and I had my call too. Mine was to a place where I met with good and wise counsel, and I have profited by it so far, that my dread of this removal into a land of disease and death exists no longer."

As I looked at her I saw a something on her face that I had never seen there before, something that made me call to mind a

picture which hangs in the chapel at Oak Brook, of a martyr condemned to the flames, and dying willingly, catching upon his face a reflected glory from the opening heavens which prepare to receive his soul. Some such light did shine upon her as she answered me. And I said to her:

"Tell me truly that in leaving your husband's house you have obeyed a call from Heaven, and that while absent your heart has been softened, and renewed, and awakened to a sense of duty, and I will ask you nothing more."

And she answered:

"In leaving your house I obeyed a call that I could not resist; while absent, I have been under the protection of a person whose house was a fitting place of shelter for me; while absent, my heart has been awakened to a sense of duty never felt before, and made willing to go with you to Thorny Rose."

I said no more. In forbearing to question her I knew that I departed from every rule, domestic and ecclesiastic alike, but sometimes the finger of God is pointed so plainly that the barriers of our daily lives do fail to shut the sight of it from us, and then we must obey its direction, and say to the world around us as to our own troubled hearts, "Peace, be still!"

And I went into the room where the supper-table was spread out, Priscilla following, and we sat down together and did eat; also she spoke to me about the service which I had but now conducted, asking me if such and such of our members were there, if the chapel were well attended, and the people responsive to my words.

"My words had no power to my own self," I told her, "so they scarce could kindle the hearts of others; my thoughts were away—I know not where, but they were with you, wherever you might be."

She put forth her hand, softly caressing mine, that did rest upon the table near her; and that was the first sign or token of affection that she did ever give me uninvited, and coming from her own will. At times her hand has met mine in the chapel, when the hand of fellowship has been given among us all, each with his or her neighbour, but at such times the caressing touch is less sweet than when it is prompted by a mere impulse of the will. It is indeed most strange that it should be so, yet do I bear my testimony that so it is.

I said nothing to her, and but very little to myself. Speech is said to be an attribute that does distinguish our humanity, but yet its thoughts and feelings do oftentimes refuse to clothe themselves in words. Truly God's dealings with us are not all to be set down and added up, with the sum of our wilful resistance sub-

tracted, to make a true and living total. Something is beyond us in the mystery of Providence, as well as in the mystery of life, concerning which physicians do so vainly inquire and make research.

And that night something said to me, speaking very still and low, as when one heart communeth with another, that perhaps a wrong had been done to her, in that she had been taken from among her own people, and transplanted to the Herrnhutter Church, the ways of which were strange to her, and in which she had not been able to take root and to flourish. And musing thus I did wish that things were different, and did even see myself as in a vision, attired in the loose and incommodious garment in which the English Church chooses to drape and disguise her ministers, and it did seem as if for Priscilla's sake I could invest myself with some such encumbrance, but that was only during the troubled hours of a wakeful night, and in the morning I saw my duty with clearer eyes.

That morning's post did bring us fuller directions from Herrnhut, naming a day now near at hand, on which we were to leave England for Thorny Rose, and desiring us to make such preparations as were needful and fitting for so great a change of country and of climate. And Priscilla did give unto them careful heed, providing herself with all things suitable for a life in Africa, receiving in a modest and becoming manner the regrets and congratulations of our friends, never looking back, as it seemed, now that she had really, and for the first time, put her hand unto the plough.

Each morning after that I did observe her, laying aside various things that would be needed for the voyage and for our future home, silently preparing and packing, little by little, for her strength is not great; and after our dinner-hour she would go forth, be the weather what it might, to visit some of our poor sick neighbours, who will so soon see her no more. It would please me better if she would visit our own members chiefly or entirely; but the Old Adam worketh strongly in Priscilla, and she wilfully persists in walking where she pleases, and entering into what houses she lists. Also it is true that some of our own members are a little shy of her, knowing that they have made accusation against her of coldness to our Church, of indifference to her duties; and, worst of all, of religious zeal misguided. Priscilla bears them no ill-will, but she seeks not their society, preferring to spend her short remaining time in this country with some persons whom she knows, and has helped and visited, belonging, I grieve to say, not to the Herrnhutter brotherhood, but to the Established Church. And some of these did come to see her,

and to thank her with full hearts, as it seemed, for kindnesses received from her, and some of their faces did show such kindly affection to her, and such sorrow at her departure, that I could but grieve to think that these souls were still in the Egyptian darkness of ignorance and unbelief, not being joined to the only Church in the world that has Christ himself for its true and living head.

On one short and wintry afternoon, when night prepared to close in early, and Priscilla had returned, fatigued, as it seemed, from her accustomed walk, a knock at our door did announce some visitor, and as I looked above the parlour blind I did plainly recognise the short and abundant figure of the female known to me as Mrs. Williams. This person did demand to see Priscilla, and being shown into our sitting-room, now disordered with many preparations for our departure, did presently embrace and weep over her, in a manner that it truly did astonish me to see.

Priscilla having struggled away from her, did draw to the fire a chair, suitable in breadth to the intended occupant, and induced her to sit down, and tried to soothe her manifest distress; and in the conversation that presently ensued, many things were said that I understood not. Once, for instance, Mrs. Williams made some remark which she instantly repressed and silenced, concerning some fault of which she has been guilty, the memory of which doth hurt her conscience, and which, one would think, should be fully and freely confessed, to some pious and learned minister of God's word; and even in the very room where she sat, was not I standing near at hand? But no, she sought not to unburden her mind to me, but did even apply her hand unto her mouth, as if to shut in some observation or confession which she had been about to make. But I bethought me of the inconsistency of the female mind, and did not too much permit myself to wonder at her. Presently she took her departure, with such regrets and lamentations over Priscilla that my heart was eased when the door closed upon her, and I knew that she was finally gone.

And now our last few days at Welminster were hurried over, and on last Saturday night we left it, and took up our abode in London until Tuesday, on which day we are to embark in the *Harmony* for the African coast. And on this our last Sunday in England, I had engaged to conduct special services in our London settlement, which is in Fetter-lane, branching off from the part of London known as the Strand, and as a mere matter of duty and of outward observance Priscilla should have accompanied me thither. But no, it was her last Sunday, as she said, in the land of her birth, and she sought out a church near to our lodging, which was with one of our own brotherhood, and the church was

called by the name of St. Dunstan, who, according to the showing of history, was but a profane and immoral character, and there she wilfully attended the lifeless services of the Established Church, saying what was indeed true, that henceforth she would attend them no more. To remonstrate with her would be useless, and I forbear; also my soul pities her, for I begin to know somewhat of her heart and mind.

The Monday was taken up by much business, and by many hurried preparations in which she had to take her part, and to-day (Tuesday), we claim the places that have been taken for us on board the *Harmony*.

XLIII.

THE STORY CONTINUED BY SARAH WILLIAMS.

YOU wouldn't believe all I went through, nor how I was worked and exercised in my mind, all that time as Mrs. Ludwig stayed with me, for what made it bad was that the letter she wrote was to Mr. Stone at Banfield, and what made it worse was that he came to see her the next day, and had to be showed up-stairs, me being afraid to let her show the end of her nose over the banisters, for fear of Mr. Ludwig and the police, as might be on the watch. Not but what it's a pleasure and an honour to have a minister of the Gospel under your roof in a general way, but it's different when he comes a-visiting of a married woman as was his old sweetheart, and is hiding from her lawful husband because he's took with a fancy for going to settle among the cannibals. I've heard many and many a sermon on kindness and self-denial, and on being useful in life and in death, but I never did hear as it was your duty to go and offer yourself to savages in case their provisions was to run short in the winter; to teach them to read their Bibles while you lived, and be as tender and comforting to their insides as you could after you was killed and cooked. That's what I call carrying of Christian doctrine a little too far, that is. The missionary sermons as you preach may be inwardly digested perhaps, but you've no call to go and get digested yourself after them, nor I don't believe as it was ever intended you should.

But all this didn't make it right for to do as I was doing, and I don't know as I was ever much more glad of anything than to find as Mr. Stone was going back by the very next train as ever was. He took a quiet and sorrowful leave of her, and went straight off to the railway station, not to no deceitful hotel, as he might pop out of the next morning, to get me into troubles, and

divorces, and police courts, and Lord knows what in this world, and something a deal worse in the next.

When he was fairly gone, I says to Mrs. Ludwig, "You've had a deal to go through one way or another, my dear, but I must say as he's behaved very handsome in taking of himself off so quick, and before I asks you what you've made up your mind to do, I'll just wet the good leaves as there is in the teapot with a fresh drop of water, and stand it to draw on the fender, and if you could take the leastest drop of spirits in it, as I'm a-going to do, you'd find your heart and conscience more at rest than what they can be now."

"Thank you," she says, with one of them smiles, as if her soul was a-smiling at you through her face, "I will take a cup of tea if you will be so kind as to get it for me, and then I must be going."

"Lor!" I says, "where to? For goodness gracious sake don't tell me as you're off to the railway station!"

For, you see, it come suddenly into my mind as she might have settled to follow Mr. Stone, not as I'd like to think any harm of her, nor of him neither for that matter, but what was I to think when she talked of going off in such a hurry, just after he'd left the house?

She looked at me out of them big eyes of hers as proud and grand as if she was a-going to look me down into the ground, or into some place underneath it.

"I'm going to my own home in Grafton-street," she says, presently, and not a word more.

"That's right," I says, for it seemed as if a weight was took off my mind, and yet I was sorry for her. "And are you sure of not being sent off in hampers to the King of the Cannibal Islands?" I asked her next.

"I am quite sure that I am going with my husband to Africa," she told me, as calm as if she had been talking of a summer excursion to Ramsgate, or some of them shrimpy places where people go for their health.

"Well," I says, "it isn't for me to say a word against it, if you've made up your mind as you'd be happy and digestible in them heathen countries; all I mean to say is, that you'd have saved me a deal of trouble and pricking of my conscience if you'd have made up your mind sooner as that was what you're suited for. Not as I wants to speak unkind to you I'm sure, my dear, and every one to their taste is a true proverb if ever there was one," I says, as I lifts on the kettle, feeling all the time a little vexed, for it did seem as if I was to have saved her from a shocking end, to make up for all as I'd gone through, and to be some-

thing to talk about afterwards, and here she was a-taking herself out of my hands, and a-walking off to her destruction. It was what I'd wished for in a way, but when it came I didn't seem to like it, and yet it was an ease to my mind to get her out of the house, where she was hiding like a popish conspirator more than anything else.

Well, I got the tea ready, and she had some, and looked all the better for it, and even took a little drop of spirit as I mixed for her, not in her tea, for she wasn't used to nothing in that way, and then she asked for her bonnet and shawl as she'd come in, and made herself ready to go, and thanked me very pretty for what I'd done for her, and would make me take a present, though that was not what I wanted or had ever thought of, and off she went.

Some days after that, when work was slack, and I couldn't very well do what there was, for I'd run a needle down my finger and broke it in, I says to myself, "I'll go and see what has become of that poor dear creature," not making no doubt in my own mind but what she was in her own home, for I wouldn't give in to the thought that after all she might have followed Mr. Stone to the railway. Only I thought it would be just a satisfaction to see her once more, and to be quite sure as nothing wrong hadn't happened.

It was Mr. Ludwig as let me in, and the house was all in confusion-like, carpets took up, and beds took down, and three big boxes and a sea-chest and a portmanty all a-laying in the hall a-top of one another, corded and directed ready for the journey, and I did think that they was taking a deal too much, for people as was going among savages, where it isn't the fashion to wear no clothes, or at least I suppose not, and where any conveniences as you takes with you will be ketched hold of by the heathen as soon as they've killed you. Mrs. Ludwig was looking but pale and poorly; I could see a difference in her even in those few days, her flesh got to look glassy-like, as if you could see a little way into it, and the bones of her hands and her face showed more than what they ought. And lor, I thought, ain't it a comfort as nobody could never say that of me, for even in my young days my bones was well sheltered from the cold, and the more I was tried with affliction the fatter I got upon it, which shows it doesn't strike at the roots of your constitution, as some people's troubles do.

Poor thing, she talked very brave and spirited about the new life as she was going to, and I tried to talk the same, but my heart went down like a lump of lead every time I thought of Africa, and the black people. It does seem so unnatural to be the same colour as Satan is; it must feel like preaching to a lot of devils, and I don't know as I'd believe that a miracle of grace

could be wrought on them, without. I saw it a-coming right through, and changing the colour of their skins. There ain't nothing in the Bible about converting the blacks; I expect St. Paul tried 'em, and had to give 'em up for a bad job, for he must have fell in with some of 'em, so much as he travelled about.

Well, we didn't neither of us say much, but I felt downright sorry and pitiful over her, and Mr. Ludwig stuck there all the time like a post, and once or twice I was as near as could be saying something about the time as Priscilla was staying with me, for you see I wasn't rightly sure whether she had told him where she was or not. But she put up her finger in a warning way to me, and I claps my hand up to my mouth, and sends whatever I was going to say back to where it come from.

"I fear," says Mr. Ludwig, "that you are incommoded by the wind."

"Thank you, sir," I says, "I ain't just now."

But what he meant was that the curtains was took down, and there was a draught coming on to where I sat, through the window-frames.

Well, I said good-bye to her and to him, wishing them a pleasant journey and a comfortable home at the end of it, wishing all the time as he'd take himself off, and let me have a word with her alone, but he wouldn't do nothing of the sort—ketch him ever doing what people wanted him to—and at the last she took out a big purple heartsease as she had in her belt, and gave it to me.

"For old friends," she says, with a watery sort of smile, "that I shall never see again, and that you perhaps may."

She couldn't say no more, for Mr. Ludwig was looking at her.

But when I got home I shut it in my blotting-book, as I keep to write my bills in, what few I have of them, and sat down on it for twenty minutes, and left it to dry, for well I knew what was to be done with it, and I pitied the poor thing as hadn't brought no scandal on me nor on herself, but had made up her mind to go quietly to a death as never was laid out for any Christian, I should hope, since the world began. And that night I was so low-spirited and wakeful that I got up after I had gone to bed, and put a few sticks on the embers, and boiled the kettle, and made myself a drop of something hot and comforting, and it was then that a feeling came over me as I was very lonely all by myself, and nobody knew what might happen before morning to a lone body, as hadn't a soul belonging to her to run for a doctor or get her anything, if so be as she happened to be took bad.

I wasn't took bad, but I was kept awake after that by the pain that there was in my finger, where the needle had broke, and a bit of it was in still, though I never worked on a Sunday, which is

what mostly causes the needles to run into your flesh and make bad places, as this did, but I'd always been brought up with a respect for the Sabbath, and had never used myself to do nothing on that day except necessary work, such as cooking one's bit of dinner, and having a chat with a neighbour over a drop of something comfortable.

But there wasn't no reward, as it seemed, in keeping of the Commandments, for if I'd been a ballad-dancer, and practised my work on a Sunday as they do, my finger couldn't have got worse than what it did, and the end of it was that I was obliged to send for a doctor, and he told me to poultice it and rest it, and give up my work for awhile. So there I was, doing nothing from morning till night but make faces at my finger, which made me feel as if I wanted a change of amusement before the week was out.

And Mrs. Ludwig was gone, as I heard, or else I'd have gone to see her once more, but she was off, bag and baggage, and another minister was living in the house, and everything was changed; and my finger didn't get no better, though I rested it and sent the work away, and the customers all said they were sorry for me, and would bring me their things in the spring, when perhaps I should be able to work again. But oh lor, there was the long hard winter to be got through first. It's all very well to talk of spring when the fogs of November is settling down upon you, and choking up your inside and your eyes and nose, till you can't feel, nor see, nor smell nothing but fog; spring gets to be a matter of faith then, like the shining garments and golden streets as we've got to believe in, when our own clothes is getting worn out, and the streets we looks at every day is nothing but sludge.

I was in the mind to take almost any change that might be offered me, not knowing how to get through the winter in Westminster, when one morning the post brought me a letter, and of all people in the world, who should it be from but Mr. Stone?

LEGENDARY LORE.

It is curious, and not altogether uninteresting in a philosophical point of view, to contemplate the manner in which the same legend is appropriated by different epochs and by different people. Ancient mythology abounds in instances of the kind. But to come to instances belonging to more modern times, in the autumn of 1835 the statue of a warrior of the fourteenth century was disinterred at Lassaraz, in Switzerland, with two toads sculptured as adhering to its cheeks, and two to its back.

Local tradition attached to the statue, known as that of the "warrior with toads," the story that in times far gone by, a young Swiss knight, known as the Sire de Lassaraz, had obtained the regards of his lord by his gallantry in action. Taking advantage of the circumstance, the knight asked his feudal chieftain's daughter in marriage. The lady was rich and handsome, but was reputed to be proud and cruel. His offer was accepted, upon condition that he should present a manor and three hundred cows as a dowry. Such precisely constituted the fortune of his father and mother, whose only son he was; but the old people, considering only the happiness and advancement of their child, made over the whole of their property to him, and he married the young lady.

Soon afterwards the father and mother, who had kept nothing for themselves, began to feel the pangs of hunger. It was a very cold and severe winter. So one evening, at or about Christmas time, when the snow was falling in great flakes, hurried on by an icy wind, the old people knocked at their son's door. They were admitted, but received discourteously; and although provided for for a short time, they were soon made sensible of the fact that their presence in the house was considered as an intrusion. At length the heartless son, urged on by a still more cruel and pitiless daughter-in-law, actually drove his father and mother from the house.

As they were making their way, in the cold, damp, and darkness of night, from the inhospitable and ungrateful roof, the Sire de Lassaraz, gratified at the resolution he had taken, sat down to supper, with a dainty-looking pie before him and a mug of frothy beer by his side. He hastened to open the pie, with the excitement with which the idea of sensual gratification generally inspires coarse minds. But he had no sooner removed the crust than he threw himself backwards with a shriek of horror. Two horrible toads had vaulted out of the dish and fixed themselves upon the

cheeks of the warrior. His terrified wife at first called for assistance, and then conquering the disgust inspired by the sight of the repulsive reptiles, she attempted to tear them from the place where they had fixed themselves, but in vain; and when the attendants came to her assistance, they met with no greater success. The obstinate batrachians held on firmly, notwithstanding every effort made to remove them, and they seemed to gloat, with their great eyes fixed on those of their victim, in the hold which they had got upon his flesh.

After two hours of suffering the warrior began to reflect upon his cruelty to his parents, and to ask himself if such a visitation might not be a punishment sent by God. So he sent for a priest. But when the minister of religion came, and heard the confession of the ungrateful son, he felt that it was far too serious a case for immediate absolution, and declared that it must be referred to the Bishop of Lausanne.

The next day, accordingly, the Sire de Lassaraz, accompanied by his wife, and his face carefully veiled, so that he might not be laughed and jeered at by those who saw him, made his way to Lausanne. But when the bishop became cognisant of the enormity of his crime, he also did not dare to absolve the culprit, and declared that it was a case in which the pope himself could alone intervene.

The Sire de Lassaraz was thus obliged to make a pilgrimage to Rome, and as he had reflected on the way on the harshness and ingratitude of his conduct towards his aged parents, his heart was filled with repentance, and he cast himself at the feet of the pontiff with expressions of deep contrition. The Pope having imposed a very severe penance upon him, before granting absolution, said to him:

"Go, seek your father and your mother; if they forgive you, the sign of the displeasure of God, which you carry about with you, will vanish away."

The warrior set forth on his journey, and for three long months he explored the forests and hills of his native country, but in vain. At last he discovered two bodies: one belonging to an old man, and the other to an old woman, who had perished of cold and hunger in a grotto. They were the bodies of his father and mother. He fell on his knees and wept tears of agony and repentance; but two more toads came into the grotto, and fastened themselves upon his back. Nor was this all. Soon afterwards a huge bear that frequented the cavern made his appearance, and the warrior, unable to defend himself successfully, when hampered by these noxious reptiles, was killed and devoured. The manor passed into the hands of a collateral branch, and a statue, subsequently overthrown in the days of the Reformation, was put

up in the church to commemorate the legend of the parricide's punishment

The same story of a pie, or pasty of toads, is related of a baron of Pont-Alliac, in Saintonge, Lord of Martinets, Mons, Maine-Baguet and other fiefs, on the borders of the sea near Royan, and who also held a vast extent of pasturage on the coast, as well as vineyards on both sides of the Gironde near the mouth of that river. His son was about to wed the beautiful Judith, inheritor of Saint Serdolein, suzerain of Saint Pallais, and lady of the château and domains of Soulac. His father and mother gave up all their possessions to their son on the occasion of his marriage, reserving to themselves only the right of living with the young couple.

In this case, as in the former version of the story, the lady is represented as being of a sordid, heartless, and cruel disposition, and she soon perverted a weak husband's mind against having to support parents who were accustomed to live in opulence.

Both recoiling before the idea of parricide, nevertheless by unworthy and rude treatment, privation of the ordinary comforts of life, and flagrant outrages of courtesy, sought to disencumber themselves of the old people. At length things went so far, that one night, at Christmas time, the son, driven to excess it is said by his wife's insistence, drove his father and mother from the château.

It was a cold, dark, December evening, and as the old people were about to pass out of the gateway, which opened upon the sea, they saw the cook pass by bearing a huge venison pie. They begged of him to give them a portion, as they were hungry. The cook hurried away to his young master to ask permission to grant their request, but Judith happened to be present, and at her command the baron refused, and the cook returned with a sorrowful face to acquaint them with his unfeeling refusal. The father and mother not the less quitted the mansion without cursing their son or their daughter-in-law.

As the baron sat down to his pie, the night became so intensely dark, the lightning flashed so vividly, the thunder rolled so loudly, the waves broke so high, and the wind came battering against the château so heavily laden with sand and salt water, that the young baron's heart misgave him, and although it is not said that he thought of what his poor old father and mother would suffer when exposed to such a war of elements, still he could not partake of his pie, and he had it removed for another day.

The next morning, although the storm was only half appeased, he had the pie served up for breakfast, and albeit he felt oppressed by vague apprehensions, the nature of which he could not himself define, he cut boldly into it, when out leaped a hideous toad, which fastened itself upon his nose.

The Baron of Pont-Alliac shrieked with terror, making at the same time desperate efforts to rid himself of the disgusting animal that had fastened upon him. But all his efforts were of no avail. The haughty Judith, overcoming her repugnance, met with no better success. It was the same with the attendants when they came in to give their assistance. As in the other version of the legend, the young lord awakened to the consciousness of his guilt, and determined to have recourse to the exorcising powers of the priest of Saint Serdolein; and, as in the first version, when the priest became acquainted with the enormity of the baron's crime, he deemed the case too serious for him to deal with, and referred his lord to the Bishop of Saintes, who again referred him to the pope.

The head of the church deeming the young man's repentance to be sincere, said he would grant absolution if his parents would forgive him, and at the same moment the toad fell from his nose, for parents forgive as quickly as they are offended. The young lord and his wife then took their way back to Saintonge with remorse in their hearts and with every desire to expiate their sins.

But what was their horror on arriving at Pont-Alliac on finding that their château had been swallowed up by the ocean, and in its place there was nothing but a sandy bay, much frequented by bathers in the present day. The hamlet of Saint Serdolein, Saint Pallais, the Martinets, Soulac, and all the other domains, had, like the lands of Earl Godwin, disappeared, the tops of the steeples, which are still gazed upon with pious horror, alone appearing above the waters. The farm of Mons, whose tenant had received and given shelter to the old people, alone remained to the baron, who repaired thither with his wife, and casting themselves at the feet of their parents they sought their forgiveness. It is related that the Baron of Pont-Alliac was not only kind and attentive to his parents for the rest of his days, but that he left behind him the story of the toad for the special edification of his children and of their descendants. This strange legend was embodied, in the sixteenth century, in what was called a "dramatic morality," entitled "*Le miroir et l'exemple moral des enfants ingrats, pour lesquels les pères et mères se détruisent pour les augmenter, qui à la fin les déconnaissent; moralité à dix-huit personnages, par Antoine Thomas.*" This was printed by Benoît Rigaud, in Lyons, in 1589, in 16mo. There is, however, an older edition in 4to., in Gothic letters, without date.

It is equally illustrative of the persistence of legendary lore that the well-known story of the man with the wooden leg, which has been related in prose and in verse, as belonging to Holland, can be traced to Italy. The Baron de Nilinæ relates that a shipowner of

Marseilles, M. Fournerat by name, having come to Padua in the year 1624, had the misfortune to break his leg, and that so badly that it was deemed necessary to amputate the limb. There was at that epoch a celebrated mechanician at Padua, Victor Zouca by name, who, like Albert the Great and his disciple Saint Thomas of Aquin, had manufactured androïdes—that is to say, automatic heads, which not only moved, but could pronounce a few words, and this man undertook to make a leg for the Marsellais, which should move as well, if not better, than the real one. The shipowner was wealthy, and promised a large reward if success should attend his efforts. Doctor Zouca had time during his patient's convalescence to examine the works of the celebrated clock of Strasburg, which surpassed in perfection even those of the clock manufactured by Giacomo Dondis for Padua, and the works of which went for a month without being wound up. The greatest difficulty he had to overcome lay in the movements of the knee and ankle joint, which were regulated by buttons, which had to be pressed in with greater or less force, according to the exigencies of the case. There were also keys for prolonged walks, for running, and for stopping. The detail was a little complicated, but still the shipowner was delighted to think that he would be able to walk as usual, and that no one would perceive that he had lost his leg. The moment, therefore, he was well enough he insisted upon a trial, and for that purpose walked down to where his ship was stationed (in the Bacchigleone, we suppose), in company with Zouca. The master of the vessel, delighted at seeing Fournerat well and walking as usual, went forth to meet him, but as the latter tendered forth his hand, he could not stop, his leg carrying him on.

"Help, doctor, help!" shouted the patient, and Zouca hurried after him, but in vain. The leg seemed to gain in power of progress with the movement imparted to it. There was no time for touching buttons or turning keys, the unfortunate shipowner was unable even to stoop. The doctor fell exhausted on the ground just as the last despairing shouts of his patient were being lost in the distance. The latter was carried over the Tyrol, exclaiming that he was borne along by the devil; he was seen at Friburg, his face as pale as a spectre, and his eyes terrifying those who saw him; he was even, it is said, seen afterwards, but it was only as a skeleton, dragged along by one limb, which, not being of flesh and bone, did not know decay.

There is a school, as it is called, in the present day, which professes to belong to the party of progress, simply because it associates that idea with anything that constitutes a change, or has the effect of superseding old ideas or the existing order of things, and

which pretends to despise hereditary claims and their exponent heraldry. Mr. Bright, we have read somewhere, for example, disdains to use a crest or coat-of-arms. Nevertheless, there are few who have attained eminence who have not wished to establish a respectable ancestry. The new school may cast ridicule over blazonry dating from the Crusades, and affect contempt for distinctions of what they call a bygone epoch. With them a man's work is his sole title of nobility, but mankind will always associate good blood with good breeding, in men as in horses or dogs, and respect for family ties will be no more repudiated among nations than will descent from a long succession of distinguished persons. The feeling is common to the veriest savages, although they have not historic or heraldic means of handing it down. With such it is simply traditional, but not the less reverential.

Nomina honesta prætenduntur vitis.

"A respected name is a protection against vice," said Tacitus; and the day will be rued when it is no longer so.

We have been led into these discursive remarks by the amusing attempt made to confer antiquity upon the name of Napoleon. When the Academicians of Paris were invited by Napoleon the Great to indite an inscription for the column of the Place Vendôme, erected to commemorate the victory of Austerlitz, they penned the first line, as it still exists, "Neapolio Imp. Aug." Now who was this Neapolius? No less a personage, we are told, than Saint Neopolus (taking a liberty with the vowels), who was a martyr with Saint Saturninus and two others in the time of Diocletian.

But if the Academicians, it is said, had ever read any other than their own works, they would have found that the name of Napoleon was not uncommon in Italy. There was a Napoleon Ursini or Orsini, a Napoleon of Forti-Braccia—a strong-armed Archbishop of Montreal, in Sicily—in the fourteenth century, and the last of the Torregiani's, lords of Milan, was also a Napoleon.

The most remarkable of the Napoleons of times gone-by was, however, one Napoleon di Fossa-Nuova, nephew of the cardinal of same name, and who, in the first quarter of the thirteenth century, was one of the most brilliant and promising young men in all Rome.

On Ash-Wednesday, in the year 1218, the Dominicans took possession of the monastery of Saint Sixtus, which was made over to them. Saint Dominick himself was in the chapter with three cardinals, among whom Cardinal di Fossa-Nuova, discussing the rights and privileges, the revenues and the administration of the

new community, when the news suddenly came that young Napoleon had been thrown from his horse and killed.

The cardinal was so upset by the sad intelligence that he nearly fainted, and was obliged to lay his head on the breast of Saint Dominick. The saint was most deeply affected by the grief of his friend, and whilst consoling him as well as he could, he bade them bring the body into the church, and extemporise an altar, at which mass might at once be said. The body was accordingly brought in, followed by a long procession of monks and nuns. During the performance of mass, Saint Dominick was observed to weep. At the elevation of the host, he was observed to be in an ecstasy, and it was stated that he was raised a foot above the ground. Mass over, the saint went up to the dead body, placed its different members in their natural position, prayed for a few moments, made the sign of the cross over the corpse, and, with his arms spread out, he appeared as if suspended over the young man, as he exclaimed, "O adolescens Napoleo, in nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi tibi dico, surge!" Young Napoleon at once rose up in the presence of all.

The pope, the cardinals, and the whole city united to return a solemn act of thanks to God to commemorate so great a miracle. For a long time Saint Napoleon remained, however, without his day being fixed in the "menologies;" but Pope Pius VII. remedied a neglect, which also applies to St. Patrick, by fixing upon the 15th of August, which has ever since been the fête day of the Napoleons. The saint is said to have churches and chapels dedicated to him in Italy, Sicily, and Corsica, and Napoleon I. is said to have meditated raising a sanctuary to his memory in Paris.

If the implicit faith, which our ancestors attached to stories like the above, does not suffice to impart any real authority to them, we have at least the satisfaction of being told that if they encumber history they do not annihilate it. Not even if a sanctuary was to be raised in the nineteenth century to Saint Napoleon. And this, notwithstanding that a worthy philosopher has said that all cheats are Satan's especial delight. But this is modern philosophy. In the philosophy of good old times, the devil could be at times both generous and just. Witness the story of the Demon of Alost. In the year 1232, a Brabant soldier, Jean Spitaels by name, arrived in the said town on a gloomy November night, coming from Ninove. Spitaels was wounded, having on his way had to defend the person of a young widow of Ghent, whom some malefactors had set upon in the hopes of an easy booty on the highway. He rescued the fair lady from their clutches, and, although her expressions of gratitude were vehement, they did not heal some severe cuts which he had received in the encounter.

Spitaels, indeed, privately attributed the fact that he got out of the unequal struggle more to his having invoked Saint Martin of Alost than to his own prowess, and, actuated by this feeling, he no sooner reached the town in question, than he went to return thanks at the altar of the patron of brave men. This done, he said to himself, as he was well provided with money he would not go to a hospital, but he would take up his abode at an hostelry, kept by one Ghislain Mercx, close by the Béguinage. He was hospitably received, and sending for a surgeon, was ordered to keep his bed for a fortnight, before his wounds could be cured. When Spitaels had rushed to the rescue of the lady in trouble and exposed his life in her cause, he had merely followed the generous impulse of all good soldiers of Christ, to do unto others as they would be done by. But as he lay on his bed of sickness, the beauty of the young widow, and the kind and graceful manner in which she had thanked him, kept intruding upon his thoughts until he could think of nothing else. His mind, indeed, became so entirely absorbed in reminiscences of the widow, that he resolved, when he got well, to go to Ghent, to find out the object of his affections, who had said she lived near the belfry in that ancient city, and to ask her in marriage.

Now when Jean Spitaels took up his quarters at the hostelry of Ghislain Mercx, fearing that he might be led into foolish expenses by some of the brotherhood of arbalatriers or crossbowmen of Alost, with whom he was acquainted, he handed over his well-furnished purse to the care of his host. He was all the more anxious not to spend more than was necessary for his recovery, as we have seen that his thoughts were solely occupied with the person of the young widow, and, like all lovers, disregarding the possible disparity of condition in life, he entertained hopes, as he had saved her life and honour, of succeeding in gaining her affections and hand, which would raise him to the very pinnacle of happiness.

Previous to taking his departure he claimed back the money he had deposited with his host. But the sight of gold tempts people to bad actions, and that all the more so as the sum is the more considerable. The host's wife (the French, the most gallant nation in the world, strange to say, always bring in the sex in their legends as at the root of all evil), pointed out to her spouse that the money had been placed in his charge without the presence of witnesses, "and who," she said, "would put the simple asseverations of a soldier of fortune against that of a well-known and honest landlord?" The host was easily prevailed upon by his worse half to secrete the money in his strong box, and thus, when Spitaels claimed it, he not only declared that he had never received

it, but, as dishonesty is generally impudent, he taxed the unfortunate man with either madness or bad designs, and asked him "if he wished to take away his character?"

Jean Spitaels became furious at the turn which events had taken, but although he loudly declared the wrong done to him, the sycophants of the public-house sided with Ghislain Mercx and his wife, and helped them to get rid of the soldier's importunities by turning him out of the house. Spitaels was not, however, the man to be thus robbed with impunity. He drew his sword, and threatened to break open the door, and obtain his money by force. The host and hostess, terrified at his threats, and knowing the determined spirit of the soldier, were obliged to send for the archers, who led him away to prison.

Spitaels was comparatively a stranger in Alost, whilst Ghislain Mercx was known as a housekeeper and publican of tolerably fair repute. So the feelings of the grand bailiff of Alost were prejudiced against what was not an uncommon incident in those days, the supposed audacious attempt at extortion of a free-lance. It was even privately discussed whether the best way of getting rid of him and his pretensions altogether would not be by putting him to death. As he had no friends, the majority of opinions were in favour of this summary mode of proceeding, and, but for an unforeseen incident, it might have fared badly with the unfortunate soldier.

There was at that epoch a demon in Alost, who had shown himself to several persons, and had hence been much talked about, but as he had not harmed any one, he was not very much dreaded. The morning of the day when Spitaels was to be taken before his prejudiced judges, the said demon made his appearance in his dungeon, and said to him,

"You are about to be condemned to death, which is an injustice, but that is the way in which men act. Nevertheless, if you will give yourself to me I will save your life."

"And who are you?" asked the soldier, after a momentary silence.

"Do not be afraid of me. I am the demon of Alost."

"The demon of Alost!" exclaimed Spitaels. "A demon! I give myself up to a demon! No, I would rather perish innocent than save my life by giving up my soul to a demon."

"But," persisted the tempter, "think that in two hours the opportunity of saving you will have gone by. You are young; you have still many years to live; I can get back your money for you. And what about the fair widow of Ghent. She is here; she is in Alost, and she wishes to see you and to save you."

The last words had, as the demon archly calculated, a great effect

upon Spitaels. He paced his dungeon in extreme agitation. "She is here!" he exclaimed. "She wishes to see me! "But no matter," he added, recovering from his momentary weakness, "I cannot be yours. No, I will perish on the scaffold before I yield my soul to the tempter. But you have brought me good news. She is here, and for that good news I pardon you, demon of Alost. I shall see her, for she will come to the trial. If they condemn me, my last hope will be that I shall tell her I wished to be her husband."

The grief and resignation of the soldier touched the heart even of the demon. "If I cannot have him," he said to himself, "I can, at all events, have the other one." So turning round he said:

"Well, since you will not belong to me, I will be generous with you, and you shall not curse me, for I will give you a disinterested aid. I even flatter myself that I can save your life. But you must follow my advice. When you are presently summoned before the grand bailiff, plead innocence, and ask (what cannot be refused to you) that you may have for counsel a barrister, whom you will see there in a blue cap. That will be myself."

The prisoner was delighted. The reader may, perchance, think that the supposed demon was only a young barrister sent by the widow of Ghent to sound the soldier's feelings, and to put his piety to trial, in order the better to ascertain his real worth, but he will be in the wrong. The demon of Alost was really what he proclaimed himself to be, and he did not calculate badly, as we shall see.

Barely an hour had elapsed after this interview before the archers came to lead forth the Brabançon soldier from his dungeon into the presence of his judges. The accusation brought against him of his intending to murder his host and hostess, after having unjustly calumniated them, was so ably set forth that everybody felt that the gibbet was inevitable. But Spitaels, casting his eyes around him, soon made out a barrister with a cadaverous face and a spare pointed beard, but with eyes of fire, and who wore a skull-cap of blue velvet. His courage revived upon seeing his mysterious ally, and he demanded in a loud voice that the pale-faced counsel should be allowed to plead for him, as he said he was but a rude soldier, and little versed in the art of pleading. His request was granted, although a murmur ran through the court, for his counsel was not known as one of those who practised at the bar of Alost.

This is not surprising, when we know that it was a demon who, strange to say, had ventured to assume the garb of a barrister-at-law. As the novel forensic member proceeded with his case, and after declaring that the brave soldier had been most unfairly dealt with and most abominably ill-treated, he proceeded to relate the

true history of the money deposited in the hands of his host, with the addition of circumstances which the soldier himself had forgotten, till he was reminded of them, and he further declared that he could bring witnesses who would prove that Spitaels had the very sum of money about him when he left Ninove, which he declared he had lost, a feeling began to pervade the assembly that the Brabançon might be in the right after all. But when his distinguished counsel came out with his last great point, and declared that he would reveal to the judges the very spot where the money was at that moment hid, the host was so astounded and perplexed that he jumped upon his feet, asserting that it was false, that he had not the money, that it was not secreted where he said it was; and he swore, in his excitement, that he would give himself to the devil, if what he said was not true.

This was just what the demon had hoped for, and had anticipated would take place.

"I do not ask for more," he said, taking off his velvet cap and displaying two little horns, whilst his eyes seemed to cast flames upon the terrified host.

The crowd at once made way for the mysterious pleader, who went up to Ghislain Mercx, seized upon him as his lawful prey, and carried him away so far (or, according to others, lifted him up so high) that he was never more heard of. The hostess—the most guilty of the two—fell upon her knees and prayed for mercy, promising to send for the money at once. Jean Spitaels was set at liberty the moment that the money he claimed had been restored to him in the presence of the whole court, and his character as an honest man fairly vindicated. The widow of Ghent was among those present, and going up to her gallant saviour she congratulated him, and said she had come there solely in the hopes of saving him. They accordingly went forth together to Ghent, and Count Ferdinand of Flanders, to whom Baldwin of Guines had ceded the county, having heard of the adventures of the Brabançon soldier, gave him a good appointment in his court, and his marriage with the young widow was celebrated with a general rejoicing, which, in the naïve language of the chronicle, shows that it is inconvenient to thieve, indecent to tell stories, and very imprudent to give oneself to the Prince of Darkness.

THE DREAM PAINTER.

BY DR. J. E. CARPENTER.

BOOK II.

I.

BERTHA'S LETTER.

LEOPOLD STERNEMBERG, attended by his faithful companion Johaan Zwick, made but slow progress on their pedestrian tour. The eye of the young artist, ever attracted by some fresh object, caused him to break his journey at innumerable places. Sometimes it was an old castle, sometimes a bit of rustic scenery, that took his fancy; then a group of peasants, or the bright face of a child peeping out from a cottage door. With these he filled the drawing-boards with which he had taken care to provide himself. They were mere sketches, of course, but as they accumulated, they became to him a store of valuable material on which he would draw in the future, when he should sit down to earnest work.

He had, as he had promised, written to his sister Bertha several times, recounting his adventures and intimating the places he proposed to stay at in his future progress; but though he had inquired diligently, and even on several occasions overstayed the time he proposed to himself, in the expectation of receiving letters from her in return, none had ever reached him.

Still he did not write to his father; he felt sure that Bertha had written to him, and that her letters were following him from place to place, according to the instructions he had left behind.

The first intimation that the honest tailor received of the elopement of his daughter was a letter from his sister-in-law, inquiring the reason of her non-arrival.

Then it was that, for the first time, the mysterious words that had fallen from the lips of Bertha fell upon her mother with their full force.

"Hain, she is gone—she has left us. I ought to have seen it. She wished to tell me beforehand, I am sure she did, but she had not the courage. Oh! I see it now, and I only fell to teasing her about her former suitors, poor child, poor child. I never wished to force her into a marriage that she did not like. She might have remained here and been happy."

And the poor mother covered her face with her apron and

sobbed aloud, rocking to and fro in the chair into which she had flung herself.

"Gone! gone!" said her husband, not yet recovered from his surprise; "but with whom? I saw her into the boat; she was by herself; not a soul has been missed out of the town that I know of; Engels, Fischel, they were both here this morning, I saw them. Who could she have gone with?"

"Heaven only knows; but I did not tell you, Hain, she went out early in the morning before she went away. She said she had been to look at the old convent, for she thought she might never see it again. Oh, I remember it well now!"

"She did?" said the tailor, greatly alarmed; "but no, no, I cannot think that—Bertha was too good a girl for that."

"For what, Hain? What is it that you are thinking of?" asked his wife, frightened in her turn.

"No, no, I will not think it," replied her husband.

"Think what?"

"That she is——"

"Oh, speak, Hain! what is it that you fear she is?"

"Drowned!" said the tailor, casting his eyes upon the ground, and then clasping his forehead with his hands.

"Oh, it is too horrible!" shrieked his wife. "Drowned! Bertha commit suicide! No, no, what object could she have? Hain, if she had wished to marry any one we did not know, you would not have opposed it, would you?"

"Who is there here we do not know?" said the bewildered father, sorrowfully.

"It is a mystery, a fearful mystery," continued his wife; "what is to be done?"

The latter being the first practical question the Frau Sternberg had put to her husband, it set him thinking.

"We must wait," he said, "until the boat comes in again this evening. The same captain will probably command her, and the same crew be on board. I will make the voyage to Cologne, and ascertain if Bertha arrived there. The captain and the crew may also be able to tell me if there was any one there to meet her. Let us hope that all may yet be well; she may have been taken ill, and is staying there."

"Pray Heaven it is no worse, Hain! But oh, I have my fears, I have my fears. I think, now, that our poor girl was not in her right mind."

"It would seem like it, but we must not despair yet," rejoined Sternberg, who perceived the painful impression his suggestion had made upon his wife, and who saw the necessity there was that she should keep up her courage in his absence.

"You had better call in one of the neighbours to sit with you while I am away," he said; "a few hours and we may have news of her. By-the-bye, there is a letter for her, it is from Leopold. Had we not better open it?"

"It is useless to send it to her aunt's, since she is not there."

"Then we will. Leopold said that in writing to her he should be writing to us all."

"Poor Leopold, I trust no ill fortune has happened to him!" rejoined the anxious mother.

The tailor proceeded to open the letter, which had arrived the same morning, addressed to Bertha. There was nothing in it that gave a clue to any intended movements on her part; it was evident that Leopold was as ignorant as they were of any attachment she might have formed outside the family's acquaintance. The missive was written in a cheerful strain—for Leopold—he was enjoying his journey, doing good work on the road, and very hopeful for the future; he spoke in the warmest terms of the fidelity and attachment of the humble friend by whom he was accompanied; a piece of news to the Sternbergs, though they had several times wondered to themselves what had become of Johaan Zwick. There was only one passage that they could not understand. It was this: "If I leave Bonn because I could not endure the absence of one cherished face, I do not cease to dream of another, that of my dear sister that I leave behind me. I have made from memory sketches of them both, though I needed them not to make them ever present with me."

"It can only mean," said Sternberg, "that Leopold had a sweetheart, from whom he has parted; a secret that they kept between them."

"You had better write to Leopold at once," suggested his wife.

"No," said Hain, "it would be folly to alarm him needlessly; let us wait the result of my inquiry."

When the steam-boat arrived, late in the afternoon, the tailor went on board, but the vessel did not prove to be the same in which Bertha had embarked. The captain informed him that it was the *Undine* he was inquiring for, and that he would be able to take his passage by her on his return the following morning. He proceeded on his short voyage, however, in the faint hope that at the end of it he might yet find Bertha at her Aunt Zimmerman's.

No, she was not there; they would have been so glad to have seen her; they had made preparations to receive her; her cousins, grown girls like herself, of her own age, were greatly disappointed, and her male cousin, Ernest, who was an admirer of Bertha's, for she had always been considered the belle of the family, especially so.

sobbed
flung
news
with you
sold.

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when Sternemberg returned, he ob-
tained his daughter.

He remembered two passengers coming
up in question, a fair young girl
in a cloak. He thought they were one
of the unwell, and they retired imme-
diately. At Cologne they left the steam-boat

which he could obtain, but it relieved his
worst fears were not realised—his

It was a sorry tale to take home to his

but it was something.

Further inquiries in the town led to the information that a
stranger, corresponding with the individual described, had been
staying at the hotel, and left the evening of Bertha's departure.

There could be no longer any doubt that it was with him she
had eloped, but who or what he was Sternemberg failed to dis-
cover.

He no longer hesitated to answer Leopold's letter; the sad in-
telligence he had to impart would be a blow to him, for he loved
his sister dearly.

Very dreary was the life of the poor tailor and his wife, now
bereaved of both the children they had watched and tended so
tenderly from infancy. Had they been married and settled in
their native town they would have endured the parting cheerfully;
indeed, it had been the desire of their hearts to see them com-
fortably settled; but now, one was a wanderer seeking for some
congenial spot on which to commence his life's career—the other,
less formed by nature to rely upon her own resources—who knew
where?

Thus the months passed wearily with them, the summer was
waning away, the autumn tints beginning to be brown, the twilight
shadows to fall earlier, the evenings to become longer and lonelier,
in which they were left to linger in their grief, and console each
other as best they could.

One morning, in early winter, a letter arrived; it bore an
English post-mark; the handwriting on the superscription was
Bertha's; it was addressed to her mother.

With a trembling hand and palpitating heart she broke the seal.
Hain Sternemberg and his wife were seated at their lonely
breakfast-table when it arrived.

Almost blinded by her tears, the Frau Sternemberg attempted,
but in vain, to read it; she handed it to her husband, and in a
trembling voice he read, frequently interrupted by his wife's
emotion, as follows:

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Forgive, oh! pray forgive your undutiful daughter; a hundred times I have attempted to write to you, but my guilty conscience has prevented me from doing so. I ought to have told you all, for if you had seen and known Basil, I am sure you would have given your sanction to our marriage. Yes, dear parents, your daughter is now a wife, and her greatest unhappiness is that she took this step without consulting you—you who have always been so fond and indulgent to her, even when disobediently she refused to comply with your wishes; but, dearest mother, I could never have been happy with any of those honest men who you wished to be my husband; this I told dear Leopold long ago, but I feared to say so to my dear parents. I have been proud, dear mother—I have been ambitious—I know it, and I have often thought that my ambition might lead me to my ruin; but I love my husband very much, and I have no reason to complain of him. He is an Italian gentleman of good family, of very great attainments, and very noble in his person. He is the heir to an estate in Italy, which he assures me will soon be his; but he is very fond of company, of society; it is his right, and what he has always been accustomed to; it is one of the penalties of his position, and a wife has no right to complain; all this I ought to have told you long ago, but I have been waiting for an event to transpire, which the many engagements of my husband has prevented until now. Dear parents, I can keep you no longer in suspense—forgive me for not writing sooner; I know what you must have suffered, by my own feelings—but I could not help it. Some day I will explain all to you, for Basil has promised me that we shall visit fatherland and the dear old Rhine next summer. I hope you will keep for me the little drawing of the old convent which is over the mantelpiece, and Basil shall bring you a grand picture to put in its place. I do not now send you any money, my dear parents—I know it would offend you if I did so; but Basil has plenty, and Leopold may need some assistance. Tell me, dear mother, if you forgive me, and answer this, where I can address Leopold. He has, no doubt, written to me, and you have his letters. I should like to have them after you have read them; if you have the opportunity of sending them over by any English traveller do so, for they may be too many for the post. Dear father and mother, I was married before I left Bonn; do not think so ill of me as to imagine that I would have left my home without your knowledge and consent under any other circumstances. I have found my husband to be all that he represented himself, and have no reason to think he is deceiving me. We have a very nice house in what is called the West-end; the house is not our own, but we hire it

with the furniture, for Basil intends to travel again, and to live in Italy when he inherits his estate. I have my own maid, and Basil has his valet, and we have three other servants. I ride in the park with Basil now that I have learnt to control my horse. We have not horses of our own, because Basil would have to part with them when we leave here. We have some very gay parties, and the gentlemen stay late, but Basil insists upon my retiring early because he is careful for my health. I am learning to speak English tolerably well, and to read English books, which is a great consolation for me, for Basil is frequently detained very late at his club; all the English gentlemen and foreigners of position belong to clubs—it is an English institution, but they do not admit ladies, which I tell Basil is selfish. The English gentlemen seem passionately fond of cards, and I sometimes tremble for Basil, he risks so much; but he tells me he is skilful, and can afford it. You see, dear mother, what a great change all this is to me, and how strange it was that it should come to pass. We do not know many ladies here, but those who do visit us are very pleasant and agreeable. My husband is very proud of me, and fond of taking me into company. We have visited most of the theatres and the opera, which is very grand. We have also been to the races at Ascot, which is near to the principal palace of the sovereign, a grand old castle, but it wants the mountains and the rugged scenery of the dear old Rhine. All this, dear parents, does not make me happy. I want your forgiveness; I want to know that you are well—do write to me as soon as you receive this. I shall be inconsolable until I hear from you. I want to have your letter all to myself. You will reproach me. I do not want Basil to see my tears. Direct to me post-office —, to be called for, and pray, pray forgive

“Your undutiful, but penitent daughter,
“BERTHA MONTI.”

The alternations of surprise and regret which this rambling letter occasioned the worthy couple may be easily imagined.

“Well,” said the tailor, putting it down when he had finished the perusal of it, “I hardly know, wife, whether we ought to laugh or cry. This husband of Bertha’s seems to be a fine fellow.”

“Poor child—poor child!” exclaimed his wife. “Thank Heaven, she is safe. But how cruel of her to keep us in ignorance so long.”

“She says she couldn’t help it. What can she mean? She can write a letter long enough now.”

“Yes, now that she is a fine lady and can boast of her horses and her servants,” said the mother, her anger rising now that her anxiety was allayed.

"Perhaps she knew best," said Sternemberg, his old answer when he did not know exactly what he should say.

"I never was for these unequal marriages," returned his wife; "no good ever came of them, and never will. Why did she not bring her husband here? Was she ashamed of him?"

"Perhaps he wouldn't come," mildly suggested the tailor.

"Then more shame for her to marry a man who despised her own parents."

"Come, come, wife, you are too hard upon her. When did a girl ever throw away the chance of making a good match by disobeying her husband beforehand?"

"I am sure you hadn't it all your own way."

Hain shrugged his shoulders, and merely added:

"Quite true, my dear."

"What does she mean by waiting for an event?" asked his wife, tartly.

"Why, my dear," answered her husband, smiling, "how very short-sighted you are. 'Of course she can only mean that——' And here he paused, for he had taken up the letter again to refer to that particular passage. "And yet that can't be, for her husband's engagements could not prevent that from taking place. I really cannot guess what she does mean."

"More mystery, more mystery!" ejaculated his wife.

The reader will have but little difficulty in solving this mystery. It was that second marriage for which she so anxiously looked, and which the count was ever finding some excuse to postpone, that preyed upon Bertha's mind, and which not even the vortex of society into which she was hurled prevented her from constantly brooding over and demanding.

"Dear, dear," said Sternemberg, rubbing his hands, "to think we should have a son-in-law rich enough for a German baron. I declare it takes my breath away."

"I never want to see him," said his wife, angry again. "He need not come here. We have lived long enough in the world, and paid our way too, without mixing ourselves up with fine folks, and I don't want to begin now."

"Be reasonable, my dear. What's done can't be undone. You'll write to Bertha?" said Sternemberg, kindly.

"Write to her! Of course I shall, poor dear child. But I'll let her know what I think about it—to let all this time pass, and me fretting myself into the grave."

"Not quite so bad as that, wife, though it has pulled you down sadly. But now that you know the best and the worst of it——"

"I don't know that I do know the worst of it," she interrupted, petulantly.

Sternemberg saw that his wife was not in a very good mood for writing a forgiving letter, so he said:

"On second thoughts, you had better not write until to-morrow."

"And why not?"

"Because you will have slept upon it."

Sternemberg was right. In spite of her anger, her mother could not help thinking of all the fine things that Bertha had told her about, and that, in a social point of view, it was a marriage far more advantageous than any she could have hoped for by remaining at home.

"Only there was," she said to herself, "an air of mystery about it that boded no good."

Still the good dame wrote a kind, if not an entirely forgiving, letter to her daughter, and her father took it to the post-office with a lighter heart than he had had for many a day.

"When we know for certainty," he said to his wife, "where a letter will reach Leopold, we will send this of Bertha's to him. He may, through his friend Mr. Browning, who lives in London, be able to find out something more respecting this Signor Monti than Bertha has thought proper to disclose to us."

And so the old couple worked on. A needlewoman supplied Bertha's place, and they gave it out that she had married from her aunt's, where she had gone on a visit, and made a good match; so the grocer's daughter and the romance reader were satisfied, though they might be envious.

II.

THE WANDERERS.

It is now time that we return to Leopold. Not until he reached Vienna, in which city he had all along thought of fixing his abode for some time, did he receive a letter from home. Arrived there, a brief letter from his father informed him of the mysterious departure of Bertha, and, this acknowledged, he subsequently received the one from Bertha, forwarded to him from Bonn, explaining the cause of her flight.

Leopold immediately comprehended that the man to whom Bertha was married was far above her as regards position in society; he could excuse and palliate her elopement; had not the same thing happened to himself? Only in his case the object of his affection had despised and scorned him, while Bertha had been raised to the rank in life occupied by her husband; had his own and Geraldine's relative position been that of Bertha and her husband, would he not have acted in the same way?

Thus Leopold reasoned before he wrote to his friend Mr. Browning to make the inquiries that his father had suggested.

At first, Leopold occupied but two small rooms in an obscure part of the city, while his humble friend procured a lodging for himself elsewhere, coming to Leopold in the evening only, and finding employment for himself in the daytime at the wharves and warehouses from whence are shipped the numerous manufactures of the Austrian capital on the teeming channel of the Danube.

It would scarcely be possible for an artist of Leopold's undoubted talent not to find some employment in a city whose population approached half a million souls—the centre, too, of a highly civilised empire—a city with its imperial palace, its numerous churches of great architectural beauty, its cathedral, its university, and museums, and numerous other educational and scientific institutions; its fine public walks and parks, and its palace of the Belvedere, which contains so splendid a museum of the fine arts, besides one of the finest collections of paintings in Europe. All these, however, it is not the province of the historian of these pages to describe; he has only to do with the individuals, real or imaginary, who people them, and to recite their actions, as far as they relate to his story, as best he may.

It was in the magnificent gallery of the Belvedere that Leopold passed most of his time, making studies of such pictures as he was permitted by the liberality of the authorities to copy, as the rules of the place admitted. These he was enabled to sell to the picture dealers of the city, chiefly Jews, at such prices as they chose to put on them themselves, and which they measured rather by the time they would occupy in painting than by any distinctive merit they might possess. Occasionally, too, he would finish some of his own original sketches; but as yet his mere name was not a marketable commodity, it was by making copies of the known masters that he was chiefly enabled to subsist.

Thus, at the end of about a year, Leopold was enabled to remove to more commodious apartments, and also to take Johaan Zwick into his employ; there was plenty for the latter to do, light porter's work, grinding and preparing the colours—an art in itself, which Leopold taught him, and of which he was not a little proud, and which was the means of saving his master, for so we may now call him, much valuable time.

He also reigned supreme over the commissariat, so that Leopold's meals were not only taken with more regularity than before, but he also obtained an amount of nutritious food of which, with his studious habits and frequent fits of absence of mind, he had frequently denied himself.

Johaen Zwick was much polished up by his intercourse with the bustling inhabitants of a large capital, and had outgrown a great deal of his rustic simplicity, without, it must be added, dete-

riorating from his natural goodness of heart. He set up, too, for a small wit in his own quiet way; partly because his natural inclinations led him that way, but more because he saw the necessity of rousing his master from his occasional lethargy.

The answer to Leopold's letter to his friend Mr. Browning, had not been such as to wholly reassure him. The latter had discovered a certain Signor Monti in the locality indicated by Bertha's letter to her parents, but the result of his inquiries had not been of a nature to induce him to call on and make a personal acquaintance with that distinguished foreigner. There could be no doubt, he said, that the signor was an inveterate, if not a professional gambler. The club to which he belonged was one notorious in those days for the heavy play that was habitually carried on at it, and to which many young noblemen of fortune had owed their ruin. . . . There is no necessity to specify it more particularly; its ostensible owner retired with a princely fortune, and it was closed; the improved tone of public opinion, and the more complete police surveillance of notorious gambling-houses, have long since cleared the west-end of the British metropolis of these magnificent pandemoniums of vice and profligacy. . . .

"Should anything occur," concluded Mr. Browning, "to render advice or the interference of a friend necessary to your sister in a strange capital and among strangers, assure her of my readiness to act in her behalf. Send her my address in your next letter, and tell her not to hesitate to apply to me if she should need my assistance. But, for her husband, our paths lie so wide apart that I would not we should cross each other. I am glad, my dear pupil, to hear that you are succeeding so well," &c. &c.

A vague suspicion that all was not as Bertha had described it, that all was not exactly as she saw it herself, had taken possession of Leopold's mind, and this letter from his friend strengthened that opinion and increased his uneasiness.

He wrote back to Mr. Browning stating his fears, and at the same time consigning to him a case containing several of his original works, which he requested him to place in some public auction, and to retain for awhile what funds might arise from the disposal of them. It was fortunate that he did so, or Bertha might have been wholly dependent on a comparative stranger—but we must not anticipate. Leopold's fears were fully realised, as will be seen by the following letter, which he received a very few months after the time to which we have just referred:

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—But for our kind friend Mr. Browning, your unfortunate sister would have been left in this great city without a friend and wholly destitute. Basil, my

husband, has deceived, abandoned, left me. Too late have I been awakened to a sense of the position in which I stood, of the frail ground upon which I was treading, and which was ready at any moment to break under my feet. Oh, my dear brother, pity your unhappy sister. I loved my husband, I trusted him as a wife should trust. I thought him wealthy, disinterested, honourable, all that makes a man worthy of being loved and respected. I have found him—but I will endeavour to be calm while I relate to you all that has passed, all that I have suffered for the last six months. I am now staying in lodgings in —— street, at the house of a distant relation of our good friend, who has supplied the place of a father to me. How shall I begin to tell you my troubles?

“It was not until about six months ago that I discovered a marked difference in the behaviour of my husband. The gay parties which were given so frequently when we first came to reside in London, were suddenly given up—my own maid and Basil’s valet were discharged; this he accounted for by saying he had been disappointed in receiving a large sum of money which he had been expecting. I did not complain. I told him that I was satisfied we should live in a more humble way; it was his love that I wished to retain, and, if fortune had gone against him, I would share his lot, whatever it might be. His only answer was a bitter exclamation, cursing his ill luck. I did not know then—I know too well now—what it was that he alluded to. He told me that he was in danger of being arrested—that he must raise money, and that immediately. Basil had made me many valuable presents of jewellery; he now demanded them of me. I gave them—why should I refuse—were they not his being his wife’s? He laughed. Oh, Leopold, such a mocking laugh! He went away with the jewels, and I did not see him again that night. The next morning, when he came home, he appeared pale and haggard. I was about to embrace him, to offer him what poor comfort I could. He repulsed me. Had I then outlived his love?—his liking? Had I grown distasteful to him? Oh! it was horrible to think of. I reproached him. I thought that his better nature would succumb to my appeal to his feelings as a man of honour. I was wrong—it only gave him the opportunity more freely to throw off the mask. He reproached me! me who had left country, home—all for his sake. He told me that I had been wilfully blind all along; that it was pride and ambition, and not love, that had induced me to fly with him—Heaven knows how false this was. I reminded him of our marriage. He told me that I knew all along that it was a false marriage, and that he only submitted to it as a balm to my conscience. How could I imagine

that he could unite himself with the daughter of a plebeian? Oh! Leopold, he reviled my parents. I cannot bring myself to write the foul words that he made use of; he made this, their humble position, an excuse for his villany; truly the curse of the disobedient was upon me, and bitterly, bitterly have I been punished for my sin. Leopold, my brother, my marriage was not a false one; it was an ordained priest who united us; but where can I find him now? And there was no other witness to our union. My husband is a Roman Catholic, and from the words that fell from the lips of the priest, I have now reason to believe that he thought me of the same faith; but I was not so then. Basil promised me that, as soon as we arrived in London, the ceremony should be performed again in a Protestant church; that promise I, at last, discovered it was never his intention to perform. Still he assured me that the marriage was legally binding upon him. I resolved then to conform to the religious faith of my husband. I became a Roman Catholic, for I thought that if the priest could be found that he would ratify our marriage—I thought, too, that it was the duty of a wife to conform to her husband in all things, and that in case Providence should bless our union with children, that there should be no cause for dispute between us. I had no one to guide, to advise me; I may have been wrong in all this; I may have reasoned only as a weak and ignorant woman, but my confessor tells me that I am right, and that as I have conformed to the Church, the Pope will acknowledge my marriage. During my reproaches I told this to Basil; it made him furious; I thought he would have struck me, for he raised his hand; I made the sign of the cross, and he quailed before it; thank Heaven I was spared that degradation. Leopold, I needed not the blow of a mortal hand to stun me. I fainted and fell—how long I remained senseless I know not; when I recovered my consciousness I was stretched upon the sofa, and our female servant, the only one who had not left us, was bathing my temples and applying restoratives. Where was Basil? I staggered to the bell-pull and rang furiously. Basil's man came to the summons, and I demanded where was his master? He had gone out, and taken with him a quantity of luggage, as much as the roof of the hired vehicle would carry—if anybody inquired, he would be back in a few days. Even this was a relief to me, for I could not think that he had abandoned—left me. When I went to our rooms, a great fear came over me, for I saw that his wardrobes were empty, and that implied that he was about to take a long journey; still I did not give up all hope—surely he would return or send for me. . . . I waited all that day—he came not, nor the next. On the third day, Robert, that was the name of Basil's man, asked permission to speak to me. He had given my husband warning,

and had heard of a situation that would suit him—would I pay him his wages? Alas! I had it not—Basil had left me nearly penniless. He must await his master's return; but would he return, and when? What answer had I to give? I cannot complain of the man's conduct, he was civil and respectful, but he told me what I was not before aware of, for Basil had managed everything, that a great many tradespeople had called for their accounts, and that he had had great difficulty in getting rid of them. He hinted that he thought it was not likely that my husband would return; was it possible, he asked, that I did not know where he had gone? It had come to this, then, that I was doubted by our own servants—how could those others, who would soon come to importune, believe me? It was not long coming. During the next few days I was assailed by a score of applicants; they insisted upon seeing me, they reviled me, they even threatened that they would take me before the authorities for obtaining their goods upon false pretences. It was in vain that I pleaded I too had been deceived; they would not believe me; they would not believe that I was his wife. I cannot tell you the vile names they called me. I should meet their demands, or they would expose me. My being a foreigner only convinced them the more that I was equally guilty with my husband in defrauding them. I was in despair; I saw nothing but shame, misery, degradation before me. In this strait I thought of our good friend Mr. Browning, may Heaven reward him for his kindness and generosity! he came to me, he saw the people, and he reasoned with them. I believe that he even paid some of my husband's poorer creditors; the others, who had been eager enough to supply him with what he required when the appearance of wealth was kept up, he left to seek their remedy, assuring them that, even if I were responsible, I had not the means of paying them; they were wine merchants, and such like, and, among them, the jeweller, who had supplied the trinkets which Basil had given me. I bade him search the house, he would not find them. There were also some who held securities—acceptances I think they called them—these Mr. Browning said could have no claim upon any besides my husband. I do not understand these things.

"When Mr. Browning told me he would take me away and remove me to a place of safety, he paid the servants their wages, and I was proceeding to pack my boxes, but I was prevented; the landlord of the house had a claim upon all he could find for rent. I was permitted to take only the most necessary articles of attire. Mr. Browning disputed this, but I was content to let them go. What need should I have of fine dresses for the future? A day or two after, when I had become a little calmer, Mr. Browning enlightened me as to my husband's true character. He had been

making further inquiries. . . . Never was woman so deceived as I have been. Oh, Leopold! to think that I should have to say of my own husband that he was a gambler, an unprincipled adventurer. What must those ladies and gentlemen he introduced to our house think of me? I tremble while I think of it, for I do not believe they were all ill-conditioned people like himself, but his victims. . . .

"And now, Leopold, what am I to do? I cannot return to Bonn. I could not endure the just reproaches of our dear parents. I could not submit to the ridicule of our old neighbours. You will say I am proud still, but shall I not suffer sufficiently for my pride? I cannot live on the charity of Mr. Browning; I cannot, dear brother, suffer myself to be a burden to you. I must work. Your sister must again become the humble seamstress. But oh, Leopold, I am told it is terrible work here. I do not mind the work; I only pray for strength. I only hope that it may enable me to prolong my miserable existence, that I may come across my husband some day and force him to own me as his wife before the world, or, failing that, that I may find the priest who united us. Basil has relations who are respected in society, and who are wealthy, for he has shown me their letters, and I do not think that they were forgeries. This is a long, a rambling letter, and it may fail to tell you all that I wished to acquaint you with, but I cannot sit down to think and reason. . . . I hope it will tell you all that I have suffered, and convince you that all the blame has not been mine alone. I confess that all has sprung from my first act of disobedience; but should I not have been wretched had I refused Basil, when I thought him so worthy and so good? I cannot tell you the arts he used to win me. Only a woman would understand them—only a foolish woman have believed in them. . . . I dare not write to Bonn, and yet I long to see my dear parents, to kneel to them, to implore their forgiveness. You, dear Leopold, will be able to tell me about them, for you can write to them with a clear conscience and a loving trust. I am endeavouring to be calm, to collect a little strength, for I know what I shall have to endure. Pray write to me as soon as this reaches you, and think as kindly as you can of

"Your wretched sister,
"BERTHA MONTI."

FEMININE INTUITIONS.

BY FRA POCO.

To what the critics say of most women, that they cannot reason at all, Mr. Herman Merivale replies that at any rate the few who can are apt to vanquish in fair controversy the ablest men; and this he takes to be chiefly because they see distinctly what they aim at, and are apt to argue as the Bourgeois Gentilhomme's maid fenced. Philosophers tell us that women have the deductive intellect, and not the inductive—by which is practically meant that they have “great quickness in suggestion, in the detection of possible consequences, and in hazarding skilful remarks.” They do not, observes an accurate analyst of the Intellect of Women, proceed by argumentative conclusions from clearly-defined premises, but they throw out observations which they cannot tell how they came by, but which give the discussion a new turn, and open up new lines of thought. A French proverb bids us take the first advice of a woman, and not the second; which proverb Archbishop Trench hails as one of much wisdom; for in processes of reasoning, out of which the second counsels would spring, women may and will, he says, be inferior to men; but in intuitions, “in moral intuitions above all, they surpass us far,” having what Montaigne ascribes to them in a remarkable word, “*l'esprit primeautier*,” the leopard's spring, which takes its prey, if it be to take it at all, at the first bound.

Hence the “Spare me your reasons” of the sage who had consulted a lady on a matter of moment, and who meant to abide by her judgment. Burke says of men in general that they often act right from their feelings, and afterwards reason but ill from them on principle; and if so it be with the male creature, much more so with souls feminine. When Corneille's *Cliton* tells his companion that now *je puis à loisir te conter mes raisons*—the other exclaims, *Tes raisons ! c'est-à-dire autant d'extravagances*; and the note of exclamation may well find echoes through all space. As another *persona dramatis* says, in another act of the same comedy, “*Tais-toi, tu m'étourdis de tes sottes raisons.*”

An idle reason, remarks Dean Swift, lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before. It has been noted of Brigham Young that, according to unfriendly critics, he never rises into the dignity of an argument in addressing a body of devotees who have given the best possible proof of faith in his doctrines. “Perhaps the Prophet may have discovered that verbal logic is not the ultimate

secret of logic." At any rate, so far as the better half of Mormonism is concerned, he may spare them his reasons, and welcome.

Pedgift Senior's counsel to Allan Armadale is suggestive: "When you say No to a woman, sir, always say it in one word. If you give your reasons, she invariably believes that you mean Yes." The cynical old attorney's estimate of the sex would ill square with that of their laureate, in the *Angel in the House*:

How quick in talk to see from far
The way to vanquish or evade;
How able her persuasions are
To prove, her reasons to persuade.

Coleridge appends to his remark on the mind acting intuitively sometimes, just as the outward senses perceive immediately, without any consciousness of the mechanism by which the perception is realised, an assertion that this is often exemplified in well-bred, unaffected, and innocent women. And he cites his knowledge of a lady, on whose judgment, from constant experience of its rectitude, he could rely almost as on an oracle. But, he adds, "when she has sometimes proceeded to a detail of the grounds and reasons for her opinion, then, led by similar experience, I have been tempted to interrupt her with—'I will take your advice,' or 'I shall act on your opinion; for I am sure you are in the right. But as to the *fors* and *because*s, leave them to me to find out.' " It is like Lord Mansfield's advice to the newly-appointed Governor of Jamaica, a naval officer, who mistrusted his own competency to preside in the Court of Chancery: "Trust to your own good sense in forming your opinions; but beware of attempting to state the grounds of your judgments. The judgment will probably be right; the argument will infallibly be wrong."* We can never, it has been said, feel that an opponent is quite at our mercy so long as he insists upon holding his tongue, and is wise enough to give no reasons for a foolish action.

A skilful debater, again, never assigns too good a reason for any measure which he is anxious to carry. One is reminded of Captain Absolute's caution to Fag, when that mendacious varlet, or valet, declares a lie to be nothing unless it is backed,—on which account, whenever he draws on his invention for a good current lie, he makes a point of forging indorsements as well as the bill. "Take care you don't hurt your credit, by offering too much security," is the captain's advice.—An essayist on Strong Wills observes that anybody quite confident of his own line, and keeping to it, contemptuous of opposition, serenely and stolidly certain, is accepted as a guide by men worn out by too wide an embrace of every question: "Only he must not be too clever, and he must never

* To at least half a dozen other judges of note has this dictum been ascribed. Only the other day a leading journal confidently fathered it on Lord Campbell.

give reasons." For these they can dispute, but to certainty and will they bow as to powers mysterious and divine.

Moore declares of Byron that it was impossible to lead him to any regular train of reasoning; that he was, if not incapable, impatient of any "consecutive ratiocination on his own side," and that in this, as indeed in many other peculiarities belonging to him, may be observed striking traces of a feminine cast of character;—"it being observable that the discursive faculty is rarely exercised by women; but that nevertheless, by the mere instinct of truth (as was the case with Lord Byron), they are often enabled at once to light upon the very conclusion to which man, through all the forms of reasoning, is, in the mean time, puzzling, and, perhaps, losing his way:

And strike each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled logic blunders far behind."

"You were always a prodigious reasoner," retorts one of Mrs. Gore's fine ladies, on a discursive companion: "I am apt to jump at *my* conclusions, and seldom find them worse than those to which other people climb on their knees." Schleiermacher affirms women to be ever our best teachers in cases requiring quick judgment. In another place he exalts and magnifies the value of that power of judging through the imagination which "women possess in a pre-eminent degree." Hazlitt asserts women to have often more of what is called good sense than men—having fewer pretensions, being less implicated in theories, and judging of objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and, therefore, he contends, more truly and naturally. "They cannot reason wrong; for they do not reason at all." Elsewhere, again, he insists on the pre-eminence of women in tact and insight into character—on their being quicker than men to find out a pedant, a pretender, a blockhead.* As before, the explanation he offers is, that they trust more to the first impressions and natural indications of things, without troubling themselves with a learned theory of them; whereas men, affecting greater gravity, and thinking themselves bound to justify their opinions, are afraid to form any judgment at all, without the formality of proofs and definitions, and blunt the edge of their understandings, lest they should commit

* Quicker too, by a great deal, to find out a *penchant*, a preference, a falling in love,—as mere observers, not as principals. Mr. Trollope somewhere remarks that just as men hunt foxes by the aid of dogs, without in the least comprehending how the dog's sense of smell can work with such acuteness, so is the organ by which women instinctively, as it were, know and feel how other women are regarded by men, and how also men are regarded by other women, equally strong, and equally incomprehensible. A glance, a word, a motion, is enough.

some mistake: they stay for facts, till it is too late to pronounce on the characters. He calls women naturally physiognomists, and men phrenologists—the former judging by sensations, the latter by rules.

Doctor Aubertin, in *White Lies*, tells the ladies of Beaurepaire how often he has seen science baffled, and untrained intelligences throw light upon hard questions: "and your sex in particular has luminous instincts and reads things by flashes that we men miss with a microscope." Probably a multiplicity of parallel passages might be cited from the *opera omnia* of Mr. Charles Reade. Here is one from *Griffith Gaunt*, referring to Catherine's conviction of there being a duel afoot: "and indeed the intelligent of her sex do sometimes put this and that together, and spring to a just but obvious inference, in a way that looks to a slower and safer reasoner like divination."

Mr. Carlyle affirms of "female intellects when they are good," that nothing equals their acuteness, and that their rapidity is almost excessive. The most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect, according to Mr. Caldwell Roscoe, are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. He asserts that a woman sees a thousand things which escape a man; that physically even, she is quicker sighted; that mentally she takes in many more impressions in the same time than a man does. Moreover, that women differ from men in having far more varied, subtle, and numerous inlets to knowledge; upon which they rely—not caring to remember and arrange previous experience, as a man does. The female intellect "walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along." Rousseau's Julie owns to having often been at fault in her reasonings, never in her instinctive convictions. In his *Emile*, the art of reading what is passing in the hearts of men, is distinctively assigned by Jean Jacques to "the sex," as *un des caractères distinctifs du sexe*. It is innate in women, he declares, nor do men ever possess it in the same degree. Presence of mind, penetration, subtlety of observant insight, these he declares to be *la science des femmes*. Men will philosophise best on the human heart, he argues; but woman will best read the hearts of men. And, by the verdict of a latter-day poet, the hearts of her sisters too:

Trust a woman's opinion for once. Women learn,
By an instinct men never attain, to discern
Each other's true natures.

Men are deceived in their judgments of others by a thousand causes, Hartley Coleridge has remarked; among which he enumerates their hopes, their ambition, their vanity, their antipathies, their party feelings, their nationality, but above all, their "pre-

sumptuous reliance on the ratiocinative understanding," their disregard of presentiments and unaccountable impressions, and their vain attempts to reduce everything to rule and measure. Women, on the other hand, if they be very women, are, on his showing, seldom deceived, except by love, compassion, or religious sympathy. "The craftiest Iago cannot win the good opinion of a *true* woman, unless he approach her as a lover, an unfortunate, or a religious confidant." But Hartley would have it distinctly remembered, that this superior discernment in character is merely a female *instinct*, arising from a more delicate sensibility, a finer tact, a clearer intuition, and a natural abhorrence of every appearance of evil. It is a sense, he maintains, which belongs only to the innocent—quite distinct from the tact of experience. "If, therefore, ladies without experience attempt to *judge*, to draw conclusions from premises, and give a reason for their sentiments, there is nothing in their sex to preserve them from error." To Schiller's Thekla, Max, in the *Wallensteins Tod*, has recourse for guidance in a matter where he feels that pure instinct, and instinctive purity, must be the best guide:

What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it.

And Thekla's answer is prompt:

—Oh, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling
Is it possible that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse?

Samuel Rogers testified, saying, that frequently, when doubtful how to act in matters of importance, he had received more useful advice from women than from men. "Women have the understanding of the *heart*; which is better than that of the head." One of Ben Jonson's souls masculine pays this homage to woman-kind:

Love, then, doth work in you what Reason doth
In us, here only lies the difference,—
Ours wait the lingering steps of Age and Time;
But the woman's soul is ripe when it is young;
So that in us what we call learning, is
Divinity in you, whose operations,
Impatient of delay, do outstrip time.

In the opinion of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, women are not the first to see an author's defects, but *are* the first to catch the colour and fragrance of a true poem. Fit the same intellect, says he, to a man, and it is a bow-string—to a woman, and it is a harp-string: she is vibratile and resonant all over, so she stirs with slighter musical tremblings of the air about her.

BRADY'S FOUR ACRES OF BOG.

BY FELIX M'CABE.

VII.

THE BALL.

WHEN Miss Baker had delivered her few cutting remarks against her legal adviser, she left the little side room which was appropriated by Mr. Kennedy to his own use as an office. Nobody entered here without his permission, the servant was not allowed to set things in order except in his presence. Mr. Kennedy opened one of the desks, and taking out a small account-book, on the cover of which the words "Bad and doubtful debts" were written, and turning over a few leaves he came to the name, "Baker, Miss, debtor, 135*l*.; creditor, 25*l*."

"By-the-bye, I did not credit her with the last ten pounds she gave me. Ah, she has a little sting in her then, it seems; but if she has itself, a man must get a little interest for his money," said Mr. Kennedy, as he shut up the book; and laying it on the desk before him, placed his hand to his forehead, then turning quickly as if something occurred to him, "went about it, after all, the wrong way; should get something out of her about her sisters; they will shell out if I go the proper way about it; yes, they will, or I am not William Kennedy." He now placed his hands in his pockets, and walked towards the window, chuckling at the new aspect of affairs. "She is rather close; it will require some caution, but I'll manage it, or know for what. Must take care she does not go over to Ray, to tell that snake her story; an awkward little body to deal with, if she thinks proper to show fight."

Such was Mr. Kennedy's opinion of the lady who only a few minutes ago left his office, and as the reader may be aware, from the words which passed between the lawyer and his client, that Miss Baker was indebted to Mr. Kennedy, and that he wished to have the debt settled before his client found it convenient. Mr. Kennedy was also aware that if she, Miss Baker, disputed his account, that his bill of costs would be cut down by any judge on the bench as exorbitant. He also knew that it required all his tact to induce Miss Baker to take up the action, and though her claim was a just one, it was far from being the strongest. He now had Miss Baker under his thumb and finger, and would make as much use of her as possible. She was asked to come to the

ball by Mrs. Kennedy, who told her in the postscript that her husband hoped she would not disappoint them. The young ladies and visitors were told that Miss Baker was specially engaged to dress them, and superintend matters generally, "being more accustomed to those things," said Mrs. Kennedy, "than servants."

Miss Baker's duties were no doubt manifold. She had to be here and there, to look after the cooking down-stairs, to arrange the table up-stairs, to show Bridget what she was to do, also to initiate Brady, the little page, into the manner of waiting at table, and assist the young ladies in dressing. All these things were to be done at one and the same time; such was the state of confusion of the Kennedy establishment on the day of the ball.

As Miss Baker entered the supper-room to see after the stupid girl, as Mrs. Kennedy called her servant-of-many-works, she found Bridget trying on her mistress's new demi-cap before the glass.

"Oh, Miss Baker," said the girl, "you have made my 'art jump out of me. I thought it wor missis herself that wor there, and if it be I might as well lave the house this minit."

"Now, Bridget," said Miss Baker, "do place that cap where you found it."

"Faith, then, it is myself that will, miss, and I won't be long about it either," said Bridget, making a speedy retreat towards the handbox which contained the new demi-cap that her mistress was to wear that evening.

"How many are to sit at this table?" asked Miss Baker.

"Sorra a bit of me knows, but I suppose as many as has room."

"You will require to place a chair for each person."

"Yarra, how can we do that, Miss Baker, avick," said the girl, "when sorra a bit of us knows how many of the quality will be in it this blessed an' holy night? In throath, I know what to do now; if I go down to James Molloy he will lend me the lond of his furls."

Miss Baker during this time was counting glass, and paid no attention to Bridget's suggestion.

"Faith, miss, if we place one furl here and another there, it is it that will look nice and dasent, and fit for the best quality in the barony. You know, miss, those gintlemen come here to curt; and, faith, if they be like other Christians it eyn't of table or chairs they ought to be thinking or looking either. I would not give a pin's point for any young man who was thinking of anything else but me, and I a sitting aside him."

"Bridget," said Miss Baker, "had your mistress heard you she would be very angry."

"Faith, that same is true for you, miss; missis would be angry

at any one talking but herself, though she would talk a power without asking sometimes."

As Miss Baker was busy arranging the supper-table, the elder Miss Kennedy, who was a young lady of no little consequence in her own estimation, and who looked upon Miss Baker as her special property for the evening, gave a loud tap at her father's office-door.

"Has Miss Baker been here, papa?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Kennedy.

"Well, I do declare," said the young lady, opening the door; "I never saw anything like her, she came here to do something, not to be galavanting about the house in this manner."

"She has been here a few minutes ago; you will find her upstairs, I have no doubt," said Mr. Kennedy.

Miss Kennedy, in manner and disposition, resembled her mother more than the other members of the family; she was haughty and overbearing with people whom she considered beneath her in society. She did not mention the O'Malleys, of Derry Grove, quite as often as her mother, but in other respects was a worthy scion of that aristocratic house. As she was speaking to her father about Miss Baker, that lady was sent for by Mrs. Kennedy, to give an opinion as to which of two dresses she should wear at the ball.

"This," said Mrs. Kennedy, holding a flowered silk which had seen many summers (we will take it for granted such flowers would not appear at any other season of the year) before the window, "suits my complexion better than any dress I ever had. I wore one for all the world like it the last ball my poor father gave for us girls, now several years ago. It was a very grand affair indeed, I assure you," said Mrs. Kennedy, looking quite dignified. "We had all the military within thirty miles of us, and such a dear man, a Major Walker."

Mrs. Kennedy seated herself opposite Miss Baker; the dignified expression had softened down to a smile, as she thought of narrating the matter to Miss Baker.

"I think, as well as I can remember now, he was in the County Down Militia; I declare I often think about him; he was stationed close to Derry Grove at the time, and was a most frequent visitor—indeed, I may say a daily visitor—I often thought my fate was sealed. Dear me, dear me, how we do change in this world! I never thought it possible I could accept Mr. Kennedy—in fact, you know," said the lady, as she again assumed the dignified bearing, "we looked a little higher in those days."

"Well, mamma," said Miss Kennedy, as she walked into her mother's room, "you will keep Miss Baker talking all day, and I

hunting the house for her. We shall never get dressed if such is the case."

"I don't see there is any hurry. You have abundance of time yet. When I was a girl it never took me longer than two hours."

"That is many years ago, and things are changed since then," said her daughter, in a very unamiable mood.

"I beg your pardon, Ellen," said Mrs. Kennedy, who was very unwilling to allow such an assertion—bearing directly on her age—to pass uncontradicted, "it is not so very long ago; and if things have changed, I am quite certain it is not for the better; at all events the manners of young ladies have anything but improved."

The three ladies repaired, after a little sharp conversation on the part of Mrs. Kennedy, to the room which was to witness the toilet-making of the Misses Kennedy and their visitors.

"Now, Nora, dear," said Mrs. Kennedy, "what are you thinking of?"

"Nothing very particular, mamma."

"Oh! 'tis about Captain Loder," said one.

"A penny for your thoughts," said another.

"You sly child," said Mrs. Kennedy, "how quietly you do take things." At the same time, turning round to Miss Baker, she declared her daughter was a regular O'Malley.

"What were you thinking of?" asked a Miss Higgins from the neighbouring county.

"Only a little incident that occurred in Brussels," said Nora.

"Oh! indeed," said Miss Higgins, smiling archly. "There was a gentleman in the question, of course."

"Indeed there was not."

"Well, Nora, dear," said Miss Higgins, "you will see him before very long."

"See who?"

"Why Captain Loder."

"It gives me very little concern when I see him, I assure you."

"Now, Nora," said Mrs. Kennedy, "you should not say so."

"Why, mamma?"

"Because since you came home Captain Loder has been very polite and attentive."

Nora Kennedy was acknowledged to be the best looking of the Kennedy family, though not what we should call handsome. She had a very agreeable expression, tall, and graceful in her movements, and very lady-like in her manners; but against that there was some lack of animation, caused by her cool, calculating disposition. Her three years' sojourn in Brussels had given her a toler-

ably good knowledge of the world. Captain Loder and one or two officers would sometimes ride over from Carra. Carra was at times a very dull place to those gentlemen, more especially when there was no racket or cricket going on. On those occasions the Kennedys were glad to see them; but, since Miss Nora's return, Captain Loder had been a more frequent visitor, and shown more than usual attention to that young lady; she apparently took no notice of those attentions, or merely received them as a matter of right. He said a number of pretty things, which she told him she did not believe, and asked him how he could expect her to believe them, when he did not believe them himself. Mrs. Kennedy was right, Captain Loder had been very polite and attentive, but that was partly owing to the little importance which Nora attached to those attentions.

"That depends, mamma, altogether on what one might call attention," said Nora. "Captain Loder is a very good-looking man, but, unfortunately, he knows it too well, like a great number of gentlemen who are really good-looking. I am not inclined to be fastidious, you see; for I should prefer one with the fiftieth part of his good looks, and only the third part of his worldliness."

After this expression on the part of Nora, there was a cry all round that she would be an old maid.

Mrs. Kennedy declared "she was a strange girl for her years, and she was at a loss to know who she took after."

There was only one lady who admired Miss Nora's sentiments, and that was Miss Baker. She could say very little, and was obliged to pay all attention to Miss Kennedy's toilet, and endeavour, amid no small number of drawbacks, to make that lady look beautiful.

As the evening advanced the excitement became much greater; there was nothing but a scene of confusion, from Brady the little errand boy, now a page, to the master and mistress of the establishment. Many of the guests had already arrived. When the officers' drag came before the door, there was a general rush among the young ladies to get a good look at them as they alighted. Mr. Percival, Mr. Sandon, Captain Loder, and others were pointed out, at least the unmarried from the married portion.

"Oh! Nora, dear," said Miss Higgins, "I have got such a good look at him; he is so handsome."

Nora was the only young lady who did not go to "take a look;" she had been assisting others, and was very much behind hand with her toilet.

"Have you, indeed?" said Nora. "I am sure Captain Loder would be much pleased to hear you."

"I think he ought to be told," said Miss Joint.

"It would make no difference to him," said Nora; "he knows it already."

"What, dear," said Miss Higgins, "he is not so conceited as all that! I do hate conceited men. I don't mean to say Captain Loder is conceited in the ordinary acceptation of the word."

"He has seen too much of the world, and mixed rather too much in society to let it be seen by us poor simple country girls," said Nora.

"I think," said Miss Joint, as she looked in the glass, "I will make love to that little man. What is it you call him? Sandbag, is it?"

"Mr. Sandon, you mean," said Miss Kennedy. "He is not engaged; he is very rich so it's said. I heard that his friends in London allow him five hundred a year."

"Oh! that would just suit me," said Miss Joint, again looking into the glass; "and you say he is not engaged, for you know I should like to do unto others——"

Miss Kennedy turned round and gave a knowing look at her friend.

"Trust you, Sally."

"Now, Ellen," said Miss Joint, laughing, "don't be opening up old wounds."

"It is not an old wound; it is only nine months since you were at Kilkee."

"Well, you know," said Miss Joint, again laughing, "I am very scrupulous."

This was too much for the other young ladies in the room, as there was a general laugh at the idea of Miss Joint's delicacy in such matters.

Miss Sarah Joint was a very lively girl, and good-tempered to a degree; she was not even annoyed when ill-natured people called her a flirt. During the previous summer she was staying at the seaside, where this old wound alluded to, in her jocose manner, first appeared. It seems that a gentleman, the son of a large farmer, whom she knew to be engaged to a lady friend of hers, came to stay at the seaside, and, if we can believe the reports then current, Miss Joint not only poached on her friend's preserves, but would have actually carried off the game were it not that the brothers came to the rescue, in time to point out to the faithless lover that they were determined to order his coffin, and also to see that the undertakers were not disappointed, if he did not return to his first love.

"Come, dear," said Miss Higgins, placing her hand round

Nora's waist, "you look beautiful; let us follow the rest, otherwise we shall have him up to look after you."

"Now, Alice, you're bent on teasing me about Captain Loder; if I cared anything about him I should not bear it so well; but as the cap does not fit, I mean not to wear it."

The two young ladies entered the room with Mr. Kennedy and a few visitors. Mr. Kennedy went up to Mrs. Spankie to pay his respects. He made a low bow to that lady, and informed her that he knew her "worthy father, Sir William—a fact, mam, I assure you—as worthy a man as ever lived."

Mrs. Spankie smiled and thanked him.

If we look on the little man now, all white waistcoat and shirt front, we can scarcely recognise him as the same who only a few hours ago endeavoured to crush poor Miss Baker, whom he had enticed, with a spider-like propensity, into his power, and there surrounded her with his legal cobwebs, until there was no chance of escape.

"Might I have the distinguished honour of opening the ball with you, mam?" Mrs. Spankie bowed her assent. "My dancing days are over, mam; but if we once get started we can do as well as the best of them. Let us have a set of quadrilles, boys," said Mr. Kennedy, as he led his partner to the top of the room. "Those figures are not much in my way, mam," said Mr. Kennedy, as he now and then caused a little confusion.

During the sets Mrs. Spankie was informed of a case of tithe-rent which was brought before the House of Lords.

"What do you think, mam, the lord chancellor said? 'Mr. Kennedy, your brief is drawn out in the most perfect form; it is a pleasure to act with you. You are an ornament to your profession, sir.'"

He did not tell Mrs. Spankie that the counsel who acted for his client was not lord chancellor for several years after.

The first strains of the music were quite sufficient to attract Dan Lanigan, the groom and man-of-all-work. He stood close to the door with Bridget and Pat Molloy, the schoolmaster.

"Yarra, isn't it nice?" said Bridget, looking at Pat Molloy, who was reported to be very fond of Mrs. Kennedy's maid-of-many-works. "Faith, it is a fine thing afther all to be one of quality, isn't it now, Misther Molloy?"

"I have every reason to think," said the schoolmaster, "that we could perform the calisthenic exercise with as much visible proficiency in the lower regions."

"Faith, now, Misther Molloy, you are always puzzling a poor girl with your high-flown English."

"Yarra, look here, Pat," said Dan Lanigan; "look at the

master, you devil you: he looks like a hen on a hot griddle, or like a jack-in-the-box, all on wires. Hi! there, tore the lady's dress. Look at the way she moves, Pat; faith, as gentle as the swan, as if the dance was made for her own self. She can do it, and no mistake about it."

"Isn't it fine?" said Bridget, who became quite excited at the performance. "But master's legs look as if the' wer' no' his own."

"If the culpability of his pedestrian movements can with facility be demonstrated, his garrulous disposition will make up the deficiency," said Pat Molloy; "for let him alone for sounding his trumpet or picking a *bone*."

"Look at missis at the other end of the room! Faith, you can't find much fault there," said Dan Lanigan, "if you be a schoolmaster itself."

"She moves with an easy grace," said Pat, "becoming a person of her portly bearing."

"But no bether than the tall gentleman by her side," said Dan. "Faith, for an ould man he does it grand. He is as active as a bee, and steps as light as a two-year-ould. Look at that," said Dan, as Colonel Spankie gave one of his graceful bows to his partner. "It is himself that would dance well on the head of a firkin."

"It is lamentable to contemplate," said Pat Molloy, "that Mrs. Kennedy should deem it consistent with prudence to allow her husband to enter on so many complicated movements in calisthenics without inviting a professor of the art to give him a lesson."

"Howld your tongue now, Mither Molloy," said Bridget. "She is always lessening him, if it's that you call it."

"Faith, then, the duckens a much he is the bether on it after all is said."

The tall gentleman mentioned by Dan Lanigan was Colonel Spankie. He was dancing with Mrs. Kennedy at the far end of the room. That lady took the first opportunity of pointing out her favourite daughter, just returned from Brussels, where she had been staying for the last three years.

"A little timid, you know, Colonel Spankie, such as I was myself at her age."

Miss Nora was now speaking to Mr. Grimes, a young farmer, who could bear no comparison with Captain Loder, not in Mrs. Kennedy's eyes, and who would not be present this evening if she had her own way.

"You have been to Brussels, I suppose?" said the colonel.

"No. Mr. Kennedy would have taken me last year, but I was afraid of the dreadful sea. You have heard of Derry Grove?" said Mrs. Kennedy.

"No, I can't say I have," said the colonel.

"It has been the seat of the O'Malleys for a long series of years. My father was captain in the Roscommon Militia. You may recollect the regiment."

Colonel Spankie made no reply to Mrs. Kennedy's last question. He never heard of such a regiment, and was as unconscious of its existence as he had been of the seat of the O'Malleys; but Colonel Spankie was much too polite a man to say so to Mrs. Kennedy if it could be avoided.

As the set of quadrilles had then finished, he took that opportunity of changing the subject.

"I see your young lady has not been dancing," said the colonel, as he led his partner down the room to where Miss Nora was conversing with Mr. Grimes.

"It appears not," said Mrs. Kennedy, who was evidently annoyed with her daughter for making so much of that awkward young man. She fondly expected to see Captain Loder by her side; but now that Colonel Spankie had taken such notice of Nora, Mrs. Kennedy hoped everything would yet go right.

"Shall I have the pleasure of dancing the next set?" said the colonel, addressing Miss Nora.

"Thank you, Colonel Spankie, I am engaged for the next set."

"Who to, dear?" said Mrs. Kennedy.

"To Mr. Grimes, mamma."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Kennedy, looking very beseechingly at Mr. Grimes, "I am sure Mr. Grimes will waive his claim for the present."

"Not at all, my dear madam," said the colonel, "I am an old fellow, you know, and can call again."

Mrs. Kennedy was thwarted in her little project, and from a quarter where she least expected it.

"For the life of me," said that lady, "I can't make out what that silly girl means. I have no patience with her. What can she see in him in comparison with other gentlemen in the room? He does not know his place, and I am sure one need only look at him to see his awkwardness."

Mr. David Grimes was certainly not the most polished man to enter a ball-room. He was, as Mrs. Kennedy said, very awkward, to which his tailor and bootmaker contributed in some degree; the latter by the extra room which he allowed his patron, the former by the very scanty manner in which he cut out his broadcloth. He had other disadvantages, in being bashful with young ladies, very uneasy in Mrs. Kennedy's presence, and painfully aware that he was out of place in a ball-room. He knew Miss Nora before she left for Brussels, and was not too bashful to renew the acquaintance immediately she returned home.

"I can't see why Nora should encourage him so," said Mrs. Kennedy to her husband.

But that worthy man thought otherwise. He knew that old Grimes was "a snug man," by which he meant to imply that his banker's account was in a very satisfactory condition. To stand well with one's banker was a *sine qua non* in Mr. Kennedy's eyes. He contended against his wife that Mr. David Grimes was as good as any one else.

"He has had a grandfather," said Mr. Kennedy, "for I remember old David myself. I never think of tracing a person's pedigree any further, because it is the limit of my own."

Mrs. Kennedy told her husband that he said so to annoy her, that her life was a burden to her, and no one knew what she suffered for the sake of her dear girls and her position.

Mrs. Kennedy embraced the first opportunity of leaving her guests, in order to see how things were going on in the supper-room. Miss Baker had been hard at work, poor little soul, to have everything in the most perfect order, so that Mrs. Kennedy was a little surprised to see everything arranged with such taste; but on the present occasion it did not suit Mrs. Kennedy to be pleased. Was not the ball given on account of her favourite daughter? There was the favourite running directly opposite to her mother's wishes. Had Nora been tête-à-tête with Captain Loder, Mrs. Kennedy might then pay some compliment to Miss Baker's arrangements. But before Mrs. Kennedy left the room, she saw Miss Sarah Joint was exercising her charms in that quarter; so, under the existing circumstances, she was in no complimentary mood.

"Have you told Bridget about that game-pie?"

"No," said Miss Baker; "there is abundance of time yet."

"Nonsense, woman. I believe you are all conspiring to drive me mad," said Mrs. Kennedy.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Kennedy. If such is your impression, I can assure you it is not my intention. If you wish to have the pie placed on the table now, it can be done; but I think it would be much better a short time before supper."

Miss Baker spoke to Mrs. Kennedy in her usual quiet and measured manner.

"It is a strange thing if I don't know what ought to be done at this hour of the day," said the hostess, "and with my experience. Where is that boy Brady?" said she, addressing Bridget, who now entered the room.

"He is in the kitchen, mam, a carrying on his tricks, and galavanting with those officers' servants. Faith, it is the likes of them that thinks they knows everything, and the duckens a bit they

knows after all. What do you think, mam, they had the impudence to tell the gossoon?" (The gossoon was Master Brady, who, dressed up as a page, was parading up and down the kitchen, very proud of the row of buttons on his jacket, which he pointed out to all.) "Why, mam, that his small cloes we'r no' made for him, but I up and towld them that they were mistaken in bacon, it wor pork they ate, for that Mike's cloes were no 'hang-me-downs,' for I saw yourself and the young ladies a making 'em with your two own hands."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Mrs. Kennedy, very indignantly, "that you told the officers' servants that I made the boy's clothes?"

"Faith, it is myself that did, mam, and glad I wor to put them down."

"Oh," said Mrs. Kennedy, leaning back in her chair, "was any person ever so persecuted before? I shall be the talk all over Carra in a few days; those servants tell everything they hear. Go at once and tell Brady I wish to see him."

In a very few minutes Brady made his appearance before his mistress.

"Have you shown him what he was to do, Miss Baker?"

"Yes, I think he can manage now pretty well."

"Turn round here, boy, and let me see you. I give you my word but the young vagabond has lost some of the buttons out of his jacket already," said Mrs. Kennedy. "How did you do that?"

"I didn't do it, mam."

"Who did it then?"

"If you please, m-a-m, it wor one of the mens that come wid the sogers."

"Come, tell at once," said Mrs. Kennedy, "who did it?"

"He says, says he, 'come here, buttons;' wi' that he la' howld o' me, m-a-m, and the buttons comed owt."

"Where are the buttons now?" asked Mrs. Kennedy.

No answer.

"Come, tell me at once what you have done with those buttons, or I shall have you horsewhipped."

The boy was for sometime silent, but finding he had no chance of escape except by getting under the supper-table, and even that means of exit could not be effected as long as Mrs. Kennedy remained sitting.

"If you please, m-a-m, I ha' played pitch a' toss wi' them wi' our Jaumsey."

This was too much for the lady's patience; she made an effort to catch Master Brady's ears, but he finding the coast clear dived

under the table and managed to get to the door, followed by his mistress. He ran with all his might down-stairs, and on turning round the hall came with full force against Bridget, who was bringing up on a large tray the game-pie and several custards. Bridget gave a loud scream, which would have been heard all over the house were it not for the music and noise in the ball-room. Mrs. Kennedy was on the spot immediately, but only to see her game-pie and custards demolished, and Bridget trying to extricate herself from the débris. Master Brady took good care to get on his legs before his mistress arrived at the scene of the disaster. He left his jacket, buttons and all, on the kitchen floor, and was seen crossing the paddock, as Dan Lanigan said, "running for the bare life as if the fairies were after his heels."

"Yarra, mam, how could I help it when the devil's limb run agin me so, but it is kine-father for him to be wild and arch," said Bridget; "what's bred in the bone can no' be knocked owt o' the flesh. He wor near bein' the death o' me, the blaggard."

Bridget endeavoured to get some of the articles again on the tray, but found they were all so injured that her mistress told her to let them be.

"Faith, it is a sin, mam, to see the nice pie and beautiful custards trated in this manner, just as if they dasarved it."

In a few minutes everything was cleared away, and Mrs. Kennedy made her way to the ball-room, in hopes to put an end to the succession of annoyances which seemed to turn up on every side of her. As she came close to the room she was startled by the lively strains of an Irish jig, and on opening the door beheld her eldest daughter in a very angry manner stamp her foot on the ground, while she remonstrated very sharply with her father. Mrs. Kennedy saw at a glance the cause of the disturbance, and going up to Mrs. Spankie, she asked that lady, as the room was rather oppressive, would she walk with her to see the supper-table. The next instant Mrs. Spankie and her hostess were walking through the supper-room, and the former had not the remotest idea that there was any hitch in the proceedings, so cleverly was she carried off by Mrs. Kennedy just in the nick of time.

Mrs. Kennedy could now breathe freely; everything was forgotten; what was all her petty annoyance compared to the respectability of her ball? She was very particular about her guests, but more especially about Mrs. Spankie—in fact, she fancied herself already advanced in the social scale by Mrs. Spankie's presence at her ball. She considered herself as fully on a par with county people.

Was not Mrs. Spankie sought after by all of them? And
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why should not an O'Malley, of Derry Grove? It made very little difference to her what Mrs. Moore, of Moore Fort, thought; Mrs. Doyle, of Bally Doyle; or Mrs. Carey, of Carra. "Not that I care about society myself," said Mrs. Kennedy, "but for the sake of the dear girls, it would be such an opening for them, poor dears, to get suitably settled in life."

A short time before Mrs. Kennedy heard the lively strains of the Irish jig, Brian Glen, the principal musician, asked Mr. Kennedy if he would allow them to play "a bit of a jig."

"Faith! Misther Kennedy, it is yourself that 'ud take it out of them with a slip jig. Yarra, sur, there is no dance like it after all is said and done."

"It is too early yet, Brian," said Mr. Kennedy.

"Faith, sur," said Brian, "you'll never be fresher, nor did myself ever see you so light on the fut afore."

This caused the two other musicians to laugh, as Brian was known all over the country to be quite blind. He had had for many years the sobriquet of Dark Brian. If Brian could not see, his hearing was very acute, so that people said it was hard enough after all to come to the blind side of him; in fact, Brian's character may be summed up in the words of a local poet:

His ear was sharp, his tongue was keen, his music always charming;
To every hearth he was free to roam, and everybody's darling.

Brian turned round on the younger of his companions.

"Well, you little kannett, you need not laugh a' me; I could see before you could, though seeing after you is more than enough for your father and mother, and Ould Nick to bute. I see to pay my debts, that is more than you can, smart as you think yourself; see that now."

"I don't think he was laughing at you, Brian," said Mr. Kennedy.

"Well, sur, he has no call to laugh at anybody, that's what he hasn't. I saw his mother before his father saw her, but I never saw their mannikin son, but, like the cricket on the hearth, I can hear him squake sometimes."

"Oh, Brian, don't mind him," said Mr. Kennedy; "come, play us up that jig, and let us hear no more of it."

It was at this stage of the proceedings that Miss Kennedy rushed over to her father.

"Whatever do you mean, papa? Do you want to disgrace us? Stop that music at once," said the young lady, stamping her foot on the ground in a most energetic manner. "If mamma was in the room, she would lose her life with shame to hear those horrid jigs."

The reader who has not seen an Irish jig must not form an

impression from Miss Kennedy's words that there was something very dreadful in it. There is nothing in the dance—so peculiarly suited to the Irish character—which could offend the strictest moralist; even those who may condemn a gallop or waltz might be favourably influenced. Some, perhaps, may have seen a very ridiculous exaggeration on the stage, where, like the Irish character, it is so highly painted that the genuine Celt could scarcely imagine himself in so ludicrous a position, and where his national and innocent amusement was turned into buffoonery in order to truckle to a morbid fancy. Then what was there in an Irish jig to make Mrs. Kennedy "lose her life with shame?" Was it not the dance that she was taught when a girl, even before the quadrilles were heard of? It was the mere fact of it being Irish, and exclusively Irish; it was an amusement which Dan Lanigan and Bridget could carry out to perfection; the class of people with whom Mrs. Kennedy had no sympathy, either with their pleasures, their troubles, or their poverty. Mrs. Kennedy imagined herself, as the Yankees say, one of the upper ten, and could only hold her position by ignoring everything not pleasing to the few dwellers in that Arcadian grove. When the two ladies again entered the ball-room, Mrs. Kennedy looked cautiously around the room to see if there was any trace of the former disturbance; but no, every one seemed to be enjoying themselves. She went up to Mrs. Delaney, who knew every one's affairs, but that lady, after one or two feelers on the part of Mrs. Kennedy, only heard the first note or so of what she thought the "Rocky Road;" "but, bless my life," said the old lady, "it was so short that I thought I must be mistaken." Mrs. Kennedy was now quite satisfied that she made more of it than she need have done. The good lady did not hear Mr. Sandon as he came up to his friend, Mr. Percival, who was looking after the comforts of his mare in Mr. Kennedy's stable.

"I say, old fellow, you have lost it."

"What?"

"Oh, such a jolly row. Old Kennedy told his fellows to play up some infernal music or other, and the tall Kennedy girl came and pitched into her governor, and there was the deuce to pay."

No, Mrs. Kennedy had not heard these remarks, or we should not see her all smiles as Colonel Spankie offered his services to the supper-room. She was pleased that matters after all should turn out so well. What if Mrs. Spankie had witnessed the little tussle! the very thought of it was enough for Mrs. Kennedy. Now that she sat at the end of her table looking very much pleased as her guests assembled all round, she fondly hoped that as Captain Loder danced last with Miss Nora, he would take

her into supper; but no, that dreadful Mr. Grimes was beforehand with him. Captain Loder offered his services, but they were politely declined in favour of the former. The gallant captain, as he resigned Miss Nora to the hands of his rival, looked with supreme contempt on the object of Miss Nora's choice, but he was not the man to allow a thing of that kind to give him much trouble. He would show that "cad" what he could do. 'Tis true, during the evening, he only danced once with Miss Nora, being so taken with the lively Miss Joint and other young ladies; but it twitted Captain Loder, that any one else should get preference to him, no matter who; but a "low cad of that kind," as he termed his rival, was more than he was prepared for. He would have thought it only natural on the part of the young lady to have declared in his favour. Captain Loder was accustomed to such tribute; but Miss Nora was not the person to pay it, not even to him whose praises every one was sounding in her ears.

Brian Glen had barely time to finish his dandy of punch, when his service was again required in the ball-room. The dance was now carried on with much spirit. Mr. Kennedy, in order to stimulate Brian's exertions, had a large jug of his favourite beverage placed near him, which had the desired effect of rosining the bow. Captain Loder had danced so often with Miss Nora, and paid her so much attention, that several thought it would be a match. Mrs. Spankie asked who the young lady was. Old Mrs. Delaney said, if she knew anything about lovers, it could end in nothing else than a match. Even Mr. Sandon and his friend, Mr. Percival, did a little business on the matter.

"I say, Perci, I lay you a fiver Loder is hooked on yonder," said Mr. Sandon.

"Don't know, I'm sure," said his friend. "I'll take odds."

"What?"

"Why ten to one."

"I should think you would."

"I'll take five to one."

Which arrangement was at once acceded to by Mr. Sandon, who pulled out his little betting-book to make a note of the transaction.

The small hours of the morning had now gradually increased, and the officers' drag was for a second time announced. This was the signal for the general break-up of the party. If the arrival of those gentlemen had caused some excitement, their departure was likely to cause a good deal more. The young ladies standing at the windows waved their handkerchiefs again and again as the imposing cavalcade was about to depart. A band of torch-bearers, led on by Mr. Kennedy, kept up, with very little intermission,

a lusty huzza; and Dark Brian headed the procession playing the "Girl I left behind Me." To add to the confusion of sounds, Bridget appeared at the hall-door with a pair of brass candlesticks in her hands, which she waved three times round her head, then striking them together in a most maniacal manner, she informed Pat Molloy that all the bees would follow the red-coats to Carra, unless she performed this spell on the creturs, as Bridget called them, "Sure they are fond of the solgers, like the ladies." In consequence of the noise and excitement, Mr. Percival's thoroughbred leader became very restive, and would not advance, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of her master.

"Let her alone, your honour," said Dark Brian; "the poor thing, I can see, has been to forin' parts."

"The music is too much for her feelings."

"I'll play her up 'Garryowen a glory,' by way of variation. Faith, it's it that would make Ould Nick himself move on." Brian turned to the colonel. "Yes, your honour, it made the 88th march into 'Waterloo,' and, faith, made the Frinch move out of it."

After a good deal of coaxing, Mr. Percival's horse lead off with a dash, and so came to an end the great Kennedy ball.

VALE AND CITY.

XXXVII.

The Vale.

I AM replying to your letter, my dear friend, although I scarcely hope for—nay, I do not think I wish for—a reply to this of mine, at least, certainly, not one from Germany. What will be pleasant will be some little missive from some place in England, with no more that is foreign in it than just, me voici, and then a few hours afterwards you present yourself at my door. That is arranged in my imagination, and, in arranging it, I put out of my head what you said about Prussia, France, and Russia, for there seemed a sort of threat in it that I by no means approved of—a threat that your touring might begin again, and that having seen two despotisms, you had some wish to see a third, that of Russia.

Let me tell you that there is reason for me to hope that you will not be able to carry your idea into effect very soon. You have not seen any English papers lately, otherwise you would have

taken up the current phrase that "Affairs in the East are becoming complicated"—which means, mischief on the part of Russia. Therefore, come home! Come home, and be quiet!

I told you that autumn and fine weather had tempted me from my tree into the wood. More than once has this happened, and lately I much longed for you before all the glory of the fading year should be quite gone. The air is cooler, but there is no sharpness in it; the foliage is thinner, but what remains is more varied, more tender in its colour; through the branches one sees larger spaces of the sky, but the blue is clearer and lighter than it was; there are fleecy clouds too, but they are more torn and ragged than they were, and are often mixed with grey; there are still gleams of sunshine, but they do not fall on the vacant carpet which they once brightened—no, nor on the tall green ferns in masses, for those masses in the sunlight are all of a golden glow; the robin sings higher and clearer than he did, but he sings alone. I wander along a wood-path, but I wander alone, marking how on one side it is fringed by fallen leaves, all brown and yellow, swept down by the wind some days ago, and on the other by leaves all fresh and green, torn off yesterday by sudden gusts from an opposite direction. I go on, and having no one to whom I dare to speak of this aspect of nature, I murmur,

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In autumn and a lustre in its sky,
Which, through the summer, is not heard nor seen;
As if it could not be, it had not been.
Thus let that power, which, like the truth
Of Nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself and love all human kind.

All this is well said; but, another but, all this will not bring you hither before every beauty of autumn has fled. Would there be any delight in the hymn to intellectual beauty repeated before so artificial a thing as a good coal-fire? I do not know—I have never tried; it comes to me like Schiller's "Ideal," always in the open air. I can find poetry for the hearth, however, when you come. Let the nymph Poesy, with her "*Bien dire et son tant doux regarder*," go for the present whilst I turn to what your letter contained—your disgust at the little sovereigns, the remnants of the old electors of Germany, when Germany was an empire. Weimar's small despotism, tempered by literature, did not please you; even Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe could

not redeem it in your eyes. I do not think Darmstadt's rule, tempered by the opera under a grand duke going down to rehearsal every morning with a roll of music in his hand, would please you any better. Nor would Nassau, tempered by mineral baths and gaming-tables. All these and many others you might find under as foolish a kind of government as Cassel under its electors, or under Jerome Bonaparte. You speak of its history as being that of a process of degradation that had reached its lowest point, and that the big palace near the town, with all its big fooleries, was the nadir of the degradation. How do we know but that some sublime irony of destiny may yet set another stamp on these remains of human vanity and insolence on one side, and on human weakness and cowardice on the other, to mark them out for the contempt and hate of future generations? With your present feelings you think that impossible—think that they cannot be more despicable and hateful than they are. Perhaps we are not sure of that. There might come after this man who now inherits these things one deserving even more than he, the scorn and detestation of mankind, for, though we think that Fate has taught us the strangest of all possible lessons in history, she may have yet stranger in store for us.

Your dislike of all the forms of despotism is certainly on the increase, and I flatter myself that your intercourse with me has tended to the development of that generous disposition in you, so I shall ask you, What do you think of those little homes of liberty in Germany called the free towns? Your reply would be, I suppose, that they are too near the scowl of Austria and Prussia to make of much avail their freedom, tempered as it is by Hebrew bankers, personages too useful to rulers to be lightly regarded. If I am answering for you in my own sense you will know why, that it is my want of respect for freedom gained and maintained solely for commercial purposes. You know how my soul turns with loathing from the banner of the great republic of the day, the American, on account of the *black* stain that traverses it. That England's banner once bore such a stain cannot now be offered as an excuse; as, being now purged from it, "Go thou and do likewise," is the lesson it should teach wherever slavery exists.

I do not know how I happen to have brought this matter in here, except that I lately met with an American gentleman—a gentleman, I assure you, in demeanour and in manners—who, when a friend of mine ventured to bring forward some arguments against the politely-named "domestic institution" of the United States, answered him with: "But, sir, you are arguing on the supposition that negroes are human beings like ourselves; we do not admit that."

There was, of course, no further argument against slavery to be held with such a person. Yet, though the maintenance of such an opinion as his has something frightfully repulsive in it, his mind is less false than that of the man who reasons that slavery is necessary for the progress of civilisation, or that of the minister of religion who upholds it under the hypocritical pretence of its being sanctioned by Christianity.

I hope it is because you mean to be with me very soon that you do not propose writing to me from Bonn, and not because you know that I have been in that town more than once. Yes, I know the place; and apropos of what you have said of Prussia, I may tell you that there I met with a Prussian major, like the American just mentioned, a gentleman in demeanour and manners, but with whom I got into an argument, which elicited from him sentiments quite as repulsive to me as any could be in favour of slavery. The Prussian officer's were in favour of flogging Polish women! He did not argue that Poles are not human beings, and therefore deserve to be flogged—no, but that Polish women would poison the food of the Prussians, and that flogging was the best means of frightening them from their pernicious cookery. I merely said, "The Prussians must have been very much afraid," and curtsied myself out of that discussion; and I am not now surprised at what I once heard a Pole say, that he would much rather live under the Russian government than the Prussian. He spoke German very well, but was very indignant at having been taken for a German. "No, let me be anything rather than a German!" he exclaimed.

Although I tell you this I do not encourage you to think either now or at any other time of extending your touring propensities into the dominions of the Czar. When you come home, believe me you will hear enough about him and his intentions to weary you.

Au revoir, then!

XXXVIII.

The City.

WE have not reached that point of sentiment, dearest friend, which could induce us to quote Byron to each other, and speak of "Partings that press the life from out the heart;" yet I do assure you, in taking up my pen I feel in a very sentimental mood. How can it be otherwise, after having been with you for nearly five years? This may seem a very matter-of-fact way of giving expression to a sentimental feeling. I know, however, of none better, and I am not disposed to seek for words and phrases to lay before you. You told me I was the bird set at liberty to make one of its

old flights. But I am a bird that has got so fond of its cage that it cares nothing for liberty. This is quite true at present, and I know that I shall be glad, most glad, when the time comes for my return to the cage. With all that I acknowledge what experience has taught me, that I have no doubt but that I shall enjoy my excursion from it.

I meant these lines, in renewal of our correspondence, to convey some expression of my ever-increasing affection for you, yet now, in glancing over them, I almost fear that there may be in them an appearance of carelessness that might wound your delicacy of feeling in matters of affection. Is not that a fault of yours? If it be, let it have no way when you read this; for, believe me, I am not trying to excuse myself to you for having left you, but to excuse myself to myself for having done so, and to put on a show of bravery about it.

Enough of this. To an old subject then—your last letter to me. I gave in person my answer to it so very long ago that I forget what that answer was. Well! when I opened my desk just now to write to you, the first thing that offered itself to my eyes was that letter, as if it had been put in only yesterday among the non-répondues. You touched on many things in it. On autumn, and now we are in spring. On Russia, and hinted at something like war, and a war with Russia has been fought and ended—ended, not won. Ah, of war we have had too much reason to talk in the years we have spent together! The Crimea, India—too dreadful has all been that we had to read. Had to read? Yes! Is there no possibility of even two quiet women in a country house keeping their minds in an ignorance that would indeed be bliss, of all the details of shot and shell, of butchery and massacre, that are served out for England's breakfast-table? It would seem not, for some fearful interest or some horrible fascination made us go on with the daily morning reading. I flatter myself that you were the better for having a companion in that reading, and that you had not to brood over it alone. I hope that whilst I am away you may have no tales of slaughter in the battle-field, of perilous encounter in the imminent deadly breach to disturb the even tenour of your reading. It is all very well to have such things related by a great soldier, an Othello, who has borne his part in them, but let you and me have done with them in newspapers; we have supped full of horrors of that kind, and will have no more.

All this is to persuade you, if war should come, to read nothing at all about it. If war should come? Why, yes! The wise here are saying that our late dangerous and treacherous ally in the Crimea is talking so much of peace, that he is certainly going to make war. Having said so much, I counsel you to discontinue

your subscription to the *Times*; read any old poets that you choose; work in your garden and cultivate flowers. The garden labour will be the reality of life, giving it its true zest, health; the flowers will be its poetry. There, I have sketched what I should like your life to be in my absence, and have only to add, write frequently to me.

Do you remember what I called my London eclogue some years ago—ten years ago? It was a short boarding-house episode, which you thought unspeakably vulgar. Do you recollect that it was about a very respectable personage, Miss N., in whose house I boarded? She took for her lord and master a man whose antecedents she did not know, but who was, in fact, the husband of another woman. I compared this successful schemer to a schemer on a more extensive scale, who made himself the ruler of a nation. I find my comparison still holds good, for the intriguer in the petty way has, by the means put in his hands, been able to smoke the finest of cigars, drink the best of wines, and get into gentlemanly clubs; whilst the intriguer in the grand way, with palaces at command, and every kind of high and low lacquey in his pay, has become a king among kings. Do not lay all this too much to heart as proving our European progress in social and political morality. You think that there is a bailiff lying perdu for the smaller social offender. I think that Fate has one also in safe keeping to bring forward at the right time for the larger political offender. Shall we live to see this retributive justice that would be so satisfactory to our moral consciousness out of which we have evolved it?

Leaving this unanswered, I proceed to speak of matters more personal. My friend Mrs. F., with whom I am staying until we set out on our tour, has decided on not taking her two nieces with her. I am very glad of this. I think that they would not have profited in any way by travelling, and could not have added to our pleasure. We are too old for them; I am quite sure they would make such an assertion most positively. I do not positively assert that they are too young for us, as one of them is out of her teens, and the other very nearly so, and both have left the expensive boarding-school in which they were educated. It is not because they are young that I am glad that they do not accompany us, nor is it because they are young that I think they could not profit by travelling. My objection to them is grounded solely on that expensive education of theirs. I see that they believe themselves to be educated; I do not believe that they are, but life educates us all in one fashion or another, after that business of instructing which we call education is over. So these girls will turn out eventually as wise and good as their neighbours, I

have no doubt, because they are not wanting in any of the natural virtues. That in which they are wanting is taste—taste in the general acceptation of the word—and they are wanting in a taste for knowledge in particular. It is this that would make travelling in a quiet manner tiresome to them.

How is it that a want of inclination for all intellectual exertion is so often the result, in the present day, of what is called a completed education?—in young lady phrase, having been “finished” at school? We cannot certainly say that it is because the intellect has been overtaken, and that it naturally seeks rest afterwards. No, that is not it: what is it? I leave the thing for you to determine. I am the more disposed to do so as at this moment I am summoned to visitors.

They are gone; and I return to my pen, but not to my former subject. My subject is now, the infliction, the affliction, the pleasure, the gossip of morning calls. All these terms are applicable to them, whether in country or town. But the infliction and the affliction in town have much that is lively and varied in them, which is not the case in the country, for we must acknowledge that dull visitors are duller out of town than in it. As to calls of pleasure and gossip, they are agreeable everywhere. The Red Indian in his wigwam, smoking his pipe silently and sternly, he, educated with such physical faculties as will enable him to sing a death-song at the stake when surrounded by flames, he may scorn gossip; but I hold that the civilised man with educated intellectual faculties, must have a taste for it. Indeed, the finer his appreciation of it, and the greater his powers in it, the more complete and finished is he as a civilised human being. Well, after this praise of gossip, do you expect me to give you the details of my visitors’ gossip? That is impossible. It is a thing that can only be spoken, cannot be written. I think you will agree with me that there is a double cause for this. Either it is too brilliant and evanescent to be exactly remembered, or it is too dull to be thought of again. By which side of the cause is my pen restrained now, by the brilliancy or by the dulness? That I shall not tell, but shall end my letter as all English gossip is said to begin, by the weather. It is very bad, cold, unpleasant. However, we are in spring, and fine weather will and must come, so we hold to our plan for starting before the end of this week. Let me hear from you, then, in Paris. Tell me that you are well, and busy, and happy without me. In return, I shall tell you whether there is now to be found anything to make you or me happy in that great centre of civilisation. Adieu!

HOW WE MADE THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

It is a long time ago, a great many years, since we made the famous Christmas pudding, the recollection of which even now causes—I was just going to say causes us to laugh, but, dear me, there is only one of us left to laugh now. Well, at all events, it makes *me* laugh every time I think of it, so perhaps it will amuse some one else, and add to the merriment of this pleasant Christmas-tide. There were three of us, Kate Moore, her sister Annie, and myself, condemned by the stern decrees of Fate to spend our Christmas holidays at school—a boarding-school in one of the western counties of England, and situated in one of those very small towns that think such a very great deal of themselves, or used to do so, before the railroads made them better acquainted with their neighbours. The house was a large straggling building, full of queer old nooks, and rejoicing in a superfluity of cupboards, after the manner of houses built long ago; and our schoolmistress, Miss Theed, was a very different person from those modern specimens of this genus who keep fashionable establishments, and fill the mind of youth impossibly full of the least useful and practical kind of information. She was a prim little woman, neat and methodical in all her ways, and with large ideas on the subject of deportment, but in other respects there was not much of the schoolmistress about her; and of the high-pressure system that undertakes to supply in two years the varied requirements of an elaborate education, she had no idea at all. She only took eight pupils, and these, according to the diction of her prospectus, were all to be “gentlewomen by birth,” and were to receive the advantages of “a sound religious training, combined with modern accomplishments.” Such as she had she gave unto us, and though her theology was bound up in the Church Catechism, and her accomplishments were limited to fine needlework, flower-painting, and very moderate piano-playing, I do not think that the years spent under her tuition were by any means thrown away. Her code of manners might be a little stiff and rigid perhaps, a little too full of prohibitions and special licences, her system of training might not be particularly calculated to develop the intellectual powers, but she did her best to teach us to live by the good old rule, that bids us deal with others as we would be dealt with ourselves.

Well, at the time that I am speaking of, the second “half” of the scholastic year had drawn to a close, the short dark days of

December had well-nigh reached their shortest and darkest point, and Christmas stood very near us, on the threshold, as it were, ready to crown the last days of the year with his wreath of holly and mistletoe. One by one, we had watched five of our school-fellows take their departure in the lumbering stage-coach, and we felt, it must be confessed, a little dull and out of spirits at being left thus in the rooms that had grown so silent, after the bustle of the last departure had subsided.

The Moores lived in Suffolk, and the journey in those days and at that time of the year would have been such a formidable one, that it was thought better for the short Christmas holidays to be spent at school; and as for me, my home was at no great distance to be sure, but— Ah, I need not explain all that is contained in that *but*, because, you see, I am not writing my own history, but that of the pudding.

It is not in the nature of young people to be very long depressed about anything, and so it happened that before many hours had elapsed, we three were sitting comfortably round the parlour fire, enjoying our exemption from the ordinary tasks of the half year, and almost beginning to forget the strange and abnormal condition in which we were placed, not by any means forgetting that it was Christmas-tide, but only that this pleasant season was dawning upon us through the windows of a boarding-school. The Moores were stitching away at elaborate pieces of fancy work, uncomfortable looking roses worked in cubical stitches, and lilies that appeared to be undergoing a medical examination, so ostentatiously did they stretch out their long yellow tongues from their white leaves. Much to Miss Theed's regret, I had never manifested any taste for this kind of work, in which the feminine mind so frequently delights, and upon this occasion I had provided myself with a book of fairy tales, unprofitable reading, as Miss Theed used to tell me, but pleasant notwithstanding.

Just then we caught a sound that was very seldom heard in that house—the sound of Miss Theed's voice raised to something remarkably like an angry tone; and as we listened more attentively, we could hear that she soon subsided into a strain of remonstrance, that became fainter and fainter, and presently died away into silence. We guessed without much difficulty that some fresh subject of dispute had arisen between the mistress of the house and a female of large proportions and corresponding energy, who occupied the important post of cook and housekeeper in that establishment; for in this small world of ours, the government was a limited monarchy, the power of the sovereign being restrained and modified by her chief minister, Mrs. White, who represented in her own person both Lords and Commons. While

we were speculating on the probable subject of the present debate, the door opened, and Miss Theed came into the room, with a shade of vexation upon her face.

"I am afraid we shall not be able to carry out our plan," she said, "for Mrs. White tells me that she cannot undertake so large a pudding. However, she will make two or three smaller ones, and that will be all the same, you know."

But we did not think that it would be at all the same, and she was answered by a dissatisfied silence.

For we had set our minds upon a special pudding, a pudding of size and weight, a Goliath of a pudding, that should live for ever in the annals of our school history; and the circumstances that had suggested it to our imaginations were these. More than a month before the breaking up, Miss Theed had promised to give a Christmas dinner, in the good old English style, to the poor and aged inhabitants of the town who were supporting themselves without seeking aid from the parish, and a number of tickets had been given to the clergyman of the place for distribution among the class of persons who answered to this description. But within three or four days after the announcement of Miss Theed's charitable intention, not only had all the tickets been given away, but a number of fresh candidates had started up, who laid eager claim to the promised gift, and the clergyman had undertaken to select from among these a few of the poorest and most deserving. Miss Theed was troubled and perplexed at this proposal; the good-natured old soul shrank from the thought that disappointment, and perhaps consequent jealousy and ill-will, should spring out of her Christmas feast, and so she finally decided to lay in a much larger store of provisions, and to admit without reserve all qualified applicants who had asked for tickets within one week after her intention had been made public.

"For money given in charity," as she sagaciously observed, "might be misapplied, but a good dinner could do no one any harm." An incontrovertible proposition.

Well, the number of expected guests waxed larger, and the preparations were upon a corresponding scale; we couldn't order a sirloin of beef larger than any that had ever been heard of before, so we were obliged to content ourselves with several separate ones; but we could have a pudding of hitherto unheard-of dimensions, and we would have it, and Miss Theed said that we should have it; so, strong in the potential mood, we amused ourselves by estimating the circumference and diameter of this surprising pudding, that was to be boiled in the washing-copper, in default of a saucepan of adequate size.

Alas, we had reckoned without our host, and our mountain of

a pudding was a myth! Mrs. White refused to co-operate; she declared that the copper was unfit for the purpose, and that she was neither willing nor able to compound a pudding of the required size. A miserable alternative was offered to us—"from two to four ordinary puddings!" It was like parcelling out a goodly inheritance into paltry allotments, and our spirits sank in proportion to our diminished chances of ever seeing the famous pudding.

Kate Moore was the first to recover from the blow; she had naturally great resolution, and a knack of seeing her way through difficulties.

"I was at home last Christmas, and I helped to make the pudding," she began; "it's not hard to do, and I really think we three could manage to——"

She was cut short by two more eager voices.

"We'll make the pudding ourselves! Tell Mrs. White not to mind about it—we'll do it."

"And the copper?" Miss Theed asked, doubtfully.

"Oh, we'll see to the copper, or find something else that will do to boil it in; it will be such good fun—next to going home."

And finally Miss Theed gave in; she never had any great power of resistance, and so we had it all our own way, Mrs. White remaining strictly neutral, neither approving of the course events had taken nor opposing it. Now Christmas Day fell upon a Friday, and on the Monday morning two small pieces of paper were given to us, to be left at the grocer's and the butcher's in the course of our morning walk. They contained the orders for the ingredients of the pudding; suet only was set down on one paper, and a variety of good things was named upon the other. Of each ingredient there was to be an equal quantity.

"I never can make out Miss Theed's figures," said Annie Moore, contemplating the orders, "is it a four, or a seven?"

Her sister looked at the papers for a moment, and then to our surprise burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Here, give me a pen," she said at last, "and let me make it a little plainer; there, that's it, this will be a piece of fun worth staying at school for, I declare."

And she walked hastily on before us with the two pieces of paper, which she duly left at their respective destinations.

"Do you guess what I've done?" she asked, when both had been thus disposed of; "I put a *naught* in, I did, really."

"Oh Kate! And made it——"

"Made it of course just ten times as much as Miss Theed had ordered, so now we shall have a pudding, and no mistake; you must both stand by me, you know, and help to make it. You will, won't you?"

The prospect of "a real piece of fun" overcame every other consideration, and we promised.

The supplies ordered, or supposed to be ordered, by Miss Theed, arrived that very evening, fortunately after dark, and were safely stowed away in one of the capacious cupboards that abounded in the house. Not all of them, however, for a grand chopping and kneading set in immediately, the great size of the pudding that was to be admitting of no delay. Miss Theed had been bound over by special contract not to interfere with our proceedings, and Mrs. White, who witnessed them all, looked on gloomily, and scorned to express surprise by word or sign.

The suet was chopped, the raisins were stoned, the currants were washed, some of the pudding was mixed, how was the great mass to be kneaded together? This serious question was mooted on Tuesday, and was finally settled by the aid of a washing-tub and a garden spade, the latter being first washed clean. One trouble was over, but two more were at hand; the vast dimensions of the pudding would demand a long period of boiling. Where was the pudding-cloth? Where was the saucepan?

Our spirits rose with these mercenary, and thirty nimble fingers were presently engaged in stitching together and incorporating into one such small and puny pudding-cloths as Mrs. White had disdainfully handed to us, and presently the pudding was tied up, ready for the boiling. What was it to be boiled in?

The copper naturally was thought of first, and after great exertions the pudding was lifted upon it. The copper was a very large one, and would have held it well, if only it could have been got into it, but there was the difficulty; the pudding sat plumply on the top of the copper, overlapping on all sides the opening through which it could in no wise pass, and three perplexed and anxious faces looked up to it from below. Was a vast circumference of raw pudding to reward our unparalleled exertions? No, perish the thought; we would go out into the town and investigate its resources, its stores of pots and pans. Forthwith we set out upon our errand, and presently arrived at the most extensive shop in the ironmongery line of which our town could boast; but all in vain did we rummage among long rows of stew-pans, fish-kettles, and boilers; there was nothing here that would at all approach to the dimensions of our pudding, that forlorn and saucepanless pudding that we had left behind us, looking at the fire, and the fire looking at it. As Gulliver surveyed the domestic implements of the Liliputians, so did we regard that varied assortment of cooking utensils with a dismal sense of their inadequacy. Why, we might as well have gone to a toy-shop at once, and looked over the kitchen of a doll's house—just as well! What a mean-spirited

individual must he have been who planned and modelled those miserable little saucepans; what poor and limited ideas must he have had of English hospitality and Christmas cheer. We were evidently in advance of our time, and the saucepan that should hold our noble pudding was yet a thing of futurity.

Something must be done. But what? Would it be possible to roast a plum-pudding? Could it be hung in chains over a bonfire? Could it be in any way cooked by steam? As we were revolving these doubtful projects in our minds, and slowly preparing to leave the shop, as we were upon the very threshold of the door, Annie Moore suddenly exclaimed:

"There it is!"

"There what is?" Kate and I asked, both together.

"The saucepan," Annie repeated, ecstatically, pointing straight up to the sky.

Hastily we stepped outside the door, and looked up over our heads, and there, sure enough, we saw

The very thing!

It was a gigantic saucepan, in no way differing from an ordinary one in shape and make, but large enough for anything—large enough for the pudding. Come, the world was not so bad as we had thought it.

The shopman hastily explained that it was not for sale or for use, that it was fixed above the door as a symbol of his trade, that it could not be taken down, that it was slightly constructed, and not fit for active service. To all these arguments Kate Moore had one reply:

"We must have it!"

I do not know that this answer would have sufficed had it not been strongly backed and indorsed by liberal offers of payment for the loan, only the loan, of that Titan among saucepans; but in the end Kate had her way, means were found to dislodge the coveted article from its exalted position, and under cover of the friendly shades of evening, it was safely imported into our back kitchen. Then it was that Mrs. White for the first time broke through her disdainful silence, and gave utterance to the ejaculation:

"Well, I never!"

Even at the moment of our greatest triumph we experienced a sudden twinge of fear—the fear that the saucepan, after all, would not be quite large enough, that the pudding would have to be *pared*. But Fortune averted this calamity, and finally, after superhuman efforts, we had the delight of beholding the saucepan on the kitchen fire, covering both the oven and boiler even of that wide and old-fashioned range, with the pudding actually within it, and at ten o'clock on Wednesday night the pudding began to boil.

So far so good. Ever since Mrs. White had relieved her mind by that one expression of surprise, she had been in a better humour, and had even given us a little assistance in lifting the pudding, and now she curtly told us that she would "see to" the fire during the two nights that would intervene before Christmas Day, for, as I said before, the size of the pudding necessitated a very long time of boiling. We were glad of her assistance, for we could not well have risen in the night without being heard by Miss Theed. At the same time, we rather surmised that Mrs. White must be looking forward to a period of disgrace and punishment for us, as the result of our Christmas fun, since she was willing to give her aid towards its consummation.

Well, the fire was kept up by Mrs. White on Wednesday night, and by us on Thursday, and by Mrs. White on Thursday night, and on the morning of Christmas Day the pudding was still boiling steadily. Two o'clock was the dinner-hour, and long tables were set out in the large dining-room, and the tide of preparations flowed in without ceasing, and to Miss Theed's inquiries about the pudding we replied that a very nice one was at that moment upon the kitchen fire, and would be ready when it was wanted.

The clock struck one; the tables were laid, the sirloins were browning, the pudding bubbled steadily. We went up-stairs to change our morning dresses before the dinner, when, lo! a knock was heard upon the chamber door, a sullen ominous knock, that seemed to strike upon our hearts with a chill presentiment of evil, and the head of Mrs. White became visible immediately afterwards.

"As you got the pudding into the saucepan, young ladies," she observed, dryly, "perhaps you'll get it out again, for I can't." And forthwith she disappeared.

We rushed down into the kitchen, anxious to know the worst, and found—horror of horrors—that the pudding had swelled in boiling, that the string which secured the cloth had given way, and that the vast mass had in one place accurately adapted its proportions to those of the saucepan, from which it could not, therefore, be dislodged.

It was a frightful moment, and we caught eagerly at Kate's suggestion of inverting the saucepan to see if the pudding would drop out. Between the heat and the weight of the object to be dealt with this was no easy matter; indeed, the very first attempt caused me to burn my fingers so sharply that I stood aloof for the next few minutes, fully occupied with my own sorrows. However, the gardener and the gardener's boy were pressed into the service, and the saucepan was held upside down over a large tea-tray, on which we hoped to land the pudding. Our notice to quit was served in vain, the tenant remaining in steady possession.

"Your hand's better now, isn't it?" Kate inquired, addressing me; "do take the kitchen poker and knock the bottom of the saucepan; that might make it drop out, you know."

Alas, alas! her words were strictly verified, but not in the sense that she had intended; it did drop out—not the pudding, but the bottom of the saucepan—or rather it dropped in, in answer to certain vigorous blows administered by me with the above-mentioned weapon. Too truly had the shopman told us that his great "show saucepan" was not intended for actual use. A sardonic smile played upon the countenance of Mrs. White as she perceived the result of our exertions.

"Well, young ladies, you've done it this time, and no mistake," she remarked, with grim satisfaction; "it can't be put on the fire again that's certain, but a Mount Vesuvius of a pudding like that will keep hot as it is; you'll have to send it up on the tray, pot and all, I reckon."

It was a trying moment, but we felt that fate had done its worst, and we determined to brave the consequences. There was nothing to be done but to retire from the scene of action and to resume our preparations for the dinner.

Presently the old folks began to arrive, and in the new interest of observing them and receiving them kindly, we found something to divert our thoughts from our late signal mortification. Almost every one of the poor old creatures was dressed with some regard to the occasion; among the women, clean caps were the order of the day, with here and there a faded ribbon, or a long-cherished ornament, relic of more prosperous days; and the old men had carefully brushed up whatever remnants of a Sunday suit fortune had left to them. I thought it was a touching sight, they were all so pleased and grateful, rather shy, and very shaky, but appearing thoroughly to enjoy and appreciate the great occasion. I notice that Miss Theed looked young and blooming all at once, as she moved among her superannuated guests, and her kindly face beamed with pleasure and good-humour.

Presently "the company" were marshalled into the dining-room very slowly, for the steps of many among them were as feeble and uncertain as those of little children. And on either end of each long table there stood a brown sirloin of beef, luxuriantly reposing in a pool of rich gravy, and an expression of satisfaction overspread every countenance, and the business of the day commenced in earnest. A steady clatter set in, and lasted without intermission for a full half-hour, during which we were very fully occupied in helping to wait upon our guests; at the end of this time a sepulchral appeal was heard to proceed from the lower regions of the house, demanding "help with the pudding!"

Making a hasty dive down the back stairs, we discovered Mrs. White and the gardener's boy vainly endeavouring to lift a capacious tray, whereon the bottomless saucepan had been deposited; for Mrs. White being tall and the boy being short, an undue proportion of the weight fell upon that luckless youth, who loudly protested his inability to sustain it. As quick as thought he was pushed out of the way, and his place was supplied by one of us, the two others ranging themselves at the remaining sides of the tray, and in this fashion we proceeded by short (not easy) stages to the top of the stairs. We three waited for a moment before we pushed open the door of the dining-room, to gather courage for the climax of our Christmas freak—only for a moment, though, on account of the great weight of our burden.

It fell to my lot to walk straight forward into the room; Mrs. White, being opposite to me, entered it backward, and the two Moores walked in crab-fashion at the sides. Slowly the cortège entered, and first of all I was aware of a look of blank and speechless amazement from Miss Theed, who, in the first paroxysm of astonishment, poured a large ladleful of gravy into the lap of an old lady whom she was serving, her eyes meanwhile being fixed upon the "show saucepan" of the town, then marching boldly into her dining-room, with its handle straight up in the air, and a swelling mass of pudding surmounting its rim. An instant more, and every one of the old folks was standing up, and the first buzz of astonishment was succeeded by three cheers for the pudding, real hearty ones, though the voices cracked and quavered a little towards the end. And last of all, the recipient of the ladleful of gravy, through whose garments the savoury liquid had been gently soaking, exclaimed suddenly:

"Oh deary me, it's hot!"

Having apparently just made that little discovery.

Well, the pudding was cut into, and was voted excellent, and Miss Theed looked grave every time she looked in our direction, and then looked away directly for fear of laughing; and when the dinner was over, and the last chesnuts had been cracked and the last oranges peeled, and the old people had given in their last thanks and taken their departure, she tried very hard to be seriously angry with us. In this laudable endeavour, I am sorry to say that she signally failed, for it happened that just as she had addressed two sentences of reproof to Kate Moore, Kate's eyes turned slowly in the direction of the great saucepan, and as Miss Theed's followed, the muscles of her face relaxed, and her handkerchief came out with great promptitude. Finally, after being told what we deserved, we came in for the benefit of a free and unconditional pardon; and this is how we made our famous Christmas Pudding.

BLACKLOCK FOREST.

XXV.

Sure we have been selected for the fight
 Of fairies, combating for good and ill;
 Ourselves their puppets, or for joy or woe,
 As these, or those, may in their turns prevail.

Old Play.

HAPPY was the evening that restored the brothers and their brides to the old signore at Rome, and impatient were Edmund and Isabella for news from Belmont, and of the sculptor. While Mary and Frank, on the following morning, went off to the post-office, the other couple hastened to the Via Frattina, in hopes of at least seeing the sculptor's wife.

They found the door of the studio ajar, and Edmund, pushing it gently open, was courteously greeted by a fine-looking lad of about fifteen, who rose from beside a table whereon he had been drawing from a plaster bust; then, gracefully bowing to the lady, he closed the door, and stood to receive the commands of his visitors. They were, however, surprised into silence by the original of the young student's work, which was no other than the bust of Edmund! The boy as quickly recognised the original of the bust, though till then unknown to him, and said, interrogatively, "Il Signore Ridotti?"

Isabella was "quite satisfied with the bust" (which was as much as could be said by so exacting a critic in confirmation of its perfection), and then, of course, Edmund was equally pleased with it.

"You think it a good resemblance, signora?" said the youth, speaking Italian as she had done; to which the saucy lady responded:

"If the original be as good as this his outward seeming, his wife will have no cause to complain, nor will the sculptor be a loser by his work."

"Oh," said the lad, "my father does it for nothing, but for the subject's sake, and for love of a friend in England to whom he has sent a cast. Does the signore know Signore Wilton, the landscape painter?"

Edmund, unable to reply, sank upon a chair, while Isabella with broken voice explained to the wondering hearer that her husband "loved Signore Wilton as much as his father, Signore

Fabbroni, possibly could." At this moment a lady, attended by a girl, something younger than the boy, came into the studio from an inner door, and the student introduced her as his mother. The latter observed the emotion of Edmund, until Isabella drew her aside, and, sotto voce, communicated the sad intelligence of Wilton's death—no tidings of it having reached Rome. Isabella, seeing that Mrs. Fabbroni's grief was scarcely less than her own, exclaimed to her still silent husband, and in English, "Oh, how poor Carlo Wilton was beloved!"

"He was indeed, madam," rejoined Mrs. Fabbroni, in English equally pure.

"Are you an Englishwoman?" inquired the astonished Isabella.

"As *you* are, madam, I am sure," was the reply. Then, continuing to speak in her native tongue, Mrs. Fabbroni said, "My husband, who intended to prolong his stay at Florence, has been communicated with in relation to inquiries made, I presume, by yourself and this gentleman some time back, when I was away at Ostia, and I am now daily expecting his hastened return." At this moment Edmund rose from his chair, and the sculptor's wife exclaimed: "Surely I am looking upon Signore Ridotti, though I have not seen his living self before; for when he sat to my husband, I did not live at the studio, and knew little of his sitters. Mr. Wilton used to visit us at our private house; and though our intimacy with him was not of long duration, my husband became so attached to him that I fear your intelligence will be overwhelming."

While Edmund was regaining his composure, Isabella informed Mrs. Fabbroni of the extraordinary discoveries which had so lately transformed an Italian gentleman into an English baronet; and, when the old Signore Ridotti became their subject, Mrs. Fabbroni, evincing some knowledge of him, unveiled a second copy of the plaster bust, which she believed her husband was about to send as a present to him at Turin. Edmund's precedent grief was now superseded by wonder at the possible occasion there might be for such a present made to one, of whom the sculptor could know nothing but that he was the grandfather of Wilton's friend. "It is not for me to speak to that," said Mrs. Fabbroni; but this was uttered as if she might not be wholly ignorant of the sculptor's reasons.

She was of striking presence; not exactly after the refined aristocratic English model, but still of the model English, handsome, and lady-like withal, though with a lowly respectfulness in manner that Isabella's extreme courtesy seemed only to increase. She looked, however, the very perfection of an artist's wife; serviceable alike for a Madonna or Bandit's sposa, a Venus or a

Juno, but rather suggesting the statuesque than the pictorial. Nor were the visitors less charmed with the boy and girl; while Isabella might have detected the mother contemplating Edmund's countenance with half furtive glances of mystic interest.

It was determined—more especially as Mrs. Fabbroni desired it—that the grandfather should not visit the studio before the sculptor's return. He was, therefore, merely informed that, by Mr. Goldrich's wish, the address of an artist, who modelled his Giacomo's bust, had been discovered, and that Signore Fabbroni (for such was his name) was on his return to Rome, when the studio would be open to visitors. The old gentleman had never known any one, artist or otherwise, bearing the name; and he wondered no mention of him should have been made by Giacomo before. The fact was, Edmund fancied he had only lent himself as a model, and he now desired to know whether the bust had been quite completed, also what Isabella might think of the resemblance before he said any more about it. "More than that," he added, "it was dear Carlo's especial desire that nothing relating to the bust should be said until he himself should speak of it. Alas! Carlo lost his life before the time for speaking came; and I rather forgot myself when I mentioned what I did at Belmont, instead of waiting for this our then resolved on visit to Rome, so that no disappointment might occur. Fabbroni's having lately sent a cast to poor Wilton implies that the time for speaking had only of late arrived; and the sculptor has been, perhaps, awaiting his friend's reply before transmitting a second copy to Turin. They had, I imagine, some private understanding, in a secret to me unfathomable."

When Edmund returned to the hotel, he found a packet of letters, brought by Mary from the post-office; and while Isabella communicated to the old signore Fabbroni's name and address, her husband was absorbed in the perusal of business communications from Lovell, from Sir Richard's steward, and from Mr. Goldrich, whose letter enclosed two others (unopened) to the deceased Wilton! The business letters, though kind, and otherwise most satisfactory, were rather hastily perused before he opened the one from Mr. Goldrich. From the latter the following is extracted:

"We have received your and Isabella's letters from Turin, Florence, and Rome with all the pleasure you intended them to afford us, and I now address to you this, with the two enclosed letters, to await your return to Rome from Naples. I retain to you your *Italian* names out of respect to your grandfather, though there must be some occasional confusion as to the mode of addressing or speaking of you in Italy. When you left Belmont, the dulness of the place was such that my wife and I started (as on a

second bridal trip of our own) to North Wales and the Cumberland Lakes, from which we returned on the day preceding the date of this.

"It seems that the present postmaster (appointed after the death of poor Wilton, and then ignorant even of his name) had consigned the first letter to what he calls his 'waiting-box,' where it remained unsought for until a second letter, similarly superscribed, and in the same handwriting, induced him to make the inquiries which resulted in his bringing both letters to me as the friend of the deceased. I almost felt (in my ignorance of the whereabouts of any of Wilton's friends) a moral right to open these letters, because a heavy wooden case had just arrived by a vessel from Civita-Vecchia, directed to our lamented Carlo, with these words: "*From Giuseppe Fabbroni, of Rome, sculptor.*" I could not but remember your mention of some Roman sculptor who (either by Wilton's request, or by his own desire) had modelled your bust, and I fancied that what I so desired to possess might be encased in the package. Not venturing, however, to open the latter, I have lodged it in my warehouse at Blackport, and I shall be restless until you reply in explanation of the mystery, which may have its solution in the sculptor's being ignorant of Carlo Wilton's death."

Edmund hastened back to submit the two enclosed ones to Mrs. Fabbroni, who saw at a glance they were superscribed in her husband's writing; but she seemed reluctant to open them, as a letter from Fabbroni had just arrived announcing his assured return on the following day, and Edmund arranged to be at the studio on the day next following *that*.

When Edmund came again, according to appointment, he found Fabbroni engaged in finishing a chalk portrait he had made of Wilton on the last day of their being together. The shock of the intelligence afforded by his wife had subsided, but the tears in his eyes evinced the sad feeling which attended his present occupation. The greeting he gave to Edmund was more like that of a near and loving relative than of an artist to his model. He took Edmund by both hands, and, pointing to the drawing, said:

"You see: here we are again—all three together; but, alas! one of us lives but in this picture! Is it like? Can you help me to make it more so? Oh, that I had also modelled *his* head as I did yours! But that was an intention not to be fulfilled!"

The person of the sculptor was worthy of his wife's, but his countenance was that of one who might have lived a life of early dissipation and of sequent sorrow, to a present day of grave calm, and to future days of happiness. He might be some five-and-forty years of age, with hair the greyer for troubles past; and he was now,

of course, the sadder in aspect from the melancholy intelligence he had just heard from his wife, while the mournful details he was now hearing from Edmund were to have their additional effect upon him. Fabbroni thus continued, after Edmund ceased speaking:

"I wrote to Carlo Wilton long ago, giving him time before he need reply; but an unaccountable period passed over, and no answer. Yet not until I had finished that marble copy of your bust did I write to Carlo again, saying a plaster cast from the model had been forwarded to him at Blackport from Civita-Vecchia. I was then called away from Rome, and while still at Florence, expecting to hear of his having received it, my wife forwarded to me the sad news you communicated to her. Why, have you not read the letters you delivered to my wife?"

Edmund answered:

"They have been sacredly preserved unopened; but let me at once read to you part of a letter from my father-in-law, Mr. Goldrich, and which enclosed the letters you refer to."

The extract from Mr. Goldrich's letter, already given, was then read to Fabbroni, who exclaimed:

"What delicacy! and what a charming intimation does that letter afford me of my power to gratify Mr. Goldrich. Oh, let him take at once to himself the cast intended for dear Carlo. The second copy you see there may be for your Italian grandfather. But, signore, take with you the two letters, and do not return them to me. Read *them* first, and then peruse this narrative, '*The Sculptor's Story*.' Perhaps there are some few particulars in the latter which it may be desirable to keep to yourself, but I leave this to your discretion. Only I would avoid the distress of having to *speak* all that is written in the narrative, the matter of which I desired should be first made known to the dear deceased Wilton, and then, through him, to yourself."

After his interview with Fabbroni, Edmund returned to the hotel, and, having related to the old signore and the two ladies what had passed in the studio, he retired to read in private the following letters, which were written in very fair English, corrected, however, in the transcript of them here given. As the husband for many years of an English wife, and almost exclusively cultivating the society of English artists, he now spoke the language fluently, and, with his children, always wrote in English, except when he addressed himself to his Italian acquaintance.

First Letter from Giuseppe Fabbroni to Charles Wilton.

"I hear with joy of your happiness at Blackleigh, but know not whether you most love the amiable Giacomo or the charming

Isabella. Why did I not see her, that I might have enriched my studio with a model of female as well as of manly beauty? If you had considered that I am near fifty years old, with a wife of whom a much younger man might envy me the possession, neither you nor your friend need have been jealous of me. But you are the model of lovers in your devotion to the memory of a dead mother. Mine I have no memory of having ever seen. I had a too indulgent father, whom I therefore distressed as only may be by a spoiled boy; for my sister, though equally indulged by him, was of a nature not to be spoiled. You may say I little deserve two such good children as mine are, but you know not that my penitence and penalties may have been (before my marriage) enough, with God's grace, to balance my sins! This may be no mystery ere long, but it must be yet awhile a secret, and however I may be restored to happiness, my long past misconduct will be ever before me.

"You observed on my seeming emotion when Mr. Giacomo Ridotti was introduced to me. Let me first say there was something to cause it in a certain resemblance he bears to what I remember of my sister; and, secondly, the name of Ridotti, with some remarks made by your friend while he was sitting to me, interested me greatly; for in early days I knew much of a family of that name. When, lastly, you said the young man was of Genoa, and the grandson of the old Signore Ridotti now at Turin, I felt assured he was of the family I have referred to.

"A sufficient motive, however, for my desiring to model his face, existed in its fine sculptural character; and as I pretend to no power of idealising, and wish to achieve fame as a portrait sculptor, I was most happy in such an opportunity for perpetuating in marble so fine an example of manly grace. I had even observed how persons will often admire a portrait, not for the beauty of its subject, but simply on account of its self-evident resemblance to nature's original; and I, therefore, desired to secure the double advantage of truth and beauty in combination.

"I beseech you to say nothing of my motives beyond those of obtaining a good show-bust to serve me professionally, and of gratefully presenting to you a portrait of your beloved friend. As soon as I have completed the marble show-copy, the plaster-cast shall be carefully painted and forwarded to you; the mould being preserved for any to whom I may be permitted to send or to sell other casts. My ambition now is to make such a move in my profession as may enable me to appear before old benefactors without any call upon their further benevolence; and you will rejoice to hear that my success is increasing beyond my expectation. I am now desired in Florence and elsewhere to execute

several commissions; and as you, too, may be occupied by travel in your own professional pursuits, do not trouble yourself by immediately answering this. If you should desire early communication with me, direct to the Florence post-office, where I will leave instructions how your letter may be forwarded."

Second Letter from Giuseppe Fabbioni to Charles Wilton.

"Disappointed at remaining so very long without an answer to my last letter, I fear to meditate on any cause more serious than indisposition to write, or less important than engrossing occupation. I will not think of indifference towards me; but you may have had anxieties concerning others, vexations of your own, or (and what more likely in these days of postal uncertainty?) your letters may have miscarried. Only let the reason be anything but your failing esteem, or—what I dare not think upon! and I will be satisfied.

"I now send off by a vessel from Civita-Vecchia to Blackport, the promised plaster bust of your friend Signor Giacomo Ridotti; but before you make use of it to my benefit, as you spoke of doing, I wish you to be made acquainted with my explanation of the mystery which has hitherto enveloped the cause of my peculiar interest in the Ridotti family, and from which you will gather my reasons for not having enlightened you before. I withhold the 'Sculptor's Story,' however, until you have answered this letter.

"What I expressed in my last as a hope may now be repeated as a confident belief, for the marble copy of the bust has already brought me several more important commissions; and as I now am so I shall assuredly, with health and God's blessing, remain above the necessity for any further call on the aid of my benevolent friends. I shall look back with never diminishing gratitude upon their long-tried kindness; and where more than gratitude is needed, I shall hope to repay at least the pecuniary part of my obligation.

"You will be surprised at my story; and I hope that not less pleasure than astonishment will, on its perusal, be felt by those of my long-lost friends who were only too good to me when I had no goodness of my own to boast of, and who, when they know all, may be inclined to receive me again with a forgiving and generous welcome. I might at once address to them my story, but in you I have a witness to the late character of the narrator, and I could not say of myself what your knowledge may enable you to say for me. The old Signore Ridotti was the most prominent of my earlier benefactors, and, as you first introduced me to his grandson, I have the more reason to desire that you may reintroduce me to

the venerable signore of Turin, who cannot but be deeply interested in what I may have to say in reference to his only son. I will not further anticipate the 'Sculptor's Story,' another of the countless instances that fiction is less extraordinary than fact.

"In spite of my resolve not to admit them, fearful thoughts will arise! Your friend Signore Giacomo? God forbid that the marble bust before me as I write should be only monumental! Its placidity is not that of death. I look on the unfinished sketch of your own kindly gentle face. 'Tis at present but a lifeless thing. May the original come quickly that I may vitalise its too still expression! The old signore? Though eighty years of age, may he be spared to know that he had a repentant son, and to live on in happy communion with thoughts of past sorrow transmuted into those of present joy!

"I conclude with the expression of a happy speculation. My beloved Carlo may have been travelling hitherward to reply to my unanswered letter in person, or he may be reposing in peace at Blackleigh, while his reply is being borne hither by his friend Giacomi Ridotti, who, with his bride, is in a few hours to enter my studio, to commission me with the modelling of a companion-bust. Nay, it may be that a venerable old gentleman will enter with them to take into restored favour the sculptor of his grandson's effigy!"

Having read these letters (with what emotions need not be stated), Edmund consigned them to Isabella, that she might make their contents known to Signore Ridotti, Mary, and Frank, while he entered upon the "Sculptor's Story" for delivery to the others on the following morning. The grandfather, Edmund, and Isabella were much affected by those parts of the letters in which allusion was made to themselves, and especially by the writer's reference to his loss of the maternal influences, and his self-depreciation as the son of a too indulgent father, and as the brother of an exemplary sister. The deceased painter was now freshly regarded as involved in what concerned the sculptor; while Edmund and Isabella felt that if they had lost one friend who had possessed so large a share of their love, they had found another not unworthy to succeed him. As to the grandfather, he was "perplexed in the extreme" by certain parallels in the cases of the sculptor and his own son, and by the unaccountable interest felt towards himself by Fabbroni.

"I have," said he, "the recollection of having aided with my purse and patronage a clever young sculptor before I discovered that he was a dangerous companion for my wretched son, but, though I forget his name, I am sure it was not Fabbroni. I remember, however, that the name, whatever it was, appeared about

the time that my son's death was reported to me, among other names of men convicted of treasonable offence. Possibly, the name Fabbioni has been assumed, since the expiation of his crime in prison or the galleys by this very man? Well, I am myself too much of a liberal to be unforgiving towards a political offender. If he have not since the day of my losing sight of him otherwise offended, and if the character he now bears be such as it appears, I will take him to my heart as I would a reformed son."

Now, Frank had before this, from time to time, "by parcels" imparted to him by Mary, as she obtained them from the old signore, acquired some knowledge of the boy (his cousin) who died at Genoa, and of that boy's father (Signore Ridotti's son), whose discreditable career, it was said, had been terminated by death in a tavern brawl, or some how else; for his death was more certain than the manner of it, and Frank did not forget that other sons had been supposed dead when they were leading happy lives. When, therefore, he had read the letters, and had been informed of all that was otherwise known of "the departed," he looked intensely thoughtful. Then, having "chewed the cud" of his ruminations, he desired Mary's especial attention, and unitedly they exhibited an executive fingering that would have astonished the most wonderful of German pianists. The old gentleman was inordinately amused by their duet of digital and pantomimic colloquy; but he observed in Mary's sweet face a modifying, if not corrective expression, as if unconvinced by her husband's arguments; and she declined entertaining them as *prophecies*, though she might hereafter delight in stating their fulfilment. Doubtless the educated Mute, if not deaf from his birth, and by nature gifted with a quick perception, has some compensation in not being confused by the nonsense he must otherwise hear from thoughtless speakers; in not being self-betrayed by his replies under the irritation of argument; and in acquiring an acuteness and promptitude of thought not possessed by those whose hearing and speech are unimpeded. We shall hereafter see how far he was justified in present impressions when we have perused the "Sculptor's Story."

Isabella could only say, "I shall wonder at nothing. The whole Ridotti and Blackleigh history is such a perplexing exhibition of dark and light, of concealment and revealment, and of the living sitting upon empty coffins, that it seems to be under the conflicting fairy rule of Oberon and Titania!"

With hearts and minds, equally sorrowing and rejoicing, they retired to their beds, longing for the morrow, when the manuscript of the "Sculptor's Story" was to be read aloud by Edmund to

Signore Ridotti, Isabella, and Mary; leaving the latter to relate it in substance to her husband. While Mary and Frank were left employed on the manuscript, only the grandfather, Edmund, and Isabella would visit the Fabbronis; the others being introduced to the studio on the following day.

Edmund, appreciating Fabbroni's delicacy towards Isabella and Mary, and still more respecting the sculptor's feeling for his own wife, had resolved, after reading the manuscript to himself, and as he told Isabella, "to observe the writer's wish for partial omission; for," continued Edmund, "I can see he fears that some of the earlier passages in the history of his and Mrs. Fabbroni's intimacy might prejudice Mary and yourself against them, however assured that they now are, and long have been, worthy of the high respect in which they are universally held in Italy."

"God bless them both!" exclaimed Isabella. "I will have you omit nothing, though their union may have commenced rather—well, what shall I say?—'naughtily,' and though—well, I care not what, since you, knowing all, can take them to your favour. Am I to judge *them*, remembering I was on the point of *selling* myself to—— I will say no more, then. Only let us hear *all*; nor insult my head or my heart, my religion, or my morals, by thinking I can have anything less than unqualified esteem for the friends of dear Mr. Wilton, and those who have the regard of my husband."

"Amen!" ejaculated Mary; and so *that* difficulty was disposed of.

BENEDETTI.

A NEW GAME, IMPERIAL AND DIPLOMATIC.

[In offering a little addition to Christmas amusements, a preliminary word must be said. This game was made at the time of the surrender at Sedan, when it was supposed that the war might be ended; when it was far from being anticipated that it could be carried on to its present cruel extremity.]

Divisions of the Game.

I. Leading Cards.	IV. Observations.	VII. Remarks.
II. The Playing.	V. The Winning.	VIII. Fines.
III. The Scoring.	VI. The Staking.	

I. LEADING CARDS.

The four leading cards in this game are the knave of clubs, Bismark; the knave of diamonds, the Baron (von Moltke); the

nine of diamonds, Bonaparte; the nine of clubs, Benedetti. If two persons play there are two packs of cards; one of thirty-two, from which the two, three, four, five, six have been taken; the other of twenty-eight, from which, besides those five cards of each suit, there are also taken the knave of clubs, the knave of diamonds, the nine of diamonds, and the nine of clubs. If four persons play there must be four packs of cards, two of thirty-two and two of twenty-eight. The game cannot be played by partners. Each person plays on his own account.

II. THE PLAYING.

Eight cards having been dealt to each player, and a card turned up for trump, the non-dealer leads. His adversary is not obliged to follow suit or to trump, unless he wishes to take the trick. In taking tricks the ace is the highest card, the ten the next, and any of the four great cards can be used to take any trick. The object in taking a trick is to make a declaration, and after it has been made each party draws a card from the top of the pack, he who took the trick drawing first, of course. The declarations are of sequences. They are named, scored, shown, but not laid on the table.

III. THE SCORING.

A sequence of three, as 7, 8, 9, scores	30
„ four, as 7, 8, 9, 10, scores	40
„ five, the knave added	50
„ six, the queen added	60
„ seven, the king added	80
„ eight, the ace added	100
All these sequences count double if they are of trumps.	
Bismark can take any card at any time, whether trumps or not, and scores	50
If the last trick of the last eight cards	60
The Baron, in the same way, takes any card except Bismark, and scores	40
If the last trick, as before	50
Bonaparte can take any card except those two, and scores	30
If the last trick	40
Benedetti can take any card except those three, and scores	10
If the last trick	20
The aces and tens are counted at the end of each deal, and score each	10
If Bismark be turned up as the trump card, the dealer scores	30

amount, he deducts from his own thousand as much as he is over it, and the play goes on till one or other wins.

If a game is won by Bismark taking the last trick, the winner has Bismarked the other player.

If he wins by taking Bonaparte in the last trick, he has double Bismarked him.

When Bismark takes any one of the other three cards, he adds what each of them scores to what Bismark scores.

If, before the end of the game, Bismark or the Baron takes Bonaparte, the loser of Bonaparte surrenders, and can make no more sequences of diamonds during that game.

VI. THE STAKING.

If stakes are played for, each party having staked, when the game is a simple one, the winner takes both stakes, of course.

If any one wins by Bismarking he exacts from his adversary double stakes. If any one Bismarks himself he pays double stakes.

When both are Benedettied neither party takes the stakes, they are left to double the next game, unless the play be over.

VII. REMARKS.

Though one thousand is named as the amount of the scoring, it may be fixed by the players before beginning at fifteen hundred, two thousand, or whatever they like, but there must be a fixed point. In counting, the non-dealer has the privilege of reckoning first, therefore wins if there be a tie. When a card is played, and another exactly the same is thrown on it, he who played the first card wins the trick. This rule is important when four persons play, as there are then two Bismarks and two of all the other great cards. If two fall together the first wins, and thus doubles the amount scored for that trick. The game may be played with the cards turned face upwards by turning the pack after turning the trump card. Played in this way the drawer of the first card will know whether or not it will help him in forming a sequence.

VIII. FINES.

Ten is taken off the scoring for drawing out of turn, for over-drawing, for playing without having drawn, and for leading and dealing out of turn. In cutting for deal the lowest card wins, the ace being the highest and the seven the lowest card.

If prepared markers are not at hand the game may be played with counters, giving each player ten white ones for the tens, and ten red ones for the hundreds.

STRAY THOUGHTS AND SHORT ESSAYS.

VII.

THE PRACTICAL QUALITIES OF THE MILITARY CHARACTER.

THE military type of character has in it something eminently practical. In times of political extremity it is to a soldier that society has recourse. A military dictatorship is the sure and welcome end of revolutionary violence and confusion. Even the peaceful Revolution of 1688 placed a soldier on the throne of England, as the Great Rebellion had put General Cromwell in even a more powerful position. [Cromwell's victories in Ireland, in Scotland, and at Worcester, marked him out for supreme dominion, to the assumption of which he was as much called by the necessities of the situation and the public voice, as he was urged by the promptings of his own ambition. When every other kind of authority has been destroyed, that of an army alone remains; and around this, as a nucleus, the scattered elements of social order begin to gather themselves again. The civil wars of Rome ended naturally in the despotism of the "imperator," or commander; for no other power than his remained to give cohesion to the state. The French Revolution made the supremacy of General Bonaparte a necessity for the restoration of order and internal peace. At a later date, when the citizen-king Louis Philippe had been chased from France, and a government of editors and advocates had been tried in vain, all eyes were turned on General Cavaignac, as the best guarantee against the domination of the populace; and, after him, on Louis Napoleon, the inheritor of the military traditions of the First Empire.

When Washington, as a soldier, had effected the liberation of his country, he was called to preside over the settlement of its institutions. Again, after the American civil war, the prompt and straightforward qualities of General Grant marked him out, instead of some experienced statesman, as the restorer of political organisation.

If we turn to ancient history, we shall find that the great Carthaginian general proved himself, after the war, a consummate politician; and that had he been permitted to continue his administration of the domestic affairs of his country, Carthage might have avoided the fate which ultimately befel her.

Our own great commander Wellington showed himself no less great as a diplomatist and an administrator in Spain and in

France; and, as English plenipotentiary at Vienna, he approved himself even to the practised sagacity of Talleyrand as "*l'homme le plus capable*." In the confusion of parties which followed the death of Canning and the short-lived ministry of his successor, the only man thought capable of forming and keeping together a ministry was the Duke of Wellington. Though unequal, in the perturbed years which followed, to the arduous part of premier, he yet showed admirable aptitude for the details of administration, and great clearness of insight into all questions that came before him; and, as subsequent events showed, wanting only in political prescience, that rarest gift of the statesmanlike mind.

In many civil stations, such as those connected with the preservation of public order, we see army-men commonly preferred. Often, too, in higher branches of commercial business, officers who have quitted their profession are chosen for posts of responsibility. Wherever punctuality, firmness, and obedience are especially required, this professional type is highly esteemed. The military officer has learnt how to command and how to obey; discipline has taught him exactness, and service has given him promptitude of action.

In humbler life, the practical qualities of the military character have a frequent illustration in the fidelity and usefulness of old soldiers as domestic servants. Macaulay tells us that when Cromwell's army had been disbanded, its veterans were conspicuous for their excellence in the various occupations of peace.

Undoubtedly, the military type is not without a certain narrowness of mind; and hence, perhaps, it is that the French have this proverb, "*Vieux soldat vieux bête*." But narrowness of mind, when accompanied with sound practical notions, such as the soldier's life inculcates, obtains success in certain specialities of occupation. It keeps its object always in view. It is, at any rate, a preservative from "ideology," visionary speculation, wild theory. Great men of the second class have often been excessively narrow-minded.

NATIONS RESEMBLE CHILDREN.

Nations, in their collective capacity, behave very much like children; have their toys, their petulant quarrels, their foolish passions, their unreasonable prejudices and antipathies, their boastings, and vain-glorious rivalries. Two nations, like two school-boys, often wish to fight merely in order to ascertain which is the stronger of the two! And the stronger "bullies" the weaker!

SMALL WIT.

How contemptible is small wit! And yet to make a small witticism how much pains are often necessary!

CHARACTER AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

The character of a man, as it appears to others, is chiefly the result of circumstances; but it is not so in reality. This is one consideration which shows the fallibility of our judgments upon one another.

MEN'S MUTUAL JUDGMENTS.

People who live in retirement are apt to judge of the rest of the world as if they lived in retirement, and people who live in a turmoil to judge of all others as if they lived likewise; so little sympathy exists between persons of different states of life, and so much reason is there on this score for moderation in their judgments of each other.

MR. DISRAELI'S GENERAL PREFACE.

Was he sincere is often asked by those who neither seek to discover the causes, nor are capable of calculating the effects of public transactions.—*Sybil*.

THERE are two noble lines in the "In Memoriam" which, describing a maiden who has assumed the condition and duties of wifehood, speak of her as becoming

A link among the days to knit
The generations each to each.

Admirable and beautiful as they are in the original connexion, we conceive the lines to be susceptible of a higher and even more touching application. As there are links that bind each to each the generations of families, so there are links that bind each to each the generations of men. The superior spirits of an age whose names have become associated in the public mind with great deeds or great words, and who, born in one generation, have become famous in a second, and stand within the boundaries of a third, watching with more or less interest the effect of their deeds or their words upon the new men who are struggling into the daylight, are the links we speak of. Belonging to the past, with its history written, and to the present, with its history still to make, they are revered not only for the intrinsic value of their utterance, but for the sacred memories that cling to them by reason of their communion with those long dead.

A few weeks ago a satirical newspaper, called *Vanity Fair*, remarkable chiefly for certain wonderfully characteristic portraits of eminent personages, contained a caricature which, if somewhat

cruel, was exceedingly clever. I will try to describe it. It was the picture of a tall, gaunt man, with preternaturally stooped shoulders. He appeared fantastically attired, had seemingly as inbred an objection to man-milliners as Frederick the Great himself. His hair was grey and shaggy; his features rugged and weather-beaten. But even a gifted caricaturist seemed unable to render ludicrous the face of the man and its expression. Under the shaggy hair were two dreamy eyes full of speculation seemingly, but speculation not entertaining itself much with affairs merely mundane. And upon the face there brooded an expression of melancholy. A tired, longing, dissatisfied look, as though some great sorrow had overcast the life; or as though some mighty and disturbing doubts had marred its serenity—doubts still unsolved and harassing, though the attempt at solution had been a work of years. Now this caricature was that of a Chelsea ratepayer who lives in the London of to-day. To the illiterate and careless observer—to his milkman or his butcher say—he is merely an old gentleman worth so many pence or shillings per week. But to others—to you, my dear reader—he is a link. When he was a young man, Byron was about town; Sheridan's comedies were delighting our grandpapas and grandmamas; and of Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey he was the intimate and constant associate. Contemporary of Byron, associate of Wordsworth, and here is his name in the "London Directory of 1870"—"Carlyle, Thomas"!

Now you see what we mean by a link. We have many such, for so great a span of years as that attained by the author of the "*Sartor Resartus*" is not required to give the qualification.

In the year 1805 there were born three novelists, each of whom has made a distinct and lasting impression upon his time. Each of whom is alive to-day. And for each of whom there are yet in store, we trust, many years full of honours and prosperity. Of these three, one devoted himself solely to literature, and achieved fame thereby. The second embraced both the profession of politics and that of letters. To some extent failing in the former, his achievements in the latter field are various and magnificent. The third likewise embraced the double career. He became Prime Minister of England. And when in the summer of this year he wrote a novel, it was read—to quote his own words—"more extensively both by the people of the United Kingdom and the United States than any work that has appeared for the last half-century."

To those of us who are young in years, the name of Byron is a thing as past, and historic as that of Pope—we had almost said as that of Horace. And yet by the lives of these writers we are bound strangely and intimately with that brilliant period in the history of English verse when the appearance of a canto of

"Childe Harold" was one of the events of the year. A period indeed so brilliant, that one is at a loss to understand how it achieved its fame unaided by the genial and invaluable counsel of a *Saturday Review*. For as yet the *Saturday* was not. The first-fruits of one of our authors were welcomed by Sir Walter Scott. And Goethe hastened to record his admiration of the work of another. To us it seems so long ago. And yet, in truth, 'twas but yesterday. Thomas Campbell, the poet, is editing the *New Monthly Magazine*. Rogers is giving those delightful matutinal banquets of his. The essays of Elia are gently drawing out the hearts of men to an anonymous author. Dickens is a clerk in a lawyer's office, unknown as yet, and for some time to remain unknown. And Thackeray is a hopeful young fellow, having some hazy notion of becoming a very great painter. Both gone now. Though at the time when the three novelists of 1805, Lytton, Ainsworth, and Disraeli, commenced operations, they had no literary being.

Thoughts such as these have been present with us while perusing Mr. Disraeli's General Preface. Words in that preface have carried us back. And although their narration in an article like this may seem unbusiness-like, we cannot conceive it to be quite out of place. Those who, with high hopes, have their faces set confidently toward the future would do wisely, we think, to dwell a little more on the memory of the past.

We are inclined—and we think it is the inclination of the reading public generally—to attach considerable importance to this latest production of Mr. Disraeli. Preface, or even General Preface, scarcely conveys to the reader the scope and purpose of this essay. Those who looked to it for a bitter and caustic reply to the ungenerous and personal attacks made upon Mr. Disraeli apropos of his last work, by persons who cannot criticise with even decent calmness the work of an artist regarding whom they may happen to cherish feelings of ill-will, have been happily disappointed. It would doubtless have been gratifying to one or two of them had their names been carried down to posterity in a preface to "Lothair." It may be, indeed—so strangely constituted are human minds—that some such pleasurable idea gave spirit to their clumsy wit, and added venom to an already venomous spite. "I dare say," says Byron, alluding to a nobody to whom he had made allusion in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and who—unhappy youth!—had thereupon taken up the cudgels in self-defence—"I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise." Mr. Disraeli has a better temper than Lord Byron, and it is just possible that upon reading this General Preface the gentlemen in question may *not* be "rather pleased," but, on the contrary, very much "otherwise." There is something positively refreshing in such a sentence as this:

"One could hardly expect at home the judicial partiality of a foreign land. Personal influences inevitably mingle in some degree with such productions. There are critics who, abstractedly, do not approve of successful books, particularly if they have failed in the same style; social acquaintances also of lettered taste, and especially contemporaries whose public life has not exactly realised the vain dreams of their fussy existence, would seize the accustomed opportunity of welcoming with affected discrimination about nothing, and elaborate controversy about trifles, the production of a friend; and there is always both in politics and literature the race of the Dennises, the Oldmixons, and Curls, who flatter themselves that by systematically libelling some eminent personage of their times they have a chance of descending to posterity."

So in a few scathing sentences are dismissed whole pages full of the insane ebullitions of private malignity. From envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us! The besetting weaknesses of human nature were adequately understood by the compilers of our Common Prayer Book.

We have said that this preface is more than a preface. It is, in fact, much more. It is the verdict of a man's conscience upon his life and upon the work of his life. It is more than that even. It is the history of the plan of that life. It is the key to the success of that life. It affords a fresh illustration—and the greatest as yet—of this fact, that a life need not be a haphazard, unconnected, and unaccountable series of actions taking place nobody knows how, springing from nobody knows whence, and resulting in nobody knows what. But that it may be deliberately, carefully, religiously planned. That its course may be marked out and directed by certain predetermined and well-considered principles. When Mr. Disraeli was a young man, there was presented in various ways and by different writers an unhealthy but interesting creation of the poet's brain. A child of dreams, full of wonderful longings and aspirations, big with splendid thoughts that resulted only in melodious regrets; the inability to act, the wild lament over the unfruitfulness of life, the barren and dreary aspect of the universe, the vileness of man, the infidelity of friends, the utter hopelessness of existence—these were the themes of this dream child's utterances. We find the creation in Byron; in Shelley.

There was a youth who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and grey before his time;
Nor any could the restless grief unravel.

Which burned within him withering up his prime,
And goading him like fiends from land to land,
Not his the load of any secret crime.

For nought of ill his heart could understand,
But pity and wild sorrow for the same.

So sings Shelley, and sings with a note which before his time or since has not been excelled. For this ideal youth of his—happily not tolerated in these days, though the representative young gentleman of our own period is nothing to boast of—there was at one time a vast amount of sympathy expressed. He was so very interesting, you see. Young gentlemen who did not care to understand that the highest degree of poetic and artistic merit may be, and often is, wedded with the most hideous and fatal sentiment, thought it quite the thing to complain of a “withering” of their prime, and secretly enjoyed the not unpleasurable goading of fiends. Now in those works—the “real Trilogy”—upon which Mr. Disraeli seems in this preface to lay most store, there seems to be a message to these gentlemen, especially to such of them as happened to possess wealth and position, but who, having “exhausted life in their teens,” had nothing left but “to mourn amid the ruins of their reminiscences over the extinction of excitement.” To such came Mr. Disraeli’s books. The works had a higher purpose, certainly, described now by their author, into which purpose we cannot at this time enter, though, if permitted, we may in another paper examine the “Trilogy” in the light now thrown upon it. To these dreamers, then, we suppose these words coming. “In God’s name,” groans Mr. Carlyle, “let us find out what of noble and profitable we can *do*.” That is the riddle which for a certain number (it so seems to us) found solution in “Coningsby,” “Sybil,” and “Tancred.” The lesson was not taught in the goody-goody strain adopted by a well-meaning mediocrity. The teacher did not deal in graceful platitudes, or impossible advice. He described a real and existing state of things, and described that state of things not with the cynical indifference of one uninterested in the struggle, but with the nervous and at times awful earnestness of one to whom “commonweal” was not a mere word expressing certain modes or forms of government, but a word to denote this idea: “the greatest good of the greatest number.” Nor was the message irreverently or flippantly preached, but, in language of rare splendour, warmed by the poetic humour and philosophic beauty of one who, above everything else, was a man of the world.

To no distinction of this kind does Mr. Disraeli now make any claim. It is probable enough that he may not value the distinction of a preacher, who has been so much of a practiser. Nevertheless, if we take that teaching and compare it with his own career, who is not forcibly struck with the admirable harmony that is discovered? His books and his life are the same. The ideal presented in the one has a substantial and historic counterpart in the other. A great number of sketches professing to give

some account of the literary and political life of Mr. Disraeli have been from time to time produced. We do not wish to add to that number. A few words have sufficed for himself to estimate it. For the final and only valuable verdict he looks not to the present, but to posterity. At the same time the preface contains a refutation at once so terse and so complete of one of the current calumnies, that in noticing the essay at all we are bound not to overlook this portion of it. Where or by whom originally trumped up we know not, but within these last memorable years there has been sedulously circulated a legend with this moral—that Mr. Disraeli's political life has been an inconsistent one. First of all inconsistent with itself, and, secondly, inconsistent with the teaching of his books.

There are those whose idea of consistency is to be consistently inconsistent. And it is no great wonder if such persons find some little difficulty in comprehending even the remote possibility of such a life as the one we have suggested—made up, not of a series of happy or disastrous chances, but consisting of a plan directed by a principle. In the following passage will be found what must appear to every mind unprejudiced by party, and free from the disease of personal spleen—not, indeed, a vindication, for none is needed—but an adequate and perfect explanation of Mr. Disraeli's public life. Not only does it exhibit a beautiful oneness as existing between his early doctrines and his subsequent career, but it reconciles in the most triumphant manner that which his political opponents playfully describe as the “opposite views” expounded in his novels and in his speeches. Having given a brief description of the state of the nation and of party at the time when his brilliant parliamentary career opened, he says:

“To change back the oligarchy into a generous aristocracy round a real throne; to infuse life and vigour into the Church as the trainer of the nation by the revival of Convocation, then dumb, on a wide basis, and not as has been since done in the shape of a priestly section; to establish a commercial code on the principles successfully negotiated by Lord Bolingbroke at Utrecht, and which, though baffled at the time by a Whig parliament, were subsequently and triumphantly vindicated by his political pupil and heir Mr. Pitt; to govern Ireland according to the policy of Charles I. and not of Oliver Cromwell; to emancipate the political constituency of 1832 from its sectarian bondage and contracted sympathies; to elevate the physical as well as the moral condition of the people, by establishing that labour required regulation as much as property; and all this rather by the use of ancient forms and the restoration of the past, founded on abstract ideas, appeared to be the course which the circumstances of this

country required, and which, practically speaking, could only, with all their faults and backslidings, be undertaken and accomplished by a reconstructed TORY party."

Now, whether we have an equal faith in the ability of a reconstructed Tory party, or of a galvanised Whig party, or whether we have faith in the ability of any party whatever in preventing this country from going mainly to the devil, is of little moment. What to our present purpose is of exceeding great moment is, to demand what, in all the acts of Mr. Disraeli's political life, is inconsistent with the belief of this statement. That which was once the programme of a course has become the history of it. Take what seems to us to be the three leading articles of the creed. The belief in rallying England round its Queen; the belief in the sacred functions of a State Church; the belief in the possible elevation of the people, and the consequent enlargement of their political rights. These are doctrines taught in his books; and these are the doctrines in defence of which his parliamentary career has been spent! Inconsistency, quotha! We deem the consistency absolute and beautiful. Knowing little of politicians, we are not aware whether public men acknowledge this harmony, nor do we wish to be aware of their acknowledgment. But of this we are certain, that a calm and enlightened posterity, when it comes to deliver a verdict, possessing all the facts and retaining none of the prejudice, will place Mr. Disraeli as superior in genius for statesmanship to most politicians of his day, and as exceeding all of them in the consistency of his career. At a period when the age of chivalry was supposed to be o'er, he endeavoured to elicit what chivalrous sentiment remained, in allegiance to a lady sovereign, first seen seated "in a palace in a garden," listening to a voice "that told the maiden that she must ascend her throne." At a time, too, when scepticism for the million was preached by the votaries of science, and when the intelligence of the nation seemed to be verging on infidelity, he had the hardihood to defend ecclesiastical establishments. The zealous exponent of the rights of the Commons of Great Britain, he was at the same time the eloquent defender of national religion, and the enlightened advocate of constitutional monarchy. To the exposition of this creed he brought the integrity and faith of a Burke with the brilliancy and tone of a Sheridan.

Something akin to this—if we may dare to anticipate it—will be the judgment of the hereafter. Nor is the anticipation so very hazardous. The evidence is so clear, the whole story of the life so plain, that it would seem as though the subject of these remarks had from the outset adopted the determination of Montaigne, "For my part, I shall take care, if I can, that my death discover

nothing that my life has not first openly manifested and publicly declared."

Mr. Disraeli is wise in considering—as by inference we understand him to consider—his fame as a writer likely to outlive his fame as a politician. Great statesmen share, in degree, the fate of great actors. In the course of a century or two the names of the most gifted of them become but embalmed memories. It is by means of the written word, and not through the spoken one, that posterity is reached and interested. "There was yet a barren interval of five years of my life, so far as literature was concerned, between the publication of 'Henrietta Temple' and 'Venetia,' and my earlier works." It is pleasant for those who, with a pardonable weakness, would refuse to exchange one William Shakespeare for a hundred William Pitts, to listen to a statesman who has played an important part in the history of his time, measuring the periods of his life by the dates of his books, and referring to some of the busiest of his parliamentary years as a "barren interval." Nor is it displeasing to us to learn how the criticism of a celebrated writer was read by the author with a feeling of pride. The critic was Heine. And well might any man, we care not how renowned, value the favourable opinion of that German poet.

The name of Heine, taken in connexion with Germany, raises in our mind at this moment a strange and perhaps utterly fanciful idea, which again connects itself with the author of "Lothair." There are those at this moment in Germany, and in France, too, mayhap, who recollect in the midst of a fearful crisis certain songs which (who can tell?) may have helped to hasten that crisis, and a certain prophecy of which that crisis is the fulfilment. These are Heine's words:

"The old stone gods will arise from their forgotten tombs and rub the secular dust from their eyes, and Thor, with gigantic hammers, shall smite to pieces the cathedral domes of the Goths. The thought precedes the deed, as the lightning the thunder. Our thunder is German, too, is not very lithe, and comes but slowly rolling on, but come it will, and when you hear it peal as it never pealed in the world's history before, then know that the German thunder has at length rolled home!"

Very remarkable you will say; but how connect a continental war with Mr. Disraeli's name? In a strange way. The papers of this morning were full of ominous tidings. Stockbrokers read them, and there was immediately a panic on 'Change. Soldiers read them, and their eyes sparkled. Philanthropists read them, and their faces became elongated perceptibly. The tidings were these: England may have to go to War. Possibly before this paper

appears in print War may have been declared. At home we have a government which has bid largely for popularity in legalising measures affecting for the most part the condition of a sister country. While bidding for popularity in that way, government was by other means becoming sensibly day by day unpopular. Pertinacious reduction of the army. Unascertainable but evident tinkering with the fleet. Closing of dockyards. Lowering of the efficiency of the services generally. The ministry therefore has one very weak point, and by a sudden turn of events that weak point becomes the only exposed one. And when one government "goes out," you know it instantly becomes a question who is to lead the party that "comes in." This is the dreamy and shadowy line of thought which suggested itself when we saw Heine's name in Mr. Disraeli's preface.

But we must hasten to close these remarks. For those who study at all the character of Mr. Disraeli, there is in the study a wonderful fascination. A combination of the very highest gifts of statesmanship with a light and airy manner; a union of philosophic genius with poetic temperament; a perfect blending of force and grace. There is great genius, guided by strong will, and tempered by generous sentiment. There is no parallel in all history for his career. It seems as though no circumstance could daunt him, and that no ambition was too lofty in its flight; by the ready, constant, and determined use of those splendid gifts which were partly his by inheritance, he attained the highest position possible in the realm, and was called upon to advise the sovereign, to whose person and whose reign he was equally loyal. "Remember who you are, and also that it is your duty to excel. Providence has given you a great lot. Think ever that you were born to perform great duties."

We have said elsewhere that Mr. Disraeli's life is the most complete comment on his works. And there are other passages beside the one just quoted from "Venetia," which, taken in connexion with the career, prove at all events how inevitably success follows efforts directed by genius, approved by conscience, and sanctified by religion.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

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